

THE NEWTON GRAPHIC.

VOL. XXVII.—NO. 45.

NEWTON, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 4, 1899.

TERMS, \$2.00 A YEAR.



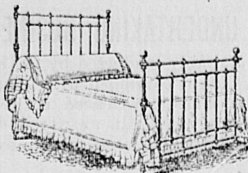
FOR A FRY

Roast, or Stew we have the right sort of CHICKENS

and sell them at prices which will enable lovers of each way of cooking to indulge their tastes to the fullest extent.

L. F. ASHLEY,
400 Centre St., Newton.

POPULAR.



Our Brass and Iron Beds are popular. The finish, construction and enduring qualities, combined with our low prices, make them so. It is worth your while to call on us before purchasing.

MORRIS, MULCH & BUTLER,
42 Summer St., Boston.
Mattresses and Chamber Furniture.
Sole proprietors of the "Noiseless" Spring.

The Secret Discovered How to make the perfect Blueing. Mrs. Henry Vincent Pinkham of Newton invites the attention of all housekeepers to this new production (manufactured by herself under the name of the E. F. Young Manufacturing Co.)

JAPANESE BLUEING, which is pronounced by experts to be the best blueing known to science.
For sale by the S. S. Pierce Co. of Boston and he leading grocers of Newton.

Broiled Live Lobster
English Mutton Chops
Table d'hôte dinners and Petit lunch rooms.
Are Specialties at the
CRAWFORD HOUSE, BOSTON.
Oysters in every style, Ladies' Cafe, 17 Brattle Street.

SETH W. FULLER,
BELLS
Electric GAS LIGHTING
BURGULAR ALARMS
Incandescent Electric Lighting.
Repair Work a Specialty.
77 Arch Street - BOSTON.

JOHN IRVING,
FLORIST
Cut Flowers, House Plants, Funeral Designs,
Flowers for Weddings and Parties.
Pearl St. - Newton.
Telephone Connection.

SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER.
Best material, first-class work, perfect fit.
Only one quality, the very best, \$1.50 each.
(Plain shirt without collar or cuffs.) Samples made for trial.
Repairing is done neatly, correctly and promptly. New neck-bands, 15c. each. Wrist-bands, 15c. pair. Full cuffs, 25c. pair. Collars, 25c. 3-piece, 50c. Centre, 15c. 5-piece, 15c.
Shirts to repair left Tuesday or Thursday with parties named below will be ready for delivery at same places in one week.
Newton, 42 Thornton St. or with J. H. Bacon; Newtonville, J. V. Sullivan; N. U. Falls, J. T. Thompson; West Newton, F. D. Tarleton; N. Highlands, C. E. Stewart; Auburndale, H. M. Childs; N. Centre, H. S. Williams; N. L. Falls, Kenney Bros.

E. B. BLACKWELL 43 Thornton Street Newton.
WALTER R. FORBUSH,
ARCHITECT.
Stevens Building,
Nonantum Square, NEWTON
High class Domestic Work a specialty.

STOVES

and every variety of
Household Goods
—AT—
BENT'S FURNITURE ROOMS,
64 Main St., Watertown.

Wedding Decorations,
(ARTISTIC DESIGNS)
Cut Flowers and Plants.
E. T. MOREY,
WASHINGTON AND TREMONT STREETS, NEAR NEWTON LINE.

FURS.
Now is the time to have your
FURS RE-DYED
RE-LINED
RE-ALTERED
in the best manner possible at summer prices.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
S. ARONSON, Furrier,
Up one flight, 12 West Street, Boston

Watch the Maple Trees!

All kinds of insects destroyed.
Diseased trees and shrubs revived.

H. L. FROST & CO.
12 FANEUIL HALL SQUARE, BOSTON.

Work being done for Newton Club.
References.—Messrs. Olmsted Bros., Brookline.
Hon. E. S. Draper, Hopedale.

A few Choice Rooms

To let for July and August,
en suite or single.

WOODLAND PARK HOTEL,
AUBURNDALE.
C. C. BUTLER, - - Proprietor.

The Juvenile.

SPECIAL DESIGNS IN
SPRING AND SUMMER
MILLINERY.

E. JUVENE ROBBINS,
Elliot Block, 68 Elmwood St. Newton, Mass.

Established 1874.
BUNTING'S FISH MARKET.

Closed to settle estate,
Has been Re-Opened
BY
THOMAS & BURNS,

who will endeavor to please the public by carrying on a strictly first class Fish Market. This is the only store in this part of the city that makes fish of all kinds a specialty.
Orders called for and delivered. Please favor us with your patronage.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
Telephone Connection 195-4.

12 Centre Place,
NEWTON, - - MASS.

Pigeon Hill House,

EVERGREEN AVE.,
Riverside Station, AUBURNDALE.

Opposite Newton Boat Club, two minutes from Riverside Station. Boating, Canoeing, Tennis, etc. American and European Plan.
Special terms to permanent guests.

E. E. MARDEN, Prop.

WAY TREMONT THEATRE.
EVERY EVENING.
DOWN BOSTON.
MATS. WED. & SAT.
BEG. AUG. 28th. EAST

C. H. TRAFTON,
Practical Glider and Picture Frame
Maker,
269 Washington Street - Newton.
Save money and trouble. Give me a trial.
Office with J. B. Hamblin, Optician and Watchmaker.

Founded in 1828.
Chauncy-Hall School.

Seventy-second year begins Sept. 25.
Oldest and largest private school in Boston. All ages and grades from Kindergarten to College. Send for annual catalogue, Boylston Street, corner of Berkeley.
TAYLOR, DEMERETTE AND HAGAR,
PRINCIPALS.

REMOVAL.

A. L. HAHN has removed his
UPHOLSTERY
business from Nonantum Block to the store in Elliot Block, 70 Elmwood St., Newton.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Keeps the scalp cool and healthy.
Gives the hair a beautiful color.
Cures scalp disease and hair falling out.
Sole and Retail Dealers
50c and \$1.00 per Bottle

NEWTON.

—Pianos, Farley, 433 Washington St. 11
—Miss C. Blanche Rice is summing at Atlantic City, N. J.
—Mr. E. S. Smilie and family are at East Gloucester for August.
—Mr. Horace H. Soule is at Powder Point Hall, Duxbury, for August.
—Mrs. A. M. Ballou was one of a party that visited Mt. Washington on Tuesday.
—The freshest native vegetables can always be found at L. F. Ashley's market.
—The engagement of Miss Edith Beach to Mr. Walter Herbert Keith is announced.
—Officers Dearborn, Dolan and Davis started Wednesday on their annual vacation.

—Mr. James Stevenson and family of Willard street are enjoying a visit in Nova Scotia.
—Mr. Charles W. Loring and family left this week for Annapolis, to remain during August.

—Mr. Arthur Kendrick of Hunnewell avenue sails for Europe the 10th, from New York, for a year's study.

—Mrs. C. H. French and Miss C. L. Shirley were at the Summit House, Mt. Washington, last Friday.

—Mrs. F. M. Ferrin of Hunnewell avenue is at Duxbury for a few weeks, and later will go to the mountains.

—Miss A. Endora Daniels returned Sunday from Chicago, where she has been visiting Mrs. Claude E. Fitch.

—Mr. Augustus E. Marshall and family of Willard street left this week for Castine, Me., to remain during August.

—Mr. S. Welles Holmes and family left this week for Quisset, Mass., to remain for August at the Quisset Harbor house.

—Mrs. Annie E. Mandell and family of Hunnewell avenue left this week for Boothbay, Me., to remain during August.

—Dr. Reid left Newton on Saturday last for the Franconia region, accompanied by his daughter, who is in greatly impaired health.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Soule have sailed from Europe on their return from their wedding trip and are expected home about Aug. 5th.

—Mr. James Macomber and family of Copley street, left this week for North Scituate, where they will remain until the middle of September.

—Michael Hurley reported to the police last Saturday that a watch had been stolen from the pocket of his coat, left hanging in a new house on Oakleigh road.

—Some time last Saturday evening two chairs were stolen from the piazza of Mrs. J. E. Houll's residence, 90 Washington street. The theft has been reported to the police.

—Mrs. A. B. Jewell and the Misses Jewell left Tuesday for Jefferson Highlands, N. H., to remain during August. Dr. Jewell has gone to Northern Vermont on a fishing trip.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Tucker and Miss Alice F. Pierce were among the visitors at the summit of Mt. Washington last Sunday. They drove up from the Mountain View House in Randolph.

—Last Saturday it was reported to the police that a large quantity of women's clothing was found hidden under the piazza of the house at 3 Breuners road. The articles were taken in charge by the police.

—Mr. Charles H. Bradley of Boyd street returned Monday from Camp Duena Vista, Sandy Island, Lake Winnepesaukee. He will be one of the medical assistants at Boston City Hospital during August and September.

—Mrs. Geo. C. Dunne and family of Boyd street left last Sunday for the ship "La Grande Duchesse" for Charlotte town, P. E. I., where they will spend several weeks. Mr. Dunne will join his family a week later.

—During July the arrests were made by the police department. Of these 33 were for drunkenness and 12 for assault and battery. The greatest number of arrests was made in division 2, where over 50 were locked up.

—Among the passengers on the new steamship Winifred of the Leyland line, which arrived in Boston Tuesday, was Mr. Harry Brown Day, well known here, as he was formerly the choirmaster of the Grace church choir.

—Herbert Emerson, of 35 Charles street, Waltham, fell from a bicycle on Tremont street late last Saturday evening, and severely injured his collar bone, beside sustaining several bruises. He was brought to police station 1, where he was attended by City Physician Uley.

—The New England street railway company is branching out all over New England, and at the annual election, Monday, of the Winchester Avenue street railway company of New Haven, on Monday, it elected a majority of the directors. Newton men on the board are A. B. Turner, president, Sidney Harwood and A. H. Mitchell, directors.

—Mr. D. B. O. Burdon and eldest son have been at the Poland Spring House, South Poland, Me., since June 29, and will remain there for the entire season. Mrs. Burdon, with their youngest son and two little girls, are at the Raymond Spring House, North Raymond, Me., four miles from Poland Spring, where they will remain till about Sept. 1.

—Last Sunday evening, at the residence of his mother on Galen street, funeral services over the remains of Rev. B. Dexter of this place were held. Rev. B. Matra, acting rector of Grace Episcopal church officiated, and there was a large attendance of relatives and friends. Monday morning the remains were taken to the Forest Hills cemetery, where the interment took place.

—Mrs. Merinda Prouty Fiske died Tuesday morning at the home of her step-mother, Mrs. A. A. Sweet of Eldridge street. Mrs. Fiske was a native of Andover, N. H., where she was born 84 years ago. Her home was in Hopedale, and at the time of her death Mrs. Fiske was in Newton on a visit. The remains were taken to Hopedale, where the funeral was held yesterday.

—Samuel Lowther, employed as coachman by Mr. H. A. Wilder of Fairmont avenue, was riding a horse on Washington street about 5, Tuesday afternoon, when the animal became unmanageable in front of engine 1 house. Lowther was thrown from the horse and sustained a number of bruises, besides a scalp wound that necessitated ten stitches. He was attended at police station 1 by Dr. James Uley. Later Lowther was taken to his home.

—Judge George White of Wellesley, who died last Saturday night, was a brother of Mr. Walter White of Franklin street. Judge White was one of the oldest justices in the state, was born in Quincy, and was about 80 years of age. He graduated at Yale in 1848, and from the Harvard Law School in 1850. He was president of the convention that nominated Gen. Banks for governor, and was appointed judge of probate and insolvency for Norfolk County in 1858, and held the position at the time of

his death. He leaves a widow and three children.

—Shirt repairing, see Blackwell's adv. 11
—Mr. Eugene Brown is enjoying an outing at Horse Neck beach for a week's vacation.

—Latter-carrier Keefe is enjoying his annual two weeks vacation.

—Mr. George Bailey of Boyd street spent last Sunday in Plymouth.

—Mr. W. H. F. Pierce and family have returned this week from Walpole.

—Miss Ella Grow returned last week from a four weeks stay in Braintree.

—Miss Majorie Falos of West Brookfield is visiting relatives on Vernon street.

—Mr. George N. Putnam of Vernon street is enjoying his annual vacation.

—Kenneth Kendall of Park street has returned from a weeks stay at the shore.

—Mr. Leighton Whitney of Elmwood street is recovering from his recent illness.

—Mr. S. C. Harris and family of Newtonville avenue have returned from Cottage City.

—Chester B. Wood, clerk at the Wright Drug Co., leaves tomorrow on a weeks vacation.

—Mr. George A. Aston resumed work at Barber Bros., Monday, after his annual vacation.

—Mr. Willard Harding of Jewett street returned Monday from a three weeks' stay at Essex.

—Mr. Roger Hatch of Waverley avenue has returned from his recent trip to Jamaica.

—Miss M. E. Shelton of Park street has returned from a two weeks stay at Green Harbor, Me.

—Mr. and Mrs. D. Fletcher Barber of Newtonville avenue have returned from Friendship, Me.

—Mrs. and Miss Titus of Richardson street left yesterday for an outing in Londonderry, N. H.

—Mr. Porter Emerson Brown of Hollis street leaves next week for an outing at York beach, Me.

—Mr. W. E. Harding of Jewett street, who is spending the summer at Essex, was in town Monday.

—Mrs. W. F. Whitney and son of Bacon street left Wednesday for a month's stay at Contoosook, N. H.

—Miss Helen Partridge of Pembroke street has returned from a two weeks stay in Fitzwilliam, N. H.

—Mrs. H. M. Burt of Charlesbank road is spending several weeks at the Kearsarge, North Conway, N. H.

—Mr. Sherman Howard of Hopedale was in town last Sunday visiting his parents on Vernon street.

—The Misses Spears of Walnut Park leave soon for a several weeks' stay at Center Sandwich, N. H.

—Miss Helen A. Meade of Thornton street leaves today for a two weeks' stay with relatives in Maine.

—Mrs. A. J. Ballou of Hunnewell terrace was registered on the summit of Mt. Washington last Saturday.

—Mr. Charles Bradley of Boyd street has returned from a several weeks stay at Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H.

—Mr. Arthur Pote of Peabody street is expected home soon from a two weeks stay at Lake Umbagog, N. H.

—Mrs. George Lane and Miss Laura Lane of Bacon street left Tuesday for a several weeks' stay at Newport, Vt.

—Miss Inez Mason of Jefferson street is entertaining her friend, Miss Sadie Barriger of Kansas City, this week.

—Mrs. Manning and family of Jefferson street returned the first of the week from a two weeks' stay at Winthrop.

—Latter-carrier Fred Morgan is away on his annual vacation. During his absence his place is being filled by substitute Holland.

—Mr. Thomas Weston, Jr., returned Monday from a two weeks' vacation cruise from Edgartown along the coast to New York City.

—Mr. Warren Partridge, who is engaged in the electrical business in New York, has been visiting his parents on Pembroke street this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. George B. Hartop and daughter left Tuesday on a two weeks' vacation, which they will spend at Lake Champlain and on a trip to Montreal.

—Mr. Robert M. Clark of Newton has recently been granted a patent on a fuse for railroad and other purposes. Mr. Clark has been granted one on a box machine.

—At the union meeting last Sunday evening of the Christian Endeavor Societies of the Baptist and other churches and the Epworth League of the Methodist church, held in the Elliot church chapel, the subject was "That Good Part," Luke 10: 38-42.

—Another accident caused by a steam carriage occurred about 11 yesterday morning. While a horse, attached to an express wagon owned by W. J. Holmes, was coming down Vernon street, near the corner of Centre street, it became suddenly frightened at a steam carriage and started to run away. In his efforts to free himself from the harness the animal overturned the vehicle. The wagon rolled over on its side and was badly damaged. The driver escaped uninjured, however. The horse ran for several hundred feet and was later captured in a yard off Elmwood street.

—Co. C, 3th Infantry, left yesterday for camp at South Framingham, with full ranks, having fifty-eight men, commanded by three officers. It is largely composed of men who saw service at Greenville, S. C., and is considered to be one of the best companies in the 3d regiment. Last May it was reorganized and only the best men were chosen from the volunteers and the militia company. All the militia regiments that volunteered were equipped with new uniforms and rifles, and will make a good showing at camp, from their experience gained in the volunteer service. A great deal could be said of Co. C's general commander, Capt. Ernest F. Springer, but it is unnecessary as almost everybody knows him. Probably our city fathers, "The School Committee," overlooked him when they elected Capt. Bordin for military instructor at the High school, but as Capt. Bordin can not accept the position, it may be said that Capt. Springer is a candidate for that position. The lieutenants, George F. Guilford and Thomas E. Wye, have just been appointed, and this will be their first year as camp officers. They both served as non-commissioned officers in the volunteer service, and are fully qualified for their positions. They are very well liked by their members, both receiving unanimous votes. It is gratifying to many to see Mr. Frank A. Barrows still in the company; he has been a member for almost thirty years, since the company was first organized, being Co. C, 1st Regiment. When the company volunteered he could not pass on account of his age, so when the volunteers returned he resigned his sergeantcy and went back to the ranks to serve as a

private, that one of the volunteers might be rewarded.

—Miss Louise Banks has gone to Falmouth for a week's vacation.

—Mr. Fred Williams of Attleboro was in town yesterday visiting relatives.

—Mr. Elmer C. Mason of Jefferson street is in Providence this week on business.

—Mrs. Henry Tolman of Hunnewell Hill is at Southwest Harbor, Me., for August.

—Dr. Patee of Dover, N. H., was in town Sunday the guest of Mr. Robert S. Cody.

—Mr. John Eaton of Waban park returned this week from a two weeks' stay in Nova Scotia.

—Mrs. Robert Curry of Jefferson street leaves soon for a several weeks' stay at Holderness, N. H.

—Mr. Philip R. Whitney was one of the visitors at the Summit House, Mt. Washington, on Tuesday.

—Mrs. E. A. Whitney of Jefferson street leaves soon for a several weeks' stay at Ashburham, Mass.

—Miss Bertha M. Knowles of Bacon street left Wednesday for a month's stay at Contoosook, N. H.

—Mrs. R. A. Ballou and family of Oakleigh road have returned from a month's stay at Wells Beach, Me.

—Mr. Charles E. Eddy of Franklin street, who is spending the summer at Harwichport, was in town this week.

—Mr. J. R. W. Shapleigh and family of Newtonville avenue have returned from a several weeks' stay at Chocoma.

—Miss Edith Beach, clerk at Bacon's store, has returned from a two weeks vacation spent at Lake George, Me.

—Dr. Bethfeld has his new motor carriage in active use, and a number of others will soon be delivered to citizens.

—Miss Elizabeth I. Curry of Jefferson street left the first of the week for a three weeks' stay at Holderness, N. H.

—Mr. Fred Marshman of Park street and Mr. George H. Daniels of Washington street spent Sunday on the Cape.

—Mr. Herbert F. Hatch of the New York Trust company is visiting his parents at their home on Waverley avenue.

—Mr. and Mrs. Wm. I. Howell of Newtonville avenue are at Onset Bay after a short visit to Woods Hole and Falmouth.

—Master Harry Young of Washington street returned last Saturday from a several weeks' stay with friends in Dorchester.

—Mr. D. J. McNichol of Oakland street leaves tomorrow with a party on a trip along the coast of Maine and New Brunswick.

—Miss Eaton of North Brookfield was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Robin son of Channing street last Saturday and Sunday.

—During the month of August the address of Rev. G. W. Shinn, rector of Grace church, will be New College, Oxford, England.

—Mr. Richard Cody, who formerly lived here but is now in the employ of a New York firm, was in town Sunday, visiting his brother.

—Miss Letitia Mason and Miss Edith Mason of Jefferson street left the first of the week for a two weeks' stay at Kennebunk beach, Me.

—The services at Grace church next Sunday morning at 10:45 and Sunday evening at 7:30 will be conducted by Rev. Benjamin F. Matra.

—Mr. Edward F. Barnes sails on steamer "La Grande Duchesse," Aug. 5th, for a two weeks' outing at Tracadie Beach, Prince Edward's Island.

—Mr. William B. Ely of Bellevue street left Saturday for Marina's Vineyard, where he will attend the Harvard College summer school in civil engineering.

—The Men's Meeting at the Y. M. C. A. next Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock will be led by Mr. Thomas Cain of Swansea, N. H. Vocal solos will be rendered by his brother, William Cain.

—Mr. Kenneth M. Blake of Washington street is in town several days the first of the week on business connected with the Stanley motor carriage manufactory.

—Mr. Roy L. Whitney, who formerly lived on Bacon street, but for several years past has been in the insurance business in Boston, Mass., has entered the employ of a Boston firm and is stopping with relatives on Jefferson street.

—Mr. J. H. Wheelock, who was expected home this week from his business trip to Chicago, is reported to have been somewhat injured as the result of a fall, which will prevent his coming home for some days. Mrs. Wheelock is in Cutler, Me., with a party of friends, and was also expected home this week.

Norumbega Park.
The month of August finds Norumbega Park piling up a record for average daily attendance which beats even the July business; this, notwithstanding the fact that the month of July showed an important increase over the average daily patronage of any month last season. Thus it will be seen that the patronage of Norumbega Park is constantly on the increase, as in the Zoological Gardens continues to be a very attractive feature. The new attraction in the Rustic Theatre for the coming week, commencing Monday, August 7, consists of J. W. Gorman's vaudeville stars. Among the features are the Morelos, Europe's greatest acrobats and head balancers; Cushing and Merrill, instrumentalists, vocalists and comedians; John Barker, comedy entertainer, presenting novel imitations and comedy delineations; La Petite Blanche, the wonderful child artist; Madame Barotto, New England's favorite prima donna soprano, and Willis Milligan, music director.

July Mortality Statement.
According to the board of health's mortality statement for July there were 54 deaths in the city during that month. The rate per thousand is 23.48. This is the heaviest of the year and is not to be looked upon as abnormally large when the number of cholera infantum cases and out-of-town patients in the hospital, are considered. The city at present may be said to be almost free from contagious diseases.

Bill: "Gill wouldn't think of fishing on Sunday." Jill: "No, but he'll sit around and lie about it, all the same."—Yonkers Statesman.

AUBURNDALE.

—Mr. Edward Miller of Grove street is reported ill.

—Miss Emily Hazen is at Jefferson Highlands, N. H.

—Leslie Baker is the guest of friends at Hyannis for a few weeks.

—Mr. Taylor of Auburn street will be out-of-town for a few days.

—Mr. Fred S. Johnson of Oakland avenue has returned from Newport.

—Mr. E. E. Young of Islington street has returned after a short absence.

—Mrs. Darling of Maple terrace is enjoying a few weeks at the seashore.

—Mr. W. A. Crosley of Northboro is the guest of friends here for a short stay.

—Mrs. Stephen Boulter of Melrose street is entertaining her sister from Revere.

—Miss Bessie Baneroff of Auburndale avenue will pass a week at Winthrop.

—Mr. Myron Hoyt of Auburn street is entertaining relatives from Portland.

—Mr. Harry Westcott of Grove street is enjoying a short stay at Peak's Island.

—Miss Blanche Wallace of Auburn street is entertaining friends from Boston.

—Mr. and Mrs. James H. Dolliver of Central street enjoyed a few days in Maine.

—Mr. H. H. Newell and family of Vista avenue will enjoy a short stay at Ogunquit, Me.

—Mr. William Soule and family of Rowe street have returned from Bustin's Island, Me.

A new gas main is being placed through Auburn street by the N. & W. Gas Light Co.

—Mr. George B. Johnson of Islington road is convalescing after his recent illness.

—Mrs. Fogwill of Crescent street has returned home after a few weeks at the seashore.

—Mr. J. H. Shey of South Framingham was the guest this week of Mr. F. H. Clapp.

—Mr. G. A. B. Griffin and family of Vista avenue will enjoy a few weeks in Maine.

—Mr. and Mrs. George Keyes of Camden road have returned after a short stay in Maine.

—Miss Kittie Chapin of Vista avenue is enjoying a few weeks stay at South Harpswell, Me.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Foster of New York are the guests of friends here for a few weeks.

—Rev. Mr. Worth and family of Central street are enjoying the month of August at Cottage City.

—Miss Fannie Parker of Vista avenue is enjoying the month of August at South Harpswell, Me.

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with the name of the writer, and unpublished
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unless stamps are enclosed.

NOTICES

of all local entertainments to which admis-
sion fee is charged must be paid for at regu-
lar rates, 25 cents per line in the reading
matter, or \$1 per inch in advertising columns.

BOSTON'S DEWEY RECEPTION.

Boston is having some trouble with its
proposed reception to Admiral Dewey.
Col. Clarke of the Home Market Club
would like to have it managed by that
organization, possibly for the reason that
as the mayor of Boston is a Democrat, it
would never do to let him derive any
glory from such a reception. Then there
is the question of expense, and as usual
Boston men blame the legislature because
it did not provide that the state should pay
the bills.

Another trouble is that Admiral Dewey
is unable to fix any date for his Boston
visit, so that the whole affair is rather in-
definite as yet.

Nevertheless the Boston aldermen have
passed an order looking to an appropriation
to pay the expense of a reception and there
was only one dissenting vote. An
alderman with the appropriate name of
Brick made a great sensation by opposing
"the adulation of a hero because he has
won a battle," arguing that it would make
a dangerous precedent, and was an attempt
by the administration to sweep the people
off their feet by arousing enthusiasm over
military glory, and preventing that calm
deliberation of the people, over the true
problems that are now before them, just as
has been done in France.

Mr. Brick has been promptly sat on of
course by all the Imperialist organs, as a
traitor, and covered with ridicule for his
treasonable utterances, and he certainly
must have stated his position better. Had
the case been a reception to Gen. Shafter,
or Corbin or Otis, his objections would
have been sound, but in the case of Ad-
miral Dewey the situation is a very differ-
ent one.

The people do not enthuse over Admiral
Dewey simply because he won the battle of
Manila, though that attracted popular at-
tention to him, but because they believe
him to be the one honest, straightforward
officer who has been prominent in the war.
Where other officers have been incompetent
or worse, Admiral Dewey has always rung
true, and his sound common sense and
honesty have shone the brighter by con-
trast. His military glory is only one thing
for which the people admire him, and the
one of the least importance.

In these days of shifty politicians, and
men who buy their way into office by
their money; where principle is laid aside
and high officials have no convictions that
they are not willing to give up if they do
not suit the popular favor, the people are
hard up for a popular hero, one whom
they can conscientiously approve. They
think that Admiral Dewey fills all the re-
quirements, and so far they can find no im-
perfections to interfere with their worship.
Could there be a greater contrast between
Admiral Dewey, for instance, and the men
who have been prominently before the peo-
ple, such as the Hannas, Lodges, Platts,
Quays and our other rulers.

Everyone believes that if Admiral Dewey
had been left in sole command at Manila,
we should have had no war, for even now
he is said to be the only American in
whom the Filipinos have confidence, and
whom they respect. That means a great
deal, and shows that a blunder was made
in not giving him sole command of the
situation.

Admiral Dewey will have a difficult task
to live up to the popular estimate of him,
or he would have it he were not the kind
of a man the people believe him to be.
There were other military officials whom
at first the people were inclined to make
heroes of, but the trouble was that their
military glory was all there was to worship
in them, and that alone will never com-
mand lasting enthusiasm from the Ameri-
can people.

It is certainly curious that any man
should be willing to give up his American
citizenship, and become a British subject,
and it would be interesting to know just
how Mr. Astor was led to take such a step.
Possibly it is the result of the Anglomania,
for which our wealthy young men have
been so ridiculed, and which is now notice-
able in an extravagant laudation of every-
thing English, even to the foreign policy of
that country which some of our "little
Americans" would have us imitate in the
most servile fashion, and who seem to
think that Washington and the other
Revolutionary fathers made a great mis-
take. Mr. Astor represents a class, men
who have outgrown the declaration of inde-
pendence, and who disbelieve in the theory
that all men should have equal rights.
They do not care to make more money, as
they have more than they can use, they
hanker after a title, and an order of
nobility, which they cannot secure here,
and their family having been rich for two
or three generations, they dislike to asso-
ciate with those whose fortunes were

made later. They fondly imagine that in
England it will be different, and they will
be happier "with their equals." But when
they give up their American citizenship,
they give up their equality, and as Mr.
Astor finds they only become one in a
crowd of common rich people, who are
snubbed and ridiculed by the representa-
tives of the old families. Mr. Astor's ex-
perience is said not to have been altogether
a pleasant one, but he probably had rather
be "snubbed by a lord" than to be a leader
of society in America, and possibly he
will in the end achieve his ambition and
buy a title, as other rich men have done.
It is all a matter of taste, and some people
are made after that small and narrow
fashion. His descent ought to serve as a
warning to other rich men who have so
little patriotism that they try to evade
their taxes, for if they do not reform they
may meet a like fate.

THE hot dry weather of the present
summer has been rather disastrous to
lawns and grass plots. The grub worm
that is very active in such weather has
eaten off the roots of the grass, so that
with a slight pull the sod will come up.
Rains will not bring such grass to life,
and the only thing to do is to plant new
seed. The beautiful lawns at the Newton
Cemetery have been much damaged, and
it is said that sods enough to cover two or
three acres have been destroyed. The
grubs have been at work on private lawns
also, and when the owners return from
their vacations they will find many patches
of dead grass.

SECRETARY MCANENY of the Civil Ser-
vice Reform League carries too many guns,
all loaded with facts, for Secretary Gage,
and the latest letter of the former is ap-
parently unanswerable as Secretary Gage
he shall pay no attention to it. His other
efforts to defend and apologize for the con-
tempt for civil service rules, shown in his
department as well as in most others under
this administration, was so unsuccessful
and evasive that it is fortunate for his
reputation that he is not to make another
apology of the same kind. The Ohio idea
of spoils apparently has been too strong
for the President, even if his sympathies
were with reform principles.

THE Newton Street Railways are getting
to be quite respectable corporations. The
Commonwealth avenue company has been
granted leave to increase its capital stock
\$34,000, in addition to \$258,000 already
authorized for the Newton Highlands ex-
tension and new equipments. The
Newton & Boston also will issue \$50,000
capital stock, (\$10,000 original and \$40,000
increase) to pay and capitalize its debt,
made in building and equipping its rail-
way. Both companies have the finest cars
to be found in any city and their summer
patronage is said to be unprecedentedly large.

THE automobile companies are getting as
plenty as bicycle factories were a few
years ago, and judging from the number
reported, there will soon be motor wagons
for every citizen. Whether the prices will
follow the history of bicycles and drop un-
til the margin of profit is so narrow that
most of the companies will have a hard
struggle is another story. Possibly a
motor wagon trust will follow in the wake
of the bicycle trust, which is now reported
to have been successfully carried through.

IT is about time for the announcement of
candidates for Representatives. Possibly
they have already been selected, but the
people should be given some notice of the
men for whom they are to be allowed to
vote. Messrs. Langford and Chadwick
have made a very favorable record during
their first term in office, and would have a
knowledge of legislation that would make
their services more valuable next year.

WITH the coming of August most of
those left at home seem to be leaving for
the shore and mountains, and the express
teams take away huge loads of trunks
every morning, to say nothing of those
that go by train. It looks as though there
would not be enough people left in Newton
to make one small village, but fortunately
the census men don't come round this month.

JULY was a very comfortable month, ac-
cording to the weather experts who collect
averages. The mean temperature was 72,
the minimum 55 and the maximum 94.
The humidity was only excessive on cer-
tain days, the average being 76. Rain fell
on 12 days, amounting to 2.52 of an inch
which was less than the average for the
past six years.

THE July record of trust formations
show a capitalization of \$335,000,000, of
which the usual amount is water prob-
ably. It is said that investors are fighting
shy of the watered stocks, and believe
that there will be a great smash some day,
which will let all the water out.

WALTHAM'S tax rate this year is down
to \$15.20, due to Mayor Mayberry's care-
ful pruning, and close looking after the
expenses of that city.

BOSTON has gained thirty millions in the
past year, according to the assessors.

Woodland Park Hotel.

Mr. John P. Hall and the Misses Hall of
New York arrived Saturday for the sum-
mer.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Wright of 310 Com-
monwealth avenue, Boston, are spending
the month of August at the hotel.

Mr. Charles F. Coffin of the firm of J. P.
& D. Plummer, Boston, arrived yesterday
for a few weeks' stay.

A tally-ho party of twenty Knight Tem-
plars of Melrose drove out for dinner,
Wednesday evening.

Mr. C. P. Cousins of Boston entertained
a party of Philadelphia friends at dinner,
Wednesday.

Miss C. P. Lawrence of New York is at
the hotel for a short stay.

Miss A. P. Black, J. A. Curtis and wife,
Miss Curtis, Edward A. Pease, Albert A.
L. Jewell, Mr. W. T. Clark, Mrs. E. W.
Childs, F. S. Haskell, Boston; E. W. Lane
and wife, Waltham; Dr. R. W. Swan and
wife, Worcester; Dr. Charles B. Cobb,
Cambridge, were among those registered
at the hotel last week.

"We must stand by the administration!"
roared the orator. "But the administra-
tion keeps shifting about," pleaded one of
the tired members.—Philadelphia North
American.

Glad She Saved Her Dog.

The last time Roland Reed was in
Chicago he had a new play and was
called before the curtain for a speech.
He responded by relating one of his
early experiences as a star. He said he
was in Peoria and was feeling very
much discouraged at the small business
he was doing. He was standing on the
street trying to devise some scheme by
which to draw the public when a little
girl came up to him and timidly asked
him to buy a dog she was leading by a
string.

"But I don't want the dog," protest-
ed Mr. Reed. "I am very fond of dogs,
but I cannot buy yours, as I have no
means of keeping him. Why are you so
anxious to sell your dog, little girl?"
"Oh, sir," she cried, "I want to get
money so I can go to the show tonight.
I want to go so bad."

"Well, you can go to the show all
right. I am the show, and I'll give you
a pass."

"Oh, will you?" exclaimed the little
miss rapturously. "Can my sister go
too?"

Mr. Reed was in the humor to be
liberal, and he wrote a pass for two.
That night he said he noticed the two
girls in one of the front rows, and he
was sure they were the ones he had fa-
vored. He happened to be near the exit
when the people were coming out after
the show. He saw the two girls com-
ing, and he heard them talking. "As
they passed me," said the actor, "the
little one was just saying:
"Say, Mary, I am awful glad I
didn't have to sell the dog!"—Ex-
change.

Jenny Lind Off the Stage.

Jenny Lind the woman was greater
than Jenny Lind the singer. The bish-
op of Norwich's son, subsequently Dean
Stanley, wrote that she had "the man-
ners of a princess, with the simplicity
of a child and the goodness of an an-
gel." Her character showed itself, he
added, "through a thousand traits of
humility, gentleness, thoughtfulness,
wisdom, piety."

At one of Dean Stanley's services in
the cathedral she was moved to tears by
the singing of the boy chorists and
had places reserved for them at her con-
cert the next morning. When she came
on the platform, she greeted them with
a smile of recognition, which the boys
never forgot.

While she was singing in Copenha-
gen such was the excitement that court
and town begged her to give them one
more day of song. A gentleman of mu-
sical culture had, with his wife, anx-
iously looked forward to her visit.
When she came, he was on a sick bed.
Jenny Lind heard of his desire and
found time to go to his house and sing
to him and his wife.

When she went to London, Mendels-
sohn asked her to sing to a friend of his
who had long lain upon a bed of sick-
ness. She went and cheered him with
songs, the remembrance of which is still
cherished by the family.—Presby-
terian.

Animals in Heraldry.

Perhaps lovers of heraldry will admit
that whatever their other accomplish-
ments may have been the heralds of old
were not usually observant naturalists.
Birds, beasts, fishes and reptiles, it is
almost needless to say, have always en-
tered largely into that art which cynics
term "the science of fools with long
memories," but which the student
more justly defines as "the shorthand
of history," as will be shown by a
glance at any of the numerous books on
the subject.

Lions, tigers, leopards, bears, ele-
phants, wolves, foxes, rabbits, squir-
rels, monkeys, beavers, porcupines,
horses, asses, camels, bulls, greyhounds
and other dogs, rams, bears, etc., to
confine one's remarks to animals only
can always easily be found, if not at
once recognized, and the mistake of Le
Glorieux in "Quentin Durward," who
mistook Tolson D'Or's device of an
ounce or tiger cat behind a grating for
a "cat looking out at the dairy win-
dow," may still find followers even in
the present day, when one reads, for
instance, that the heraldic antelope has
the head of a stag, a unicorn's tail, a
tusk issuing from the tip of the nose, a
row of tufts down the back of the neck
and similar tufts on the tail, chest and
thighs.—Field.

No Cause For Alarm.

Several persons were making pur-
chases in the grocer's shop on a very
stormy day, when an old man with a
stick in one hand and a bundle in the
other entered and asked:
"Did any of you drive up here in a
cart?"

"Yes, I did," replied one man.
"Was it an old white horse?"
"Yes."
"And an old woman on the seat?"
"Quite right."
"And can she manage that horse?"
"I should think she can."

"Then it's all right," said the man
of the stick and bundle. "The old horse
has run away, and the old woman is
hanging to the tailboard, shouting
'Murder!' with all her might, but if
she can manage it there's no use any-
body getting excited over it. What's the
price of eggs today?" Pearson's
Weekly.

Thackeray on Tennyson—1841.

Thackeray wrote: "Alfred Tennyson,
if he can't make you like him, will
make you admire him. He seems to me
to have the cachet of a great man. His
conversation is often delightful. I
think; full of breadth, manliness and
humor. He reads all sorts of things,
swallows them and digests them like a
great poetical box constructor, as he is.
Now, I hope, Mrs. Proctor, you will
recollect that if your humble servant
enjoys at small gatherings he has, on the
contrary, a huge respect for big ones.
Perhaps it is Alfred Tennyson's great
big yellow face and glowing voice that
have made an impression on me. Man-
liness and simplicity of manner go
a great way with me, I fancy."—Mrs.
Ritchie in "Thackeray Sketch Books."

IT WAS A NEAT JOB.

The Surgical Operation That Was
Performed by the Skipper.

The retired sea captain got reminis-
cent with me the other day.
I was telling him I supposed that in
the old days the skipper had to do all
things to his crew.

"That's right!" said he. "Why, you
never knew what was coming up next. A
skipper had to be able to preach a funeral
sermon. He must also be able in the next
minute to whistle the eternal stuffing out
of a sailor that talked back. And, more
than that, in case he knocked too much
stuffing out of the man he had to be able
to put it back again."

"That is to say, the sea captain that
wanted to be considered as anyways up in
the king row had to be able to do a good
job as a surgeon or a doctor."

"Why, one time I remember a sailor
fell clear from the main top to the deck.
By good rights the fellow ought to have
been killed. But he struck a rope or two
in his fall and got off with a broken leg.
But that leg was broken worse than a
sailor's pledge when he gets shore leave."

"They carried the man down into my
cabin, and I found the bone sticking right
out through the flesh."
"There was no use talking—the leg had
to come off. And I did it. You never
saw a better piece of surgery. I took up
the arteries, made the flaps, sewed the
edges, and the mate, who had been in the
hospitals more or less and had watched
operations there, said that he didn't see
how one of the regulars could possibly do
any better. I took my time about it,
ever slighted a thing, and I felt pretty
proud of the job when the fellow was car-
ried down to his bunk."

"I don't blame you a bit," I broke in.
"How long was it before the man was
able to be around again?"

"Oh," said the skipper carelessly, "the
man was dead in a spike in Tophet the
next morning. I couldn't help that, of
course. But I did as neat a job on his leg
as you ever saw in all your life."—Lew-
iston Journal.

What Presidents Cost.

Presidents "come high, but we have got
to have them." It costs us \$114,805 a
year for a chief executive.

His salary is \$50,000 and "found," as
our western neighbors say. The president's
finding is rather comprehensive, covering
about every possible requirement of a fam-
ily. His private secretary, the clerks,
doorkeepers, messengers and steward and
three other servants cost us \$33,865 a year.
Then there is a contingent fund of \$8,000
a year, which the president may use ac-
cording to his discretion.

In furniture and repairs to the White
House the sum of \$10,000 more, to be used
by the direction of the president, is pro-
vided by the nation and is always expen-
ded. For fuel alone \$3,000 is allowed, and
for necessary repairs to the greenhouse
there is \$4,000.

Altogether the presidential "finding"
annually amounts to the snug sum of \$64-
865, nearly \$15,000 a year more than his
salary. The two aggregate \$114,865.—
Boston Journal.

The Fortune Teller.

"It's wonderful," said the credulous
man, "simply marvelous."
"Have you been to see that fortune
teller again?"

"Yes."
"Don't you think most of those peo-
ple are animated by purely mercenary
motives?"

"This one isn't. Just think of his
being willing to go on telling fortunes
at \$1 apiece when he could give him-
self a tip on a horse race or a lottery
drawing and get everlastingly rich in-
side of 24 hours!"—Washington Star.

Peppermint on a Sewage Farm.

A modern application of Samson's
parable, "Out of the strong came forth
sweetness," is provided by the district
council of Sutton, in the county of Sur-
rey, England. That body carries on a
singular industry. It grows peppermint
on its sewage farm and manufactures
peppermint oil. About four and a half
acres of the farm are given up to the
cultivation of peppermint plants, and
grow luxuriant crops. The yield of oil
is nearly \$150 per acre, and the price
last realized was \$6.12 per pound.

An Authority.

Willie—Mamma, what does making
a bad break mean?
"You'd better ask your father, Wil-
lie."—Detroit Free Press.

MARRIED.

CONNORS—BRENNAN—At Newton, July 25,
by Rev. E. T. Butler, Michael Joseph Connors
and Maria Gertrude Brennan.

HALL—SMITH—At Newton Centre, July 27,
by Rev. Alvin Hovey, Granville Stanley Hall
and Florence Eliza Smith.

DONOVAN—FORD—At Newton, July 30, by
Rev. J. F. Gilfeather, James Donovan and Mary
Ford.

ANGUS—GILL—At Newton, July 17, by Rev.
D. D. Addison, George Robb Angus and
Henrietta Louise Gill.

DUNNING—WARD—At Newton, July 26, by
Rev. A. E. Dunning, Morton Dexter Dunning
and Mary Kingsbury Ward.

BEAN—McLEOD—At Medford, July 29, by Rev.
M. F. Johnson, Albert James Bean and
Johanna McLeod, both of Newton.

BENSON—MITCHELL—At West Newton, July
30, by Rev. C. J. Gallagher, Frank P. Benson
and Mary Mitchell.

MUNROE—McCANN—At Newton Upper Falls,
July 26, by Rev. W. A. Mayo, Slade H. Monroe
and Margarette McCann.

BREWSTER—COTTELL—At Newtonville,
Aug. 1, by Rev. B. F. McDaniel, John Samuel
Brewster of Stratham, N. H., and Helen
Blanche Cottell of Newton.

FERGUSON—ALLEN—At West Newton, Aug.
2, Patrick Ferguson and Mary Ann Allen.

DIED.

HASENFUS—At Newton Hospital, July 27, Lucy
A. Hasenfus, 29 yrs. 2 mos. 3 ds.

McCARNEY—At West Newton, July 30, Michael
McCarthy, 68 yrs.

DONAHUE—At Newton Centre, July 31, May
E. Donahue, 39 yrs.

WHITE—At Newton Hospital, July 29, Benjamin
J. White, 12 yrs. 9 mos. 12 ds.

MEANS—At West Newton, July 30, Marion B.
Means, 16 yrs. 1 mo. 8 ds.

CONNELLY—At Newton Hospital, July 30, Pat-
rick Connelly, 49 yrs.

BOUGHTON—At Newton Centre, July 30, Philip
B. Boughton, 1 yr. 11 mos. 12 ds.

HOWE—At Newtonville, Aug. 1, Susan B. wife
of Henry Howe, 59 yrs. 5 mos. 17 ds.

WINTER—At Newtonville, July 30, Harmon
W. Winter, 36 yrs. 11 mos. 11 ds.

FISK—At Newton, Aug. 1, Merinda Prouty,
wife of James J. Fisk, 84 yrs. 21 ds.

FOSTER—At Auburndale, Aug. 2, Helen Mary,
daughter of Adelbert A. and Charlotte Fos-
ter, 6 mos. 24 ds.

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Are Ready for Use Next Fall.

It is better for you, better for your furnace and better for
us, to have the work done now than to wait until next
fall when everybody is busy and you want your fire AT
ONCE and can't have it because your furnace must be
cleaned or smoke pipe made new.

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Finest in Nearly 2000
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Afternoons at 3.30; Evenings at 8.15.

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The Mellores, Cushing & Merrill, John
Barker, LaPetite Blanche, Madame Bar-
tolo, Willis Milligan.

TALMA LADIES' MILITARY BAND.

Three concerts daily—1.15, 4.45, 6.45.

Electric Fountain plays every evening. Visit
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THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.

Always full of Interesting Sight.

Wellesley and Boston Cars

NEWTONVILLE.

—Mr. Leonard Martin of "Strout's" is enjoying a week's vacation.

—Bradshaw's candy store will be closed during the month of August.

—Mr. D. B. Needham has returned home after a short stay at Hampton beach.

—Miss Minnaugh is enjoying a few weeks' stay in Montreal and Quebec.

—Mr. William B. Dennison is at Nahant for a few weeks. He stops at the "Tudor."

—T. V. T. O'Halloran, the popular letter-carrier, is seeing the sights at Hampton beach.

—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur F. Small of Attleboro are the guests of relatives for a few weeks.

—Mr. William Tewksbury and family of Harvard street are away for the month of August.

—Mr. Alexander H. Ramsey of Washington park is enjoying a short stay at Warwick.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Stiles of Walnut street are enjoying a short stay at Westfield, Mass.

—Mr. and Mrs. Z. D. Church of Springfield are the guests of friends here for a few weeks.

—Mrs. H. W. Orr of Newtonville avenue is at the Adirondack mountains for a few weeks' stay.

—Miss J. E. Tierney, the obliging clerk at the post office, is taking a much needed rest at Surfside.

—Mr. F. S. Rollins and family of Walnut street are occupying their cottage on the Cliff, Nantucket.

—Mrs. Sidney Bryant of Washington terrace is at Sudbury where she will enjoy a few weeks' stay.

—Mr. A. P. Curtis and family of Newtonville avenue are at Hemlock beach for the month of August.

—Mrs. M. A. Powers and family of Walker street will pass several weeks at Centre Harbor, N. H.

—Mr. Edward J. Cox and family have returned from a three weeks vacation spent at Bar Harbor, Maine.

—Mr. Harry Forbes Prescott is enjoying his vacation with his uncle, Dr. Dwight Hill of Plymouth, Mass.

—Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Whiston and family have returned from Seaview, where they passed their vacation.

—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Flynn of Kimball terrace have returned home after several weeks' stay at Lewiston, Me.

—Mr. Prentice of Arlington is organist at the New church, Highland avenue, during the absence of Mr. Walker.

—Mrs. William B. Dennison and William K. Dennison are spending the season at the Bellevue, Intervale, N. H.

—Miss E. Addie Brooks has returned from her vacation spent at the Goose Rocks House, Kennebunkport, Maine.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Wetherell of Walnut street registered last week at the Robbins Spring hotel, Arlington Heights.

—Rev. H. J. Patrick, D. D., occupied the pulpit at the Evangelical Congregational church at Needham last Sunday.

—Mr. Chandler Holmes and family of Highland avenue have returned home after several weeks passed at the shore.

—Mrs. A. A. Savage and Miss Annie Savage, with Miss Helena George are at Henniker, N. H., for a few weeks.

—Mrs. and Mrs. H. A. Wilder and the Misses Wilder are at "The Sinclair," Bethlehem, N. H., for a few weeks' stay.

—Mrs. F. A. Waterhouse and family of Lowell avenue have returned from Falmouth, where they passed several weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Merrill and Miss Fannie Merrill are summering at Kearsarge, N. H. They stop at "The Russell."

—Mrs. Charles Johnson and son, Mr. Elmer Johnson, of Washington street have returned home after a few weeks' stay in Maine.

—Mr. Franklin Banchoff and son Gordon of Austin street have returned from New Hampshire, where they passed several weeks.

—Mrs. Alfred M. Russell and her young son, Arthur M. Russell of Otis street, are enjoying a portion of the summer at Cottage City.

—Miss Margaret Moore, who was the guest of Mrs. Katherine Prescott, has returned to her summer cottage at Quaker Hill, Conn.

—Mrs. G. W. Washburn and Louis also Miss Van Nostrand are spending a few weeks at Atlantic Highlands, N. J.

—Mr. and Mrs. George L. Woodworth and Mr. Robert N. Woodworth of Washington park are passing a few weeks at Bayville, Me.

—Mr. A. R. Mitchell of Walnut street was in town a few days this week. He returns to Poland Springs for the remainder of the season.

—Mr. H. W. Calder returned Saturday after a short stay at Little Bear Island. The family will remain there during the remainder of the warm season.

—Miss Ethel F. Washburn of Court street is having a fine time at Queens, N. Y., after two weeks' delightful stay at Hollywood Lodge, Atlantic Highlands, N. J.

—At its regular meeting last Wednesday evening Norumbega tribe, I. O. O. F., listened to an address by Grand Sachem Steele of Boston, who was the special guest of the evening.

—Miss Catherine Hooper successfully assumed the part of "Miss Smith" in the play, "Scenes from Crawford," which was given at the Casino at Squirrel Island, Me., last Friday evening.

—The Misses Eleanor and Catherine Hooper, Miss Kate Lockett and Mr. Frederic H. Keyes are guests this week of the Rev. Dr. Worcester, at his summer home at Intervale, N. H.

—Rev. Mr. Henry of the Cambridge Theological school has occupied the pulpit of the New church, Highland avenue, during the month of July. The church will be closed during August.

—Rev. William L. Worcester and his fiancée, Miss Ethel Burnham of Philadelphia, are passing the month of August with Miss Burnham's family at their summer cottage, Suttons Island, Northeast Harbor, Me.

—The regular monthly meeting of truck No. One was held Monday evening at the truck house, Washington street. The program consisted of a collection with the extension ladder, a collection to which the members of hose four were invited, followed by a smoke talk.

—Mr. Harmon W. Winter, a veteran of the civil war, died early Monday evening at his home, 67 Court street. Mr. Winter had been in feeble health for some time, and his death was not unexpected. He was born at Plattsburg, N. Y., and was 70 years of age. When a young man he took up the tannery and currier business, in which he continued up to about 10 years ago, when he retired. In 1862 Mr. Winter enlisted in Co. F, 96th N. Y. V., and served in the army until 1863. He was a member of Gov. Andrew's staff, G. A. R. of Boston. He had resided in Newtonville about a year. A widow and daughter survive him. The funeral took place Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock from his late residence. The Rev. W. J. Thompson

officiated, and the interment was at the Newton cemetery.

—Sergt. Clay is enjoying a two weeks' vacation.

—Mr. M. Cullinan is the letter carriers' substitute at this village.

—Miss Amy Sacker of Boston was visiting friends in town this week.

—Mr. A. R. Hooper left this week for his summer home at Bath, Me.

—Dr. Woodman and family are passing the summer at Brookline, Me.

—Miss Grace Allen of Central avenue is at South Bristol for a few weeks.

—Miss Edith McMann of Cabot street is enjoying a few weeks at Falmouth.

—Mrs. Dunbar and family are passing the summer at Charlestown, N. H.

—Mr. Thomas Tapley and family are at Plymouth for their summer outing.

—Madame De Angelis has been a recent guest of Mrs. Katherine T. Prescott.

—Mr. Marcus Morton and family are spending the summer at Nantasket.

—Dr. Allen and family of Austin street are enjoying a few weeks at Osterville.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Walker of Bush Hill road have returned from Falmouth.

—Mr. Bachelor and family of Cabot street are away for a few weeks' outing.

—Mr. John W. Dickinson of Grove Hall avenue left this week for a trip to Europe.

—Mr. John Merrill is passing his vacation at the Russell cottages, Intervale, N. H.

—Miss Laura Pillman of Ayer Junction is the guest of friends here for a few weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Small of Austin street will pass the month of August at Chatham.

—Mr. Albert E. Leach and family are passing the summer at their farm at Holliston, Mass.

—Mr. F. E. Partridge and family of Austin street are at Chatham for the month of August.

—Mrs. E. W. Masters of Gay street will return Saturday after a four weeks' stay in New York.

—Mr. A. B. Harrington and family of Court street are at Machias, Me., for a short stay.

—Mr. and Mrs. Francis A. Dawson have been spending the past week with friends at Quincy.

—Mrs. Edward Strong of Highland avenue is reported as convalescing after her recent illness.

—Dr. Theopore M. Clark and daughter, Miss Rosamund Clark, will sail for Europe early this month.

—Dr. Hopkins and family of Newtonville avenue are at Hemlock beach for a few weeks' outing.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Richards of Newtonville avenue are home from the Atlantic club, Point Alorton.

—Mr. Pierce and family of Clyde street have returned from Alorton, where they passed several weeks.

—Miss H. E. Robinson of Walnut street has returned from Duxbury, where she enjoyed a short season.

—Mr. Sidney A. Bryant and son of Brooks avenue leave Saturday for a season at Braintree, N. H.

—Mrs. Ball and family of Washington street will enjoy a three weeks' stay at Boothbay Harbor, Me.

—Mr. and Mrs. John G. Thompson of Otis street will pass a portion of August at the White Mountains.

—Mrs. James Lockett and Mrs. Bedoe and family are passing the month of August at York Beach, Me.

—Mr. Cox and family of Brooks avenue have returned from Boothbay, Me., where they passed several weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. Q. Cole of Otis street have returned from Hingham, where they passed the month of July.

—Miss Marjorie Carter of Highland avenue is passing the month of August with friends at the seashore.

—Mr. Harold E. Quinn of Kimball terrace has returned after several pleasant weeks at Kittery Point, Me.

—Mr. Frank C. Blaisdell and family of Clifton place have returned after several weeks' stay at Rutland, Mass.

—Mr. and Mrs. John C. Downey of Washington park are at Hull, where they will enjoy several weeks' stay.

—Mrs. J. H. Stetson of Lewiston, Me., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Finn at their home on Kimball terrace.

—The Misses Josephine Danforth and Ellen Valentine of Austin street are passing the warm season at Falmouth.

—Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Hatch of Highland avenue have returned from their summer outing at Rutland, Mass.

—Mrs. W. M. Jackson and family of Mill street are at the Black Rock House, Cohasset, for the month of August.

—Mr. L. C. Carter and family of Washington park are occupying their cottage at Bayville for the remainder of the season.

—Mr. E. J. Warner and family of Harvard street have returned from Lacombe, N. H., where they remained through July.

—Mr. and Mrs. George L. Bean of Lowell avenue have returned from Portland, Me., where they were the guests of their daughter.

—Dr. Henry S. Clark of Newtonville avenue has returned from Arizona, where he went to look after some mining interests.

—Miss Ella Butler of Arlington is the guest of Mrs. Katherine T. Prescott, the sculptor, at the Hooper residence on Austin street.

—Mrs. Nathan Hobart and family are passing the summer season at the residence of Rev. John Worcester on Highland avenue.

—Misses Ethel Sampson and Clara Burgess will pass two weeks at the summer home of Miss Margaret C. Worcester at Intervale, N. H.

—Mr. Clarence Soule of Walker street left this week for New York where he is to exhibit the Stanley motor carriage for the next few months.

—The Misses Eleanor and Jessie Carter of Highland avenue are traveling with a party of friends through Europe. They will return in September.

—Mrs. John Carter of Highland avenue has gone on an extended trip to Mexico, accompanied by her brother, Mr. Reginald Ward of England, and the earl of Donoughmore.

—Norumbega tribe of Red Men held its regular meeting, Wednesday evening. The ceremony of the Raising of the Chiefs was performed. Great Sachem Steele of Boston presided.

—Mr. Hill and family of Allston have leased one of Higgins & Nickerson's new houses on Lowell avenue. Mr. Hill is the son of Mr. William C. Hill, formerly of this place.

—Letters received from Plymouth, N. H., tell of an enjoyable lawn party given Monday afternoon at Pine Grove Farm by Miss Hattie Calley, assisted by two young lady friends. Music, dancing and other summer recreation were indulged in by the happy

party. Refreshments were served by the young ladies.

—Mr. H. C. Wellman has returned from his vacation at the seashore.

—Mrs. James Lockett and family of Highland park will move to Boston next month.

—Mr. Tyler Lee Holmes and his brother, Stanley, are guests of relatives at Plymouth, Mass.

—Dr. Mary Florence Taft of Walnut street will be absent on a pleasure trip the last two weeks of August.

—Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Kempton of Birch Hill road have returned from a six weeks' stay at Marshfield.

—Mr. Beverley K. Moore is passing his vacation with his family at their summer cottage at Quaker Hill, Conn.

—Mr. Walter Boyce is making a business trip through New York state and will be absent until the middle of August.

—Mr. W. H. H. Soule and family of Boston are passing the summer months at the Bird residence on Otis street.

—Mr. Chandler Holmes of Highland avenue is making a two weeks' business trip through Maine. He registered last Sunday at the "Louisburg," Bar Harbor.

—Mr. Phillip H. Moore has been sojourning for a few days at the Palmer House, Chicago, on his way to the mines at Utah. He is accompanied by Mr. John Coombs of Boston.

—Miss Bessie Prescott is a guest of her aunt, Mrs. H. C. Moore, at her summer cottage at Quaker Hill, Conn., where she will remain during the month of August.

—Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Carter of Highland avenue will pass the month of August at J. Person, N. H., where they have spent a portion of the summer months for several years.

—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Elwell and daughter of Highland avenue will spend the month of August at Kennebunkport beach, Me., where they have been for several summers.

—Mr. Bradshaw, maker of the celebrated "Home Candy," has closed his store for the month of August, during which time extensive alterations and improvements are being made.

—There are letters in the post-office for Howard B. Hillings, Herbert Clow (Ruler Side Dairy Farm), Mrs. George W. De Clarke, Gertrude Lockwood, Mrs. R. W. Seaman, care of A. Pickering.

WEST NEWTON.

—Mr. George H. Ingraham is in town for a few days.

—Miss Hale of Otis street is at Worcester for a short stay.

—Mrs. C. L. Berry enjoyed a short season at Kennebunk beach.

—Miss Bessie Fyffe of Perkins street is enjoying her summer outing.

—Mr. George Rice of Warren avenue is enjoying a short stay at Egypt.

—Mr. P. S. Howe of Berkeley street is out of town for a few weeks.

—Miss Marion Lucas of Lincoln park is at Wells Beach for a few weeks.

—Mrs. Kimball of Otis street is enjoying a few weeks at Hubbardston, Mass.

—Miss Agnes Merchant of Sewall street is enjoying a short stay at Chatham.

—Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Felton of Chestnut street are at Hull for a few weeks.

—Mr. Frank Dignin of River street is enjoying a week's stay at Kennebunk.

—The Misses Cladin of Elm street have returned from a season at Christmas Cove.

—Miss Catherine D. Frayill is in North Woodstock, N. H., for the month of August.

—Mr. W. B. Davis and family of Shaw street are at the seashore for a few weeks.

—Mrs. H. W. Crafts of River street has returned after a short stay at Shore Acres.

—Mrs. F. P. Barnham of Webster street is at Brattleboro, Vt., for a few weeks' stay.

—Mr. Frank Sanborn of Cross street left Monday for a business trip through the west.

—Mr. J. S. Alley and family of Prince street will enjoy August at Maplewood, N. H.

—Mr. Edwin C. Griffin and family of Perkins street are at the shore for a few weeks.

—Miss Mollie Russell of Arlington is the guest of Mrs. A. L. Kershaw of Cross street.

—Among the patents recently issued is one to Mr. T. B. Fitzpatrick of Waltham street.

—Mr. T. Henry Ramsdell and family of Eden avenue will enjoy August at North Scituate.

—Mr. and Mrs. George K. Sacey are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

—Mr. Elwin Shephard of Crescent street is at Wellfleet, Mass., for the remainder of the season.

—Miss Margaret C. McCleary of Chestnut street is enjoying her vacation in New Brunswick.

—Mrs. E. A. Thurston and daughter of Fountain street are at the mountains for a short season.

—Inspector Frank Fletcher of police headquarters has returned from an outing at Manomet beach.

—Mr. George T. Lincoln and family of Lenox street are at the White Mountains for a few weeks' stay.

—Mr. J. R. Carter and family are at their handsome cottage, The Hammocks, Jefferson Highlands, N. H.

—Mrs. S. A. Ranlett and Miss Ranlett are registered at the Mountain View House, Randolph, N. H.

—City Clerk Isaac F. Kingsbury left today for North Perry, Me., where he will enjoy a two weeks' fishing trip.

—"The grace of humility" was the subject at the prayer meeting at the Congregational church, Friday evening.

—"Impatience with God's Ways" was the subject at the prayer service at the Congregational church, Sunday evening.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stacey of Hen shaw street have returned from Methuen where they passed the month of July.

—Mr. Charles I. Travell and family of Chestnut street have returned from Poland Springs, where they have passed several weeks.

—Do not forget to leave flowers at the B. & A. station, Wednesday mornings, for the Mutual Helpers' Flower Mission of Boston.

—James and Ellen King of Pine street were in court Wednesday morning, charged with disturbing the peace. About 2 o'clock that morning Patrolman Kimball passed them under arrest at their home. James King is about 75 years old and blind. He has quite a court record, and his wife is equally well known to the police. It was alleged that by their actions and noise early Wednesday morning the quiet of the neighborhood was rudely disturbed. King was committed to the house of correction for two months and his wife given a sentence of three months. Mary King, a 12-year-old child, who is a relative of the couple, and who makes her home with them, was taken by the police and given in

charge of the state authorities as an neglected child.

—Mr. E. C. Fletcher is at Boothbay for a short stay.

—Miss Nellie Warren has returned after several weeks' absence.

—Mrs. Lovett and family of Mt Vernon street are at home after a short outing.

—Mr. W. T. Cobb and family of Prince street are enjoying their summer outing.

—Miss Grace Brown of Parsons street is summering at Pine Grove Farm, Plymouth, N. H.

—Mrs. Clavin of Elm street has returned from the Cliff where she passed several weeks.

—Mr. Lovett of Mt. Vernon street has returned from an enjoyable trip through Canada.

—No evening service will be held at the Congregational church during the month of August.

—Capt. and Mrs. B. S. Hatch of Watertown street have returned from their summer outing.

—Mrs. I. F. Rome and family of Mt. Vernon street are at Narragansett Pier for a few weeks' stay.

—Mr. George P. Howlett of Prince street has returned after several weeks' stay in New Hampshire.

—Rev. J. H. Selden, D. D., of Elgin, Ill., will occupy the pulpit at the Congregational church, Sunday morning.

—Mr. I. T. Gates and family, formerly of Waltham street, are occupying the Stone estate on Watertown street.

—Mr. and Mrs. Shalenbaum, who were the guests of Mrs. George C. Sanborn, Cross street, have returned to their home in Boston.

—Dr. W. B. Lancaster and family have returned from a month's stay at the mountains, and now occupy their new home on Prince street.

—Mrs. Hawes of Haverhill and Mrs. Coughlin and daughter of Cold Springs, N. Y., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Florence of Cherry street.

—Mrs. Fred Tebbets and daughter, who were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Florence, Cherry street, have returned to their home in Salem.

—Mrs. B. F. Houghton and Mrs. Frank Fuller of Washington street will enjoy the month of August at Cottage City. They stop at the Pequot House.

—Mr. Herbert Warren of Philadelphia, brother of Mr. Albert Warren of Chestnut street, has purchased a house on Valentine street owned by Mr. Albert Metcalf. He will occupy it with his family in the near future.

—"The Ladies' Auxiliary to the Veteran Firemen's association enjoyed their annual outing yesterday. They visited Crescent beach. Several hours were passed in the various amusements of the place, and a dinner was enjoyed.

—"The regular monthly meeting of the Newton Veteran Firemen's Association was held Wednesday evening at the engine house, Watertown street. Arrangements were made to attend the annual league muster at Fall River, August 24. It was voted to hold a special meeting and drill every Monday and Friday evenings until the day of the tournament.

—"A long docket of juvenile cases demanded Judge Kennedy's attention in the police court last Saturday morning. Joseph A. Manning, W. L. Tyler and W. J. Walsh were found guilty and fined \$5. By Park Policeman Manning for trespassing. The officer alleged that the lad entered Norumbega Park last Friday afternoon, by climbing through the wire fence that guards the river bank. All were found guilty and placed on probation. Frank Costello, 7, was charged with trying to extract money from the till of a peddler on Washington street, this place. Judge Kennedy severely reprimanded the boy and continued the case until Nov. 4. John E. Danforth, 16, was charged with the larceny of a canoe. He was found guilty and fined \$5. Patrolman J. J. Davis complained of Daniel A. Sweeney, John P. Nally, Joseph P. O'Brien and Patrick J. Delaney for playing ball in a public street. They were found guilty and placed in charge of the probation officer.

Building Permits.

Monadnock road, Ward 6, 1-story frame and stone stable, 33x34; hot water; cost \$7,000. C. T. Schevmer owner; Stratton & Reynolds architect; Herman Drake, builder.

Washington street, Ward 3, addition and alterations; 14x28; furnace; cost \$1000; C. F. Eddy owner; Chandler builder.

Abbott street, Ward 3, 2-story frame house, 30x30; furnace; cost \$1500; T. R. O'Connor owner; S. H. H. & Son architect; J. R. O'Connor builder.

Highland street, Ward 3, 2-story frame house, 37.5 x 38.2; furnace; cost \$10,000. F. B. Baneroff owner; Chapman & Fraser, architect; W. Pettigrew builder.

Charlesbank road, Ward 7, 2-story frame tenement, 30 x 40; furnace; cost \$3500. G. M. Bridges owner; T. F. Currier builder.

Newtonville avenue, Ward 1, 1-story brick dwelling, 34 x 30; furnace; cost \$2000. H. C. Crocker, owner; H. C. Crocker builder.

Highland avenue, Ward 2, 1-story frame stable, 24 x 22; cost \$400. A. L. Felton owner; Thomas H. Wicks builder.

A Test Case.

To the Editor of the Graphic:—

An interesting event the other day was the effort of some men to remove the plumbing they had put into a new house, the builder of which had failed. The police were applied to, but were unable to render any assistance, but went to find out what another plumber said as to the rights of the case, although the owner's lawyer telephoned to arrest or stop the men tearing out the plumbing.

This is a case in which I have an interest in as it will make a test case and may be repeated any day by others not plainly dealt with. In 20 years experience, though builders have failed, I have failed to recover one piece or fixture, and have always been told I could not by my counsel.

If our police force is only for ornament and of no use in a case like this, cut off one-half of it, as the citizens will do the rest.

J. H. McADAMS.

Established 1878.

Samuel Appleton

Shoes

are SUPERIOR to all others. They are made to PROPERLY fit your wife, children, or yourself.

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Do You Wear Corsets?

100 Doz. Ladies' Summer Corsets

19c. a pair.

Made by the "Globe Corset Co.," the best medium price corset manufacturers in this country. They have good quality netting, lace edge, double waist stays, and made to sell for 38c. This lot goes out for a leader at 19c.

Our 37c. Summer Corsets,

Made by the "Globe Corset Co.," have extra quality novelty netting, wide re-enforce steel, corded bust, lace and ribbon trimmed and are superior to any 50c. corset sold in New England. We have them "Long" and "Short," all sizes, 18 to 30.

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Money Refunded if Not Satisfied.

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The Celebrated Victor Bicycles at \$28.

LIST OF SHOP-WORN BICYCLES.—1 each Ladies' and Gents' 1899 1-30 Orients at \$48; 1 Gent's 1899 Columbia, \$40; Lovell Diamond, \$35; 1 Crawford 1899 Tandem, drop frame, \$58. Saddles, Tires, Handle Bars and Bicycle Sundries at Boston prices. The best equipped repair shop in the Newtons.

FRED J. READ,

821 Washington Street, NEWTONVILLE.

COKE

Is the cheapest and most economical fuel for domestic purposes. You should try it in your furnace to appreciate its worth.

It contains one-half less ash than hard coal—sifting ashes is hereby avoided. In equal weight Coke will furnish as much heat as hard coal and at far less money. Orders for Coke can be left at the

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Customers can always rely on getting the best material and workmanship, and perfect fitting garments at moderate prices. Special attention given to Ladies' Suits, riding habits, etc. Servants' livery to order.

Caroline Block, Washington Street.

Burning Haystacks—Loss \$600.

At 9.50 o'clock last evening an alarm was rung in from box 9, which called the fire department to the farm of George S. Gale of Dudley street, Oak Hill. Four burning haystacks called the firemen a stubborn fight which lasted until after midnight. The cause of the blaze is unknown, and the loss is estimated at \$600. Thirty tons of hay were consumed.

"Listen to this," exclaimed the officer, who was reading a newspaper. "The Queen of Spain has been obliged to give up two million pesetas a year." And from a bunch of palms where the Samoan kings were betting tobacco, a quiet game came the exclamation in a rich baritone voice: "Ain't our monarchs having hard luck?"—Washington Star.

"I guess it's all over between Millie and me." "Why, what's the trouble?" "I went up there this afternoon with my trotter to take her out for a drive, and there was a fellow ahead of me with an automobile."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"What we want to do," said the earnest patriot, "is to take hold of them Filipinos and extend to them the blessings of our civilization." "Well," answered the Kentuckian from the Green River region, "ain't that what we're doing right now? Ain't we right in among 'em shooting just as quick and straight as we know how?"—Washington Star.

"I declare," said the attenuated cloud, as he passed swiftly by his heavier companion on the summer breeze, "you look prosperous." "Yes, indeed," replied the other. "I've been saving up for a rainy day."—Life.

Vineland
Grape
Juice.

As a table luxury, as a delicious and in every way satisfactory beverage for the table, Vineland Grape Juice has no equal.

It is thoroughly wholesome; especially desirable to serve at whist parties or social entertainments. Served in a punch bowl with chopped ice, it is preferable in every way to the usual stronger beverage.

25 Cents Pint.
45 Cents Quart.
10 Cents Trial Bottle.

Can be supplied by the case.

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Newtonville, Mass.
JOHN B. TURNER. GEO. F. WILLIAMS

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX SS. PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of John McKee, late of Newton, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Mary A. McKee, of Newton, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of September, A. D. 1899, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Newton GRAPHIC, a newspaper published in Newton, the last publication to be on day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, Charles J. McIntire, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this first day of August in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

FORTUNES ADRIFT.

By OUTOLIFFE HYNÉ.

[Copyright, 1898, by the Author.]

Cortolvin came out under the bridge deck awning, up through the baking heat of the companionway, and dropped listlessly into a deck chair. He was dressed in a chest of pyjamas of a vivid pattern and had a newly shaven chin, which stood out refreshingly white against the rest of his sun-darkened countenance.

"Well," said Captain Kettle as he shoved across the box of cheroots, "are we any nearer getting under way?"

"I looked in at the engine room as I came past," said the tall man, with a laugh, "and the chief had a good deal to say. I gathered it was his idea that the fellow who last had charge of those engines ought to die a cruel and lingering death."

"It's a sore point with McDodd when she breaks down. But did he say how long it would be before he could give her steam? I'm a bit anxious. The glass is tumbling hand over fist, and what with that and this heat, there's small doubt but what we'll have a tornado clattering about our ears directly. There's the shore close aboard, as you can see for yourself, and if the wind comes away anywhere from the east 'ard it'll blow this old steamboat half way into the middle of Africa before we can look around us. It's a bad season just now for tornadoes."

The clattering of iron boot plates made itself heard on the brass bottom step of the companionway. "That'll be the chief coming to answer for himself," said Cortolvin.

Mr. Neil Angus McDodd always advertised his calling in the attire of his outward man, and the eye of an expert could tell with sureness at any given moment whether Mr. McDodd was in employment or not, and, if so, what type of steamboat he was on, what was his official position, what was his pay and what was the last bit of work on which he had been employed. The present was the fourth occasion on which the Saigon's machinery had chosen to break down during Captain Kettle's two months of command, and after his herculean efforts in making repairs with insufficient staff and materials, Mr. McDodd was unpleasant both to look upon and associate with. He was attired in moist black boots, gray flannel pyjamas trousers stuffed into his socks, a weird garment of flannel upon his upper man, a clout round his neck and a peaked cap upon his grizzled red hair anointed with years of spraying oil. His elbows and his forehead shone like dull mirrors of steel, and he carried one of his thumbs wrapped up in a grimy crimson rag. His conversation was full of unnecessary adjectives, and he was inclined to take a cantankerous view of the universe. "They'd disgrace the scrap heap of any decent yard, would the things they misall engines on this rotten tub," said he by way of preface.

"They are holy engines, and that's a fact," said Kettle. "How long can you guarantee them for this time?"

The engineer mopped his neck with a wad of cotton waste. "Ten revolutions, if ye wish me to be certain. It's a verri darr ship, this."

"And how many more? We shall want them. There's a tornado coming on."

"I'm no' anxious to perjure myself," captain, but they might run on for a full minute or they might run on for a day. There's a capriciousness about the rattlers that might amuse some people, but it does not appeal to me. I'm in fear of my life every minute I stand on the footplate."

"I'd no' have taken you for a frightened man."

"I'm not that as a usual thing, but the temperature of yon engine room varies between 120 and 130 degrees of the Fahrenheit scale, and it's destroying to the nerves. All the aqueous vapor leaves the system, and I'm verri badly in need of a tonic. Is yon whisky in the black bottle, captain?"

"Take a peg, Mac."

"I'll just have a sma' three fingers now ye mention it." He laid the thickest part of his knotty knuckles against the side of the tumbler and poured out



Ahead of him the great slate colored liner lay motionless.

some half gill of spirits. "Well," said he, "may we get as good whisky where we're going to," and enveloped the dose with a dexterous turn of the wrist, after which ambiguous toast he wiped his lips with cotton waste and took himself off again to the baking regions below, and presently a dull rumbling and a tremor of her fabric announced that the Saigon was once more under way.

The little steamer had coaled at Perim Island, in the southern mouth of the Red sea, had come out into the Indian ocean through the strait of Bab el Mandeb, had rounded Cape Guardafui and was on her way down to Zanzibar in response to the called orders of her

Parsee owners in Bombay. Cortolvin was still on board as passenger. His excuse was that he wanted to inspect the island and city of Zanzibar before returning to England and respectability. His real reason was that he had taken a fancy to the little ruffian of a skipper and wished to see more of him.

"Cheerful toast, that of McDodd's," said Cortolvin.

"Those engines are enough to discourage any man," said Kettle, "and the heat down there would sour the temper of an archangel."

Cortolvin loosened a couple of buttons of his pyjamas and bared his chest. "It's hard to breathe even here, and I thought I'd learned that heat was in those Arabian deserts. There's a tornado coming on; that's certain."

"It will clear the air," said Kettle. "But it will be a sneeze when we get it. Mr. Murgatroyd!" he called.

The old grizzle headed mate thrust down a purple face from the head of the upper bridge ladder. "Aye, aye!"

"Get all the awnings off her," the shipmaster ordered. "Put extra grips on the boats and see everything lashed fast that a steam crane could move. We're in for a bad breeze directly."

"Aye, aye!" rumbled the mate and clapped a leaden whistle to his mouth and blew it shrilly. A minute later he reported: "A big steamer lying to just a point or two off the starboard bow, captain. I haven't seen her before because of the haze." He examined her carefully through the bridge binoculars and gave his observations with heavy deliberation: "She's square rigged forward and has a black funnel with a red band—no, two red bands. Seems to me like one of the German Mail boats, and I should say she was broke down."

Captain Kettle rose springily from his deck chair and swung himself into the upper bridge. Cortolvin followed.

A mist of heat shut the sea into a narrow ring. Overhead was a heavy purple darkness, impenetrable as a ceiling of brick. The only light that crept in came from the mysterious unseen plain of the horizon. From every point of the compass uneasy thunder gave forth now and then a stifled bellow, and though the lightning flashes never showed, sudden thinnings of the gloom would hint at their nearness. The air shimmered and danced with the baking heat, and though lurid grays and pinks predominated, the glow which filled it was constantly changing in hue.

The scene was terrifying, but Kettle regarded it with a satisfied smile. The one commercial prayer of the shipmaster is to meet with a passenger steamer at sea broken down and requiring a tow, and here was one of the plums of the ocean ready to his hand and anxious to be plucked. The worse the weather the greater would be the salvage, and Captain Kettle could have hugged himself with joy when he thought of the tropical hurricane's nearness. He had changed the Saigon's course the instant he came on the bridge and had pulled the siren string and hooted cheerfully into the throbbing air to announce his coming. The spectral steamer grew every moment more clear, and presently a string of barbaric colors jerked up to the wire span between her masts. There was no breath of wind to make the flags blow out. They hung in dejected cowl, but to Kettle they read like the page of an open book.

"P. B. Q.!" he cried, and clapped the binoculars back in the box and snapped down the lid. "P. B. Q., Mr. Cortolvin, and don't you forget having seen it. 'Have broken my machinery'—that means 'I want immediate assistance.'"

"You seem to know it by heart," said Cortolvin.

"There's not a steamboat officer on all the seas that doesn't. When things are very down with us, we take out the signal book and hunt up P. B. Q. and tell ourselves that some day we may come across a Cunarder in a broken hull shaft and be able to give up the sea and be living politely on £200 a year, well invested, within a fortnight. It's the steamboat officer's dream, sir, but there's few of us it comes true for."

"Skipper," said Cortolvin, "I need not tell you how pleased I'll be if you come into a competence over this business. In the meanwhile, if there's anything I can do, from coal trimming upward, I'm your most obedient servant."

"I thank you, sir," said Kettle, "and if you'd go and carry the news to the chief I'll be obliged. I know he'll say his engines can't hold out. Tell him they must. Tell him to use up anything he has sooner than get another breakdown. Tell him to rip up his soul for struts and backstays if he thinks it'll keep them running. It's the one chance of my life, Mr. Cortolvin, and the one chance of his, and he's got to know it, and see we aren't robbed of what is put before us. Show him where the siller comes in, sir, and then stand by and you'll see Mr. McDodd work miracles."

Cortolvin went below, and Kettle turned to the old mate. "Mr. Murgatroyd," said he, "get a dozen hands to rouse up that new manilla out of the store. I take you from the foredeck and give you the after deck to yourself. I'll have to bargain with that fellow over there before we do anything, and there will be little enough time left after we've fixed upon prices. So have everything ready to begin to tow. We'll use their wire."

"Aye, aye!" said the mate. "But it won't do to tow with wire, captain, through what's coming. There's no give in wire. A wire hawser would jerk the guts out of her in 15 minutes."

Kettle tightened his lips. "Mr. Murgatroyd," said he, "I am not a blame tool. Neither do I want dictation from my officers. I told you to rouse up the manilla. You will back the wire with a double bridle of that."

"Aye, aye!" grunted the mate. "But what am I to make fast to? Them bollards aft might be stepped in putty for all the use they are. They'd not tow a rowboat through what's coming. I believe they'd draw if they'd a fishing line made fast to them."

"I should have thought you'd been long enough at sea to know your business by this time," said Kettle unpleasantly. "D'you think that every steamboat that trades has a brand new Harland & Wolff?"

"Well," said the mate sullenly, "I'm waiting to be taught."

"Pass the manilla round the combing of the after hatch, and you won't come and tell me that's drawn while this steamboat stays on the water top."

"Aye, aye!" said the mate and stepped into his slippers and shuffled away.

Captain Kettle walked briskly to the center of the upper bridge and laid a hand on the telegraph. He gave crisp orders to the lascars at the wheel, and the Saigon moved in perfect obedience to his will.

Ahead of him the great slate colored liner lay motionless on the oily sea. Her rail was peopled with the anxious faces of passengers. Busy deckhands were stripping away the awnings. On the high upper bridge were three officers in sun helmets and trim uniforms of white drill, talking together anxiously.

The little Saigon curved up from astern, stopped her engines and then with reversed propeller brought up dead, so that the bridges of the two steamers



"We can't hold her!" he roared.

were level and not more than 20 yards apart. It was smartly done, and as Kettle had intended, the Germans noticed it and commented. Then began the barter of words.

"Howdy, captain!" said Kettle. "I hope it's not a funeral you've brought up for. This heat's been very great. Has it knocked over one of your passengers?"

A large, bearded man made reply. "We haf seen a slight mishap mit der machinery, captain. My engineers will mend."

"Oh, that's all right! Thought it might be worse. Well, I wish you luck, captain. But I'd hurry and get steam on her again if I were you. The breeze may come away any minute now, and you've the shore close aboard, and you'll be on it if you don't get your steamboat under command again by then and have a big loss of life. If you get on the beach, it will surprise me if you don't drown all hands."

Captain Kettle put a hand on the telegraph, as though to ring on his engines again, but the bearded German, after a preliminary stamp of passion, held up his hand for further parley, but for the moment the opportunity of speech was taken from him. The passengers were either English, or, for the most part, understood that tongue when spoken, and they drank in every word that was said, as Kettle had intended, and now they surged in a writhing, yelling mob at the foot of the two bridge ladders and demanded that assistance should be hired, let that cost what it might. There was no making a hail carry above that frightened uproar, but the German shipmaster raved and explained and reasoned for fully a dozen moments before he quelled it. Then, panting, he came once more to the end of his bridge and addressed the other steamer.

"Dose passengers vos nervous," said he, "because dey thought dere might be some leetle rain squall. So I ask you how much would you take my rope and tow me to Aden or Perim?"

"Phew!" said Kettle. "Aden! That's wrong way for me, captain. Red sea's where I come from, and my owner cabled me to hurry and get to Zanzibar."

"Vell, how much?"

"Well, say £100,000, as your passengers seem so anxious."

"Hondred t'ousand teneft! Herr Gott, I haf not Rhodes on der sheep!"

"Well, captain, take the offer or leave it. I'm not a towboat, and I'm in a hurry to make my passage. If you keep me waiting here five minutes longer, it'll cost you £120,000 to be plucked in anywhere."

The shipmaster on the other bridge went into a frenzy of expostulation. He appealed to all Captain Kettle's better feelings. He dared him to do his worst. He prayed him to do his best. But Kettle gazed upon the man's gesticulating arms and listened to his frantic oratory unmoved. He lit a cheroot and leaned his elbows on the white railing of the bridge and did not reply by so much as a single word. When the other halted through breathlessness, even then he did not speak. He waved his hand toward the fearsome heavens with their lurid lights and pointed to the bumping thunder, which made both steamers vaguely tremble, and he let those argue for him. The clamor of the passengers rose again in the breathless, baking air, and the captain of the liner had to yield. He threw up his arm in token of surrender, and a hush fell upon the scene like the silence of death.

"My company shall pay you hondred t'ousand pound, captain, and you haf der satisfaction dot you make me ruined man."

"I have been ruined myself," said Kettle, "heaps of times, and my turn for the other thing seems to be come now. I'll run down closer to you, cap-

tain, or, so you bid your hands heave me a line from the fore'st'le head as I come past. You've cut it pretty fine. You've no time left to get a boat in the water. The wind may come away any moment now."

Captain Kettle was changing into another man. All the insouciance had gone from him. He gave his orders with crispness and decision, and the lascars and the lascars jumped to obey him. The horrible danger that was to come lay as an open advertisement, and they knew that their only way to pass safely through it—and even then the chances were slim—was to obey the man who commanded them to the uttermost.

The connection between the steamers had been made, the snaky steel wire hawser had been hauled in through a stern fair lead by the Saigon's winch, and the old mate stood ready with the shackle which would link it on to the manilla.

The heavens yielded up an overture like the echo of a Titan's groan. "Hurry, there, you slow footed dogs!" came Kettle's voice from the bridge.

The lascars brought up the eye of the hawser, and Murgatroyd threaded it on the pin of the shackle. Then he cried, "All fast!" and picked up a spike and screwed home the pin in its socket. Already the engines were on the move again, and the Saigon was steaming ahead on the towline. It was a time for hurry.

The air thickened and grew for the moment, if anything, more hot, and the tornado raged down upon them as a black wall stretching far across the sea, with white water gleaming and churning at its foot. It hit the steamers like a solid avalanche, and the spindrift in it cut the faces of the men who tried to withstand it as though whips had lashed them.

The coolly quartermaster clung on to the Saigon's wheel spokes, a mere whisp of limp humanity, incapable of steering or of doing anything else that required a modicum of rational thought. The little steamer fell away before the blast like a shaving in a dry street. The tonnage of the tornado heeled her till her lee scuppers spouted green water, and she might well have been overturned at the very outset. But Kettle beat the helpless lascars from his hold and spoke the wheel hard up, and the engines, working strongly, brought her round again in a wallowing circle to face the torrent of hurricane.

She took five minutes to make that recovery, and when she was steaming on again, head to the thunderous gusts, the tale of what she had endured was written in easy lettering. On both fore and main decks the bulwarks were gone level with the covering boards; the rattle of crates, harness casks, gang-planks and so on that a small trader carries in view to the sky had departed beyond the ken of man, and indeed those lower decks were scored clean to the naked rusted iron. The port lifeboat hung stove from bent davits, and three of the cooly crew had been swept from life into the grip of the eternal sea.

Cortolvin fought his way up on to the upper bridge step by step against the frantic beating of the wind and without being bidden relieved at the lee spokes of the wheel. Captain Kettle nodded his thanks. The Saigon had no steam steering gear, and in some of the heaviest squalls the wheel threatened to take charge and pitch the little shipmaster clean over the spokes.

Amid the howling roar of the tornado speech, of course, was impossible, and vision, too, was limited. No human eye could look into the wind, and even to let it strike the face was a torture. The sea did not get up. The crest of any wave which tried to rise was cut off remorselessly by the knives of the hurricane and spread as a stinging mist throughout the wind. It was hard indeed to tell where ocean ceased and air began. The white sea was spread in a blur of white and green.

The big helpless liner astern plucked savagely at the Saigon's tail, and the pair of them were moving coastward with speed. Left to herself and steaming full speed into the gale the little Saigon would have been able to maintain her position, neither losing ground nor gaining any. With the heavy tow in charge she was being driven toward the roaring surf of the African beach with perilous speed.

It was possible to see dimly down the wind, and when Cortolvin turned his face away from the stinging blast of the tornado he could understand with clearness their exact position. Close astern was the plunging German liner, with her decks stripped and deserted and only the bridge officers exposed. Beyond was the cotton white sea, and beyond again were great leaping fountains of whiteness, where the tortured ocean roared against the yellow beach.

Thirty minutes passed, each second of them brimmed with frenzied struggle for both man and machinery. The tornado raged and boomed and roared, and the backward drift was a thing which could be measured with the eye.

Then the old mate heaved himself up the bridge ladder by laborious inches. His clothes were whipping from him in tattered ribbons, his hat was gone, and the grizzled hair stood out from the back of his head like the bristles of a broom. He clawed his way along the rail and put his great red face close to Kettle's ear.

"We can't hold her!" he roared. "She's taking us ashore. We shall be there in a dozen minutes, and then it will be 'Jones' for the lot of us."

Captain Kettle glared, but made no articulate reply. If he could have spared a hand from the wheel spokes, it is probable that Mr. Murgatroyd would have felt the weight of it.

The old fellow bawled at him again: "The hands know it as well as me, and they say they're not going to be drowned for anybody. They say they're going to cast off the hawser."

This time Captain Kettle yelled back a reply. "You thing!" he cried. "You

putty man, get back to your post! If you want to live, keep those niggers' fingers off the shackle. By James, if that tow is cast off, I'll turn the Saigon for the beach and drown the whole crew of you inside of three minutes! By James, yes, and you know me, and you know I'll do it too! You ham faced jellyfish, away aft with you and save your blooming life!"

The man winced under the little captain's tongue and went away, and Captain Kettle looked across the wheel at his assistant.

Cortolvin shrugged his shoulders and glanced backward at the beach and nodded. Kettle leaned across and shouted:

"I know it, sir, as well as you do; I know it as well as they do, but I've got a fortune in tow yonder, and I'd rather die than set it adrift. It isn't one fortune either; it's a dozen fortunes, and I have just got to grab one of them. I'm a married man, sir, with a family, and I've known what it was to watch and see 'em hungry. You'll stand by me, Mr. Cortolvin?"

"It seems I promised. You know I've been long enough with Mohammedans, skipper, to be somewhat a fatalist. So I say God is great and our fates are written on our foreheads and no man can change by an inch the path which it is foreordained he should tread. But they are queer fates, some of them. I went away from England because of my wife; I step out of the middle of Arabia and stumble across you and hear that she is dead; I look forward to going home and living a peaceful country life, and now it appears I'm to be drowned obscurely, out of the touch of newspapers. However, I'll be consistent. I won't grumble, and you may hear me say it aloud, 'La Allah ilah Allah.'"

Captain Kettle made no reply. Through the infernal uproar of the tornado he did not hear much of what was said, and part of what did reach his ears was beyond his comprehension. Besides, his mind was not unnaturally occupied with more selfish considerations. Astern of him, in the German liner, were some thousand passengers, who were all assets for salvage. The detail of human life did not enter much into his calculations. He had been brought up in a school where life is cheap and not so pleasant and savory a thing that it is set much store on. The passengers were part of the ship, just as much as were her engines and the hull which he hoped she carried. The company which owned her was responsible for all; their credit would be damaged if all or a part of her was lost, and he, Owen Kettle, would reap a proportionate reward if he could drag her into any civilized port. And when he thought of the roaring beach so terribly close astern he bit his beard in an agony of apprehension lest the fates should steal this fortune from him.

And meanwhile the line of surf was growing ever nearer. So close indeed were they to the hateful shore that when for a moment the fountains of white water subsided where the breakers raged upon the beach they could see dimly beyond through the sea smoke palm trees and ceibas and great silk cottonwoods whipping and crashing before the insane blast of the tornado. All hands on the Saigon's deck had many minutes before given themselves up for as good as dead. Their only chance of salvation lay in casting off the towrope, and no one dared touch the linking shackle. They quite knew that their savage little skipper would fulfill his threat if they disobeyed his orders. Indeed old Murgatroyd himself sat on the hatch coaming with an open clasp knife and vowed death on any one who tampered with either shackle or manilla. The clumsy mate had swallowed rough words once, but he preferred drowning to living on and hearing Captain Kettle address him as coward.

The shore lay steep to, but the backwash creamed far out into the sea. Already the stern of the German liner was plunging in the whitened water and destruction seemed a question of seconds. Then a strange thing happened. It seemed as though the finger of God had touched the wind; it abated by visible gradations, and the drift of the steamers grew more slow; it ceased to a mere gale, and they held their place on the lip of the boiling surf, and then with a gasp it sank into quietude, and a great oily swell rose up as if by magic from the bowels of the deep, and the little Saigon forged ahead and drew the helpless passenger ship away from the perilous beach. Those tropical hurricanes of the eastern sea progress in circles, and this one had spurned them from its clutch and let them float on a charmed ring of calm.

Cortolvin bowed over the wheel in silent thankfulness, but the shipmaster rejoiced aloud.

"How's that, umpire?" said he. "By James, wasn't it worth hanging on for? I've got a wife, sir, and kids, and I'm remembering this moment that they'll always have full bellies from now onward, and good clothes, and no more cheap lodgings, but a decent house semi-detached, and money to plunk down on the plate when they go to chapel on Sundays. The skipper of that Dutchman will be ruined over this last half hour's job, but I can't help that. It's myself I have to think of first. One has to in this world, or no one else will, and Mr. Cortolvin, I'm a made man. Thanks to McDodd!"

From below there came a sudden whir of machinery, as though the engines had momentarily gone mad, and then a bumping and a banging which jarred every plate of the Saigon's fabric, and then a silence, broken only by the thin, distant scream of a hurt man. Presently the boom of steam broke out from the escape pipe beside the funnel, and a minute later the chief engineer made his way leisurely up on to the bridge. He was bleeding from a cut on the forehead, and another gash showed red among the grime on his stubby cheek. He was shredding tobacco with a clasp knife as he walked and seemed

from his manner to be a man quite divorced from all responsible occupations. He halted a minute at the head of the bridge ladder, replaced the tobacco cake in the pocket of his coat and rolled up the shreds in the palms of his cracked hands. Then he filled a short brier pipe, lit it and surveyed the available universe.

"You'll be the tornado, way ahead there, I'm thinking," said he. "Are those blame engines broke down again?" asked Kettle sharply.

"Aye, ye may put it they've broke down."

"Then away with you below again, Mr. McDodd, and get them running again. You may smoke when we bring up the Aden."

McDodd puffed twice more at his pipe and spat on the wheel grating.

"By James!" said Kettle. "Do you hear me?"

"My lungs are a bit muzzy, but I can hear ye for a' that, captain. Only thing is I can't do as ye'd like."

Captain Kettle stiffened ominously. "Mr. McDodd," he said, "if you force me to take you in hand and show you how to set about your work you'll regret it."

"Man," said the engineer, "I can do some kind of impossibilities. Ye've seen me do them. Ye've seen me keep those palsied rattlers running all through that blow. But if ye ask me to make a new propeller out of rod iron and packing cases I'll have to tell ye that you kind of meercle's beyond me."

"My great James!" said Kettle. "You don't mean to tell me the propeller's gone?"

"Either that or else all the blades have stripped off the boss. If ye'd been below on my footplate, ye'd have kenned it fine. When it went those pair engines reared like an auld cab horse trying to gallop, and they just got tied in knots and tumbled down and sprawled 15 ways at once. I was on the platform oiling when they jumped, and that nigger second of mine tried to get at the throttle to close her down."

"Well, get on man, get on!"

"Well, he didn't; that's all. He's lying in the low pressure crank pit this minute, and the top of his skull'll be to seek somewhere by ash lift. Man, I tell ye, you second of mine's an uncanny sight. So I had to do his work for him, and then I blew off my boilers and came up here. It would have been verri comforting to my professional conscience if I could have steamed her into Aden. But I'm no' so sorry as I might be for what's happened. I have it in mind that you Parsee owner of ours in Bombay'll lose siller over this break-



"By James!" said Kettle. "Do you hear me?"

down, and I want that beggar punished for all the work he's given me to do on a small wage. Mr. Cortolvin, have ye a match?"

A hail came from the liner astern. "Saigon, ahoy! Keep our hawser taut!"

"You're all right for the present," Kettle shouted back.

"Der vind might return unless you get in middle of him!"

"Then, if it does," retorted Kettle, "you'd better tell your passengers to say their prayers. You'll get no further help from me. I'm broken down myself. Lost my propeller, if you want to know."

"Herr Heber Gott!"

"I shouldn't swear if I were you," said Kettle. "If the breeze comes this way again, you'll be toting the mark in the other place inside five minutes." He turned and gave an order. "After deck, there. Mr. Murgatroyd, you may cast off their rope. We've done towing."

Now, after this, a variety of things might have happened. Among them it was quite possible that both steamers, and all in them, might have been spewed up as battered refuse high upon the African beach. But, as Providence ordered it, the tornado circled down on them no more; a light air came off the shore which filled their scanty canvas and gave them just steerage way, and they rode over the swells in company as dry as a pair of bridge pontoons and about as helpless. All immediate danger was swept away. Nothing but another steamer could relieve them, and in the meanwhile it was a time for philosophy.

Captain Kettle did not grumble. His fortune was once more adrift and beyond his grasp. The Parsee in Bombay would for a certainty dismiss him from employment, and Mrs. Kettle and her family must continue to drag along on such scanty doles as he could contrive to send them. All these were distressing thoughts, but they were things not to be remedied, and he took down the accordion and made sweet music, which spread far over the moving plains of ocean.

But Mr. McDodd had visions of more immediate profit. He washed with soap until his face was brilliant, put on a full suit of slouchest serge, took boat and rowed over to the rolling German liner. It was midnight when he return-

ed, affluent in pocket and rather deep in liquor. He went into the charthouse without invitation, smiled benignly and took a camp stool.

"They thought they would get me down into the messroom over yonder," said he, "and I'll no deny it was a temptation. I could have told those Dutch engineers a thing or two. But I'm a' for business first when there is siller ahead. So I went aft to the saloon. They were at dinner, and there were pair appetites among them. But some one spied me standing by the door and lugged me into a seat and gave me meat and drink—champagne, no less—and set me on to talk. Lord, once I got my tongue wagging, ye should have seen them! There was no more eating done. They wanted to know how near death they'd been, and I told 'em, and there was the old man and all the brass edged officers at the ends of the tables fit to eat me for giving the yarn away. But a (hic) fat lot I cared. I set on the music, and they sent round the hat. Losh! There was £24 English when they handed it over to me. Skipper, ye should go and try it for yersel'."

"Mr. McTodd," said the little sailor, "I am not a dashed mendicant."

The engineer stared with a boiled eye and swayed on his camp stool. He had not quite grasped the remark. "I'm Scotch myself," said he at length.

"Same thing," said Kettle. "I'm neither. I'm a common low down Englishman, with the pride of the Prince of Wales and a damned ugly tongue, and don't you forget it."

McTodd pulled a charred cigar stump from his pocket and lit it with care. He nodded to the accordion. "Go on with yer noise," said he.

Captain Kettle's fingers began to twitch suggestively, and Cortolvin, to keep the peace, offered to escort McTodd to his room.

"I thank ye," said the engineer. "It's the climate. I have malaria in the system, and it stays there in spite of all that drugs can do and affects the perambulatory muscles of the lower extremities. Speaking of which, ye'll na doot have seen for yersel'."

"Oh, come along to bed!" said Cortolvin.

"Bide a wee, mannie," said the man in the blue serge solemnly. "There's a thought come to me that I've a message to give. Do ye ken anybody called Calvert?"

"Archib Calvert by any chance?"

"Erchie was the name he gave. He said he kenne'd ye weel."

"We were at Cambridge together."

"Cambridge were ye? Weel, I should have been a D. D. of A-berdeen myself if I'd done as my father wished. He was Free Kirk minister of Ballinadrochar."

"Yes, but about Calvert."

"On aye, Calvert—Erchie Calvert, as ye say. Weel, I said we'd ye aboard, and this Calvert—Erchie Calvert—said he'd news for ye about yer wife."

"All right; never mind that now. She's dead, I know, poor woman! Let me help you down to your bunk."

"Dinna be so offensive, man, and bide a wee to hear ma' news. Ye're no' a widow, after all—widower, that is. Ye're gaid wife dinna dee, as ye think. She'd a fall from a horse, which'll probably teach her to leave horse riding alone to men in the future, and it got in the papers she was killed, but it seems a shaking was all she earned. And, talking of horses, now, when I was a bairn in Ballindrochar."

Cortolvin shook him savagely by the arm. "My God!" he cried. "Do you mean to say she's not dead?"

"Aren't I telling ye?"

Cortolvin passed a hand wearily over his eyes. "And a minute ago," he whispered. "I thought I was going home!" His hand dropped limply to his side; his head slid to the charthouse deck in a dead faint.

McTodd swayed on the camp stool and regarded him with a puzzled eye.

"Losh," he said, "here's him drunk as well as me—two of us, and I never kenne'd it. It's a sad, immoral world, skipper, verra sad. Skipper, I say, here's Mr. Cortolvin been—O Lord, and he isn't listening either!"

Captain Kettle had gone out of the charthouse. The thud of a propeller had fallen upon his ear, and he leaned over the Saigon's rail and sadly watched a triangle of light draw up through the cool purple night. A cargo steamer, freighted with rails for the Beira railway, was coming gleefully toward them from out of the north to pick up the rich gleanings which the ocean offered.

When insects sleep.

There is no doubt that all insects except those like the May fly, which die very soon after they are born, take rest. Some of them take from 10 to 20 hours' rest at a time, as, for instance, butterflies, which remain fixed to certain spots for days together. Some caterpillars and moths like rest during the day, appearing only at night, while insects of the bee and wasp tribe do their work by day and slumber at night.

Beetles may often be found during the daytime with their legs drawn up under their bodies in a condition suggesting repose; while it is well known that they make their depositions principally by night.

Some insects, again, take a long period of rest during the winter months, and it is certain that insects, like any other family of animals, enjoy periods of repose, though, as they cannot close their eyes, it seems hardly right to call this sleep.

Proof of Reason.

A scientific journal says, "Crows undoubtedly have a language and to some extent exercise the reasoning process." We are a little skeptical about the language of crows, but they certainly never pull up corn without good cause.

Oh, the Brute!

"Henry, how do I look in this dress?"

"H'm—the dress looks very pretty on you, my dear."—Chicago Tribune.

TRICKED BY A JOKER

THE STORY OF THE NOAX OF THE RUNE FIGURED STONE.

How a Clever but Filippant Swede With a Chisel and a Knowledge of Runic Characters Started a Story That Has Traveled the World.

This is the story of a bold hoax which caused much anguish to one learned man, who was falsely represented as falling a victim to the joker, and which aroused to a high pitch of expectation the hopes of historians in this and other countries only to cruelly dash them to the ground. The hoax began with the placing, in the neighborhood of Kensington, Douglas county, Minn., of a stone on which were chiseled certain mysterious characters that no one in that vicinity could decipher.

Who cut the mysterious characters in the stone and placed it where it could be found has not been discovered and probably never will be, for the practical joker stirred up such a hornets' nest that if he is as clever as his jest indicates he will continue to enjoy the situation in silence. Practical jokers have been lynched before now.

The man who found the stone has also dropped out of sight for the good of his health. The story therefore begins with the reception by Professor O. J. Breda, University of Minnesota, of a copy of the hieroglyphics that were carved on the stone. The "discovery" was laid before the learned professor with the eager request that he carefully decipher the characters and, if possible, explain them.

Professor Breda recognized at once the mystic writing known as "Runic," and would have reported that the Kensington people had in their possession the first "Rune stone" ever discovered in America. To be in a position to make such a report would have made both his own name and that of the town near which the stone was found famous throughout the world.

For the characters, if genuine, could not have been cut less than many centuries ago, and the fact of men possessed of a knowledge of Runic writing having been in Minnesota at this period might have changed the record of early American history.

Translated by Professor Breda, the inscription ran, with certain un decipherable words omitted:

"Swedes and Norsemens on a journey of discovery from Vinland west—we camep— one day's journey north from this stone. We fished one day. After we came home we found— man red with blood and dead. A. V. M. save from— have— men at the ocean to look after our ships— day's journey from this island. Year—"

All very pretty and deeply interesting. The only damper thrown on the discovery was Professor Breda's emphatic declaration that the whole thing was a fraud, perpetrated by some Swede with a knowledge of Runic characters. The people of Kensington pouted over the learned professor's decision. They wanted the rune stone to make them all famous. They had glorious visions of mingling with the residents of rival towns and grandiloquently announcing to these envious neighbors that they lived in the city where the famous Rune stone was found. If Professor Breda was so obtuse as to fail to see that the Rune stone was genuine, they would go to another learned professor and insist upon his seeing it in the light that pleased them most.

So the Kensington delegation turned their backs on Professor Breda and communicated with Professor G. O. Curme of the Northwestern University, Evanston, Ills. Professor Curme was inclined to think that the find was a genuine rune stone, and he even deciphered the date of its inscription as 1302, making it out to be a very venerable relic.

By this time the learned men of the old world got wind of the discovery, and the cable brought eager requests for details. Nothing loath, the Kensington people flashed back the fullest particulars at the current rates for submarine lightning messages. Then must the joker have chortled with glee, for the archaeologists of the old world swallowed the stone with avidity and eagerly waited for more, hoping that the investigations that Kensington citizens were then making in the mud of the neighboring marshes would bring forth further discoveries.

Soon came the disquieting news that Professor Curme, after more careful investigation, had given out a statement that the inscription "had all the marks of a fake." Following immediately on this statement came a cablegram from Professors C. Storm and O. Rygh of Christiania, Sweden, declaring that the so-called rune stone was a "grand fraud, perpetrated by a Swede with a chisel and a slight knowledge of Runic characters and of English." Professor Breda had reason to gloat over this vindication of himself, and he would have gloated accordingly, but for the fact that the fake had come into him in his sweeping whirl.

In telling the story Professor Breda said to the writer:

"After my views that the stone was a fake had been confirmed by others to whom it was submitted, I found to my great surprise that some liar in Chicago had telegraphed to England and Norway that I had pronounced the thing genuine. I was compelled to write to papers in Norway to correct this entirely erroneous report. I do not know whether I was reported correctly in our own papers. If you refer at all to the matter again, will you kindly set me right before the public?"

Setting the worthy professor right before the public is not an easy matter. Fakes travel faster than facts, as any newspaper man knows. The story of the rune stone with the indorsement of the inscription's genuineness ascribed to Professor Breda by the "Liar in Chicago," has been read by the students of ancient lore in Hindostan, pored over by bespectacled men of learning in Europe, Asia and Australia, and will bob up in unexpected places and with the most extraordinary vitality for a long time to come. The joker certainly did his work well.

For the benefit of those to whom the term "rune stone" is as much a mystery as would be the characters it may be well to state in conclusion that the runes were the earliest alphabet in use among the Teutonic and Gothic nations of northern Europe. The exact period of their origin is not known. No genuine runic inscriptions have ever been found in this country.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He Isn't Numerous.

The successful man is the man who can do an hour's job in 60 minutes and then not spend half a day in admiring his handiwork.—Somerville Journal.

Oh, the Brute!

"Henry, how do I look in this dress?"

"H'm—the dress looks very pretty on you, my dear."—Chicago Tribune.

CARRYING MONEY.

Some of the Clever Ways Some People Have of Doing It.

Few classes of men have a better chance to see the queer ways people have of carrying their money than bartenders. A Fifth street man tells a number of good stories along this line. It would appear that frequenters of such resorts are infinitely averse to carrying their coin after any manner known to the balance of mankind. "That man who just left here is entitled to a premium," said the mixologist in question a few days ago. "Ordered a glass of apollinaris and drank it as if he was thirsty. Then he reached down on the inside of his vest and pulled out what looked to be a big roll of newspaper. Around the roll was wrapped a long piece of twine."

"I thought I was going to be made the victim of a trick game until the man began to unwrap the roll. He took off at least six newspapers before he got down to what he was after. This proved to be a \$1 bill. He pulled it out of the bunch of newspapers and laid it on the counter. I took out 5 cents and handed back the change. Carefully counting it, the man slowly and deliberately wrapped the coin up in the newspaper again and went out. I haven't seen him since, and I don't want to. Life is too short to wait for his unwrapping process."

Another instance, almost as aggravating, was that of a young fellow who happened in the other day. He had several friends with him and ordered a round.

"I served it, and when the time came for paying the young fellow went through his pockets vigorously. Then his face grew scarlet."

"Humph!" he exclaimed. "I had some money. Oh, I know where it is now."

"Sitting down on a chair he pulled off one of his shoes and from the bottom thereof fished out a \$5 bill. The crowd that was with him laughed loudly, and the little episode cost him another round. Lots of people come in here who carry their money in one of the upper pockets of their vests, and still others who think the inside band of their hats affords the best place to carry their bank bills. And so it goes. Some day I expect to have a man order a drink and put the money out of his mouth with which to pay for it. If he does, I won't let on but that it is the regular thing."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

JARGON OF THE STAGE.

English Obscure as the Lingo of the American Baseball Field.

Pretty nearly every profession boasts a vocabulary of its own, and the theatrical profession is not the least boastful in this matter. There is a neatness and directness about the vocabulary of the stage which does not characterize that of any other institution.

What, for instance, could be more directly impressive of the volume of an evening's audience or the receipts to accrue therefrom than the phrase of "playing to the gas?" It is used in the general sense in reference to small audiences, but strictly it means that an audience was only large enough to render receipts sufficient to pay the bill for the evening's lighting.

An actor would infinitely rather play to a "house full of paper." The latter phrase means an audience admitted mostly by free passes.

"I've got a shop in a fine crowd," exclaims Miss Tottie Twofacet to a friend. "All the fat of the book, three curtains and the tag. We open on Tuesday, and I'm awfully tidy. Jessie's walking on."

To any one inexperienced in the slang of the stage the above speech would not convey much. Translated into "common or garden" language, Miss Tottie's meaning is that she has obtained an engagement in a fine company, that she has to deliver the most telling speeches in the play, that the performance commences on Tuesday and that she is not sure of her lines.

Lines—evidently her dearest friend—has a part which she cannot act.

It must be admitted that Miss Twofacet is concise. She might add that "except for a shop" (part or engagement) in a "fit up" (a company traveling with its own scenery) she has been "resting," which is a neat way of saying she has been out of an engagement.—London Mail.

Sociable.

Some of the sentimental considerations that may influence an elector are suggested in this anecdote from a new book, "Irish Life and Character."

A political candidate, on paying a second visit to the house of a doubtful voter of the peasant class, was very pleased, but somewhat surprised, on hearing from the elector that he would support him.

"Glad to hear it," said the candidate. "I thought you were against me."

"Sure, I was at first," rejoined the peasant. "When the other day ye called here and stood by that pigsty and talked for half an hour ye didn't budge me an inch."

"But after ye had gone away, sor, I got to thinkin how ye'd reached yer hand over the rail and scratched the pig's back till he lay down with the pleasure of it. I made up my mind then that when a man was so sociable as that with a poor fellow, I wasn't the bloke to vote agin him."

London Kill Me Quick.

On Saturday night in the London streets one meets numbers of men walking automatically, their teeth clinched, their look fixed. They do not sing or speak a word, but suddenly fall like logs. It is a miracle that they do not fracture their skulls on the pavement. To those men, in the bars of virtuous England, has been dispensed for the sum of one penny a pint of an atrocious mixture composed of the dregs of bottles and casks of gin, whisky, absinthe, etc. I do not know the name of this horrible concoction, but I have seen its terrible effects.—Paris Petit Journal.

English Girls Growing Thinner.

It has been noticed again and again that the type of English girl seems to be changing. She is growing taller, slimmer, more thoroughbred in looks and gait, and by a subtle kind of sympathy she is showing in the park a preference for a horse that possesses very much her own characteristics.—London News.

Goodwin Sands, on the coast of Kent, are so named because they, in the reign of Edward the Confessor, formed part of the lands belonging to Earl Godwin, which in the next two reigns were swallowed up by the sea.

A cynical bachelor says that ideas are like beads—men never have them until they grow up, and women don't have them at all.—Chicago News.

Railroads.

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You can always find one of Holmes' Express men at their stand, Newton Baggage Room, from 6:30 A. M. to 8:30 P. M., where a call may be left, or leave orders at G. P. Atkins', Grocer, or Newton Business Exchange, 402 Centre St. Telephone connection.

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The answer to that old query "What's in a name?" was not hard to define in the case of one justly celebrated Family Remedy that had its origin away down in the State of Maine, but which is now made in Boston.

An old lady called at a store and asked for a bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment; the clerk said "they were out, but could supply her with another just as good." The engaging smile that accompanied this information was frozen stiff when she replied: "Young Man, there is only one Liniment, and that is Johnson's."

Originated in 1819 by an old Family Physician. There is not a remedy in a store which has the confidence of the public to a greater extent. Could a remedy have existed for nearly a century, except it possessed extraordinary merit? It's Unique! Any other, superior to all others. Safe, soothing, sure. Our lesson on Infamously sent, Mass. Advertisers: L. S. Judd & Co., Boston, Mass.

Legal Notices

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Michael W. Cannon and Catherine Cannon his wife to Henry F. Guild, dated February 29th, 1896, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book 244, Page 71, for breach of the conditions therein contained and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises on Monday, the fourteenth day of August, 1899, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, to-wit:

A certain parcel of land situated in that part of Newton, in the County of Middlesex called NEWTON HIGHLANDS, and bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at the corner of Dedham Street and a new Street laid out by the above described premises, thence running along with said Dedham Street, thence running Easterly on the southerly line of said new street, seventy feet, thence turning at a right angle and running southerly on remaining land of said Catherine Cannon, eighty (80) feet; thence turning at a right angle and running Westerly on remaining land of said Catherine Cannon, seventy (70) feet to the easterly line of said Dedham Street, thence turning and running Northerly on said Dedham Street, eighty (80) feet to the point of beginning; containing 5600 square feet of land, and being part of the premises conveyed to said Catherine Cannon by deed of Patrick McCreath, dated June 22nd 1895, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 235, Page 239. Together with a right of way for all purposes for which a street is commonly and properly used over said new street so far as the same adjoins the above described premises.

Said premises will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes and assessments.

\$100 at time and place of sale.

HENRY F. GUILD, Mortgagee.

Boston, July 18th, 1899.

H. W. MASON, Atty., 31 Milk Street.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by James R. Pines and Myra A. Pines, his wife, in her own right, to Charles F. Gallagher dated February 12th, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book 250, Page 16, for breach of the conditions therein contained, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises, on Monday, the twenty-first day of August, 1899, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, to-wit:

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in that part of Newton, in the County of Middlesex called NEWTON HIGHLANDS, and shown on a plan of "Land in Newton Lower Falls," drawn by E. S. Smith, dated November 2-nd, 1896, and filed with the City and County of Boston, at the office of the City and County Engineer, as follows, viz:—Beginning at a post on Cornell Street at land of one George and thence running Northerly by said Cornell Street, two hundred and fifty-two and 82 (252.82) feet to a stake; thence running Northerly by the line of an old fence, ninety-five and 25 (120.25) feet to a stake on Pine Grove Avenue; thence running Easterly by Pine Grove Avenue two hundred and forty-five and 10 (355.10) feet to a stake at land of the Boston & Albany Railroad Company; thence running Southerly by land of said Railroad Company, three hundred and five and 00 (350.00) feet to land of said George; thence running Easterly by land of said George, three hundred and 00 (300.00) feet to the point of beginning.

Said premises will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes and assessments.

\$500 at time and place of sale.

CHARLES F. GALLAGHER, Mortgagee.

Boston, July 23rd, 1899.

H. W. MASON, Atty., 31 Milk Street.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue and in pursuance of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed made by John P. Lilleback to Addie F. Harris dated April 18th 1898 and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book 251 folio 383, for breach of the condition of said mortgage, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereby offered described on August 14th 1899, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed, to-wit: A certain parcel of land situated in that part of Newton called West Newton being lot numbered one (1) as shown on a "plan of Building Lots in West Newton," drawn by E. S. Smith, C. E., dated February 24 1896 and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 161, Plan 38 said lot being bounded as follows: Northeastly by a forty foot way called Harris Road one hundred (100) feet. Southwesterly by lot numbered eight (8) as said plan sixty-five (65) feet. Southwesterly, by land now or late of John Davis one hundred (100) feet; and Northwesterly by Cherry Street sixty-five (65) feet, containing 6200 square feet of land more or less being the same premises conveyed to John P. Lilleback by deed of Addie F. Harris dated April 18th, 1898, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds.

The sale will be made subject to the principal and interest of any mortgage which may be due on a mortgage to the West Newton Savings Bank and also to a mortgage to A. W. B. Potter and also subject to any and all unpaid taxes and assessments now due for or on account of said premises.

Further particulars at time of sale.

ADDIE F. HARRIS, Mortgagee

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NEWTON CENTRE.

—Mr. William Doyle of Homer street is quite ill.

—Mr. George Beck has returned from Jackson, N. H.

—A new fruit store is soon to be opened on Langley road.

—Mr. Henry H. Day of Centre street is at Sugar Hill, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Tilney of Summer street have returned home.

—Miss H. Dudley of Parker street has returned from an outing in Maine.

—Rev. G. H. Spencer of Pelham street left yesterday for Friendship, Me.

—Mrs. Lyford of Bowen street is recovering from her recent serious illness.

—Mrs. Bodge of Maple park returns this week from a visit in St. Louis, Missouri.

—Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Farnham of Lake avenue are away for the summer months.

—Dr. H. E. Johnson will be at his office in the Union building on Monday morning.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Greene of Chase street are summering in Seal Harbor, Me.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Barney have returned from Dorchester, New Brunswick.

—Mrs. James McKinnon of Newbury street is ill at the Newton hospital.

—Rev. Edward M. Taylor, D. D., will preach at the Methodist church on Sunday.

—Clerk Walter E. Gilford of the central post office is at So. Framingham with Co. C.

—Mr. Arthur Washburn of Knapp's grocery leaves today for Hillsboro bridge, N. H.

—Miss Julia Day of Centre street is enjoying an outing in Highgate Springs, Vermont.

—Rev. G. H. Spencer returned this week from Vermont and has gone to Friendship, Maine.

—Mr. J. A. Anderson and family of Summer street have returned from Nantucket.

—Mr. W. W. Webber and family of Knowles street and Langley road are out-of-town.

—Mr. George W. Burdett and family of Beacon street are at home after an enjoyable outing.

—A new foundation is being constructed beneath the wooden building adjoining Whites block.

—Mr. Robinson and family of Ward street are absent from Newton Centre on their annual outing.

—Mr. George E. Gilbert and family of Centre street are guests at Gray's Inn, Jackson, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. Marshall O. Rice of Centre street are registered at Franconia Inn, Franconia, N. H.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Stanley of Braeland avenue is spending a portion of the summer at Cottage City.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. E. McWain and daughter of the Pelham have gone to Camden, Me., for a visit.

—On Tuesday the funeral was held of Patrick Connelly, a resident of Cemetery avenue. The services took place at the Church of the Sacred Heart.

—There are letters remaining in the post office for B. D. Barrows, John Buchanan, Deacon street, Henry O'Brien, Nector Steele, Bessie Wells, Hattie Wetherbee, 800 Beacon street.

—Master Robbie Enholm of Newtonville, a former resident of this place and well known here, is to train on the Waltham bicycle track. He will endeavor to make a record, and his friends are confident he will succeed.

—At 12:50 Tuesday afternoon an alarm was rung in from box 73 for a fire in Mr. Lewis R. Spence's house at the corner of Ward and Summer streets. The explosion of an oil stove in the kitchen of the house caused a blaze that considerably damaged

the woodwork. The loss is estimated at \$100.

—Mr. and Mrs. Watson Armstrong of Maple park are at Buzzards Bay.

—Mr. E. A. Ellis and family of Summer street left yesterday morning for Lisbon.

—Mr. George Beck has returned from Jackson, N. H., where he has been spending his vacation.

—Mrs. Florence Bodge of Maple park returned on Tuesday from a visit to her daughter in St. Louis.

—Rev. William Butler, D. D., and family of Crescent avenue returned on Friday from Bristol, Rhode Island.

—Mr. Herbert F. Butler has returned from a vacation at Lake George and in other parts of New York state.

—Mr. Percy Barton of Brookline has entered the employ of F. L. Gardner & Co., of White's block, for a few weeks.

—Messrs. John and William Hahn of Florence street, left yesterday morning for Kennebunk beach, Me., for two weeks.

—Letter-carrier L. W. Stanley is enjoying his annual vacation. His route in this place is being covered by substitute Sullivan.

—Mr. Harold W. Day of Northampton and Mr. H. H. Hovey of East Alton, N. H., are at Mrs. Thorpe's for a few weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Houghton of Glenwood avenue are receiving the sympathy of friends in the death of their young son Philip.

—Mr. C. H. Bennett and family of Beacon street leave this week for Macdonia, where they will spend a portion of the summer.

—The funeral of Miss Mary L. Donahoe of Homer street, who died on Friday, was held on Monday morning from the Church of the Sacred Heart.

—The death of Philip B., the young son of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Houghton of Glenwood avenue, occurred on Saturday, aged 14 months. Funeral services were held on Tuesday afternoon.

—About 8:15 last Monday evening, Willie Stanfield of 94 Ripley street, was riding a bicycle on Langley road near Union street, when he came into collision with another cyclist named George Guilford, of 15 Maple park. Both wheels were damaged and young Stanfield rendered unconscious. He also sustained severe bruises. He was picked up by bystanders and taken to his home.

—The highway department was called upon last Sunday afternoon to remove a large tree which had fallen across the wires of the telephone and street railway companies on Centre street. The tree in question was one of the largest elms in the city, but its extreme age caused it gradually to decay and finally topple over. Centre street near the corner of Crescent avenue was roped off for a time by the police, and the work of the highway department was watched with interest by a large number.

—A woman resident of this village was complained of in the Newton police court Monday morning by Agent H. A. Stone of the board of health, charged with violating the rules of the board of health. It was shown by Agent Stone's record that the woman had been notified on several occasions to connect a certain dwelling, owned by her on Langley road, with the sewer, and that she had not done so. The woman's case was continued with the understanding that the work she had neglected would be done at once. Several other cases of a similar character are to be brought in to court on the board of health's complaint.

NEWTON HIGHLANDS.

—Mrs. W. Hyde, who has been ill, is now out again.

—Mr. C. C. Small and family are at Bass Rocks, Gloucester.

—Mr. W. E. Ryder is quite well recovered from his recent illness.

—Mrs. Durgin of Hyde street is at Bridgewater for a short stay.

—Mr. C. F. Kelly and family of Bowdoin street are at Narragansett Pier.

—Miss May L. Goodwin, bookkeeper for E. Moulton & Son, is spending her vacation at Kennebunk, Me. Miss Edith Fewkes is at the desk during her absence.

—Mrs. Stacey, who has occupied a house on Columbus street for the past two years,

has stored her furniture, and with her daughter has gone to Leominster, Mass.

—Mr. W. B. Page and his son Percy have arrived home from a trip abroad.

—Mrs. John Walsh of Bowdoin street is visiting in the Berkshire Hills.

—Mrs. J. D. Hagerly of Cook street is with friends in Woburn for a few weeks.

—Mr. C. R. O'Donnell and family have returned from their stay at Brant Rock.

—Mr. Lloyd Young of Clark street has gone to Providence to spend his vacation.

—Mr. S. D. Whittemore and family will leave this week for a stay at Antrim, N. H.

—Mr. W. E. Prescott and family of Lake-wood road have arrived home from their stay at the Cape.

—Mr. L. M. Pratt and family of Lake-wood road are at Cotuit for a stay of two or three weeks.

—Mr. A. L. Greenwood and family will spend August at Brant Rock, where they have taken a cottage.

—Mr. J. F. Loring and daughter have returned from their sojourn at Lake George and Lake Champlain.

—Mrs. G. L. Cotey of Forest street has returned from a stay of two weeks at Worcester and vicinity.

—Mr. George B. King and family of Lake avenue have gone to Wilkesbarre, Penn., to spend a few weeks.

—Mr. H. P. Ayer and family of Lake-wood road will make a stay of several weeks near Marblehead.

—Mrs. C. F. Jones of Endicott street will occupy the pulpit at the Congregational church next Sunday morning.

—Mr. F. J. Hoyt, who has occupied an apartment in the Patterson block, has removed to his own house at Newton.

—Miss Maria L. Brackett has gone to Windermere for a stay of a week as the guest of Mrs. C. Peter Clark.

—Rev. E. E. Strong, D. D., of Auburndale, will occupy the pulpit at the Congregational church next Sunday morning.

—Mrs. Wm. S. Fewkes and daughter of Floral place are at their former home at Ipswich for the summer season.

—Mr. G. F. Edson has rented the house on Fisher avenue, formerly occupied by Miss Sweetzer, and now occupies.

—Mrs. H. E. Robinson and daughter and her son-in-law, Mr. Dingley, and wife are at Squirrel Island for a short stay.

—Mrs. Hartwell of Forest street has removed to Hopkinton, and one of her sons is at Ashland and the other in Boston.

—Mr. Wm. W. Castle of Walnut street had a valuable setter dog killed by an electric car in front of his residence this week.

—Mrs. L. K. Brigham, Miss Hattie E. Brigham and E. F. Brigham have been at Turner's, Bethlehem, N. H., for a week's sojourn.

—Mr. George E. King of So. Boston has taken the house on Columbus place, formerly occupied by Mr. F. A. Watson, and owned by Mrs. Holmes. Mr. King has a position with the Gannett Company.

—Greenwood's Real Estate Agency have rented the house on Pierce street belonging to Miss Duncklee, to Mr. Howard Emerson of Newton Centre, also the house on Harrison street lately vacated by Lawyer Wenzel, and owned by Mr. B. Dickerman to Mr. C. H. Hale of Wellesley.

—There will be no morning service nor Sunday school during August at the Methodist church, but an evening service will be held as usual, and will be in charge of the Young People's Epworth League. The league are to secure the speakers and have the entire control of the service. A pleasing series of meetings is anticipated.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Patterson, who have been tenants of the Chalfield estate for the past year or two, on account of proposed alterations and improvements of same by the owners, have stored their furniture and have gone to Billerica for a few days as the guests of her brother, and then will go to the beach for the rest of the summer.

—Funeral services over the remains of Henry C. Robinson were held Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock from his late residence, 4 Chester street. The services were of a simple nature, and were in charge of Rev. George G. Phelps, formerly pastor of the Newton Highlands Congregational church. Among those present last Friday afternoon were former business associates, members of the Boston Confectioners' club, of which

Mr. Robinson was an honorary member, members of Oak Lodge, I. O. O. F., of this place, and members of the Hillsdale club, also of this place. The pallbearers were D. Everett, Earl, Ernestus Moulton, Robert Levi and E. E. Marston. The interment was in the Newton cemetery.

—Henry W. Burr, who died on the 26th inst., first came to Newton in the winter of 1862-63, residing on Church street and afterwards on Vernon street. He was in the rubber business at 37 Milk street, Boston, the firm being Henry W. Burr & Co. Selling out to Clapp, Evans & Co., he bought the Etna rubber mills of Jamaica Plain, and in 1869 moved there. He was the first and only superintendent of the Eagle rubber mills and when it was merged into the American Rubber Co. he had charge of the works in Cambridge until they were burned in 1881. He then superintended the Para Rubber Shoe Co.'s works for 5 years, and in 1887 went to Granby, Canada, and thoroughly organized the manufacturing department of the Granby Rubber Co. In 1888 he returned to the States, making his home with his sons in this village where he has made many friends. Mr. Burr was born in Hartford, Conn., in 1829, and at the breaking out of the war in 1861, was one of the first to enlist. Commissioned second lieutenant in the First regiment, Conn. cavalry, he was promoted to first lieutenant, but his promising military career was cut short by sickness contracted by hard service in western Virginia and he was honorably discharged in the fall of 1862. Mr. Burr was past master of Wooster lodge No. 4, of Colechester, Middlesex chapter, R. A. C., one of the earliest members of Charles Ward post, No. 62, G. A. R., chairman of the finance committee of the Supreme lodge American Benefit society, member of Pericles lodge, No. 4, I. P. of South Framingham, Suffolk assembly, No. 9, R. S. of G. F., and others. Simple funeral services were held last Saturday at the residence of his son, Dr. C. H. Burr, and were conducted by Rev. Geo. G. Phelps and Rev. Frederick E. Emerick, D. D., pastor of Grace Congregational church of South Framingham, of which Mr. Burr was a member, and consisted of reading of the Scriptures, prayers and remarks by both clergymen in which they paid a tender tribute to the deceased. Representatives from various organizations were present, and there were many floral tributes, but the most touching and impressive decoration of all was the silk flag that Charles Ward post places on the casket of each dead comrade. The burial was in the Newton cemetery.

NEWTON UPPER FALLS.

—Rev. Mr. Ferrand, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Avery of Pennsylvania avenue, returned to his home in Florida this week.

—The Sunday school of the Methodist church will hold its annual picnic on Wednesday, August 9. The party will take the train at Eliot depot to Boston and then go to Crescent beach on the narrow gauge road, returning from the beach in the same manner.

—For greater convenience to my patrons, I desire to announce that all calls for my services may be left with Mr. John W. Hovey, High street, who will call and deliver to me with the greatest possible dispatch. Respectfully, HENRY F. CATE.

—The first quarterly meeting of the Prospect Co-operative society was held on Monday evening in the Quinobeguin hall, a large number of stockholders attending. A report of the quarter's business was made by the directors. They were unable to report any dividend on purchases for the quarter, but the statement of the purchasers had, in a way, received one dividend in being enabled through the store to buy their goods at lesser prices than before. The business of the store was reported to be good and on the motion of the clerk of the board tendered his resignation, which was accepted, and he was given an unanimous vote of thanks by the stockholders in recognition of his faithful services during the past three months. A new clerk will be elected at the directors' meeting.

NEWTON LOWER FALLS.

—The Joyce family are to remove to Connecticut next week.

—A new boiler has replaced the one formerly in use at Crehore's mills.

—Miss Ethel Sears left this week for The Weirs, N. H., to spend a month.

—Mr. E. M. Verges of Porto Rico is spending a vacation with his son on Glen road.

—Cordingley's mills are running over time the past two weeks on account of pressing orders.

—Officer Tainter has returned to duty after a two weeks' vacation. Officer Bates has been here during his absence.

—A new wall was completed this week at the dam near Freeman's block, where the old one was in a dangerous condition.

—L. E. Alexander & Co. are moving one of the buildings to land at the rear of Dolan's coal office leased from Charles Rice.

—The Month's Mind solemn requiem mass for Rev. P. H. Callahan's father will be celebrated in St. John's church on Monday, Aug. 7, at 10 a. m. Father Callahan will be the celebrant. Father Sullivan, rector of the Cathedral, Boston, deacon, Father Broderick, pastor of Foxboro, sub-deacon, and Father Donovan, pastor of Ipswich, master of ceremonies. Several other priests will assist in the services. Miss Ellen A. McLaughlin of Boston will assist in the choir.

NONANTUM.

—Michael Driscoll has moved to Newton Upper Falls.

—Ferdinand Vachon is erecting a large barn on Faxon street.

—Officer Desmond of station 2 returned Wednesday from his vacation.

—Frank Bogan has entered the employ of Edward Burke as a painter.

—Mr. James Wing of California street is making extensive repairs on his house.

—The new chapel of the Beulah Baptist Mission is expected to be finished by Sept. 1st.

—Peter Finerty, conductor on the Newton & Boston Street Railway, enjoyed a three days vacation this week.

—The Nonantum Club Cyclers will take a run to South Framingham Sunday to visit the camp of the 2nd. brigade.

—Miss Annie Dawkins sailed Wednesday for England, and Miss Eliza Leonard for Ireland, where she will make her future home. They both sailed on the steamer New England.

—Grandfather Gowan preached to a large audience last Sunday at the Beulah Baptist Mission. Next Sunday in the basement of the new chapel at 3 p. m., Mr. Warren Davis, the converted sailor, will talk to the people.

WABAN.

—For greater convenience to my patrons I desire to announce that all calls for my services may be transmitted to me by public telephone from Waban drug store at my expense. Respectfully, HENRY F. CATE.

Citizen: "So my dog tore your clothes, did he? Where?" Hungry Higgins: "I've forgot which one of them tears is his." —Indianapolis Journal.

75 SILK WAISTS.

35	Wash and fancy taffeta Silk Waists, made in style, made well and made to fit, from pretty designs in silk of excellent quality; they are a manufacturer's sample waists. Our offer was accepted so we are selling regular \$3.50 and \$4.50 Waists at only	\$2.49 each.
25	Waists made from Changeable Bengaline, nothing further need be said after telling you that they are exactly the same waists in every respect that we have sold at \$5.00 each all summer. New price	\$28.9 each.
15	Waists of assorted styles, which sold all the way from \$5.50 to \$7.49 all this season, selling at a uniform price	\$3.98

Great Values in Silk by the Yard, at . . .

39c., 49c., 59c., 69c., 75c., 89c., 98c., \$1.19 and \$1.25.

The Central Dry Goods Co.,

107 to 115 Moody Street, Waltham, Mass.

ESTABLISHED 1839.

SIMPSON BROTHERS,

(CORPORATION) CONTRACTORS FOR

Concrete Walks and Driveways, Asphalt Floors, Artificial Stone Walks and Steel-Bound Curbs.

We are ready to receive orders or give estimates for work in private grounds.

P. O. Address, Newton, or Boston Office, Room 58, 166 Devonshire St. Telephone 1155, Boston. Refer to 20 Years' Work in Newton.

Dewey's English Milkmaid.

(Manila Letter in Leslie's Weekly.)

Many of the prominent English residents, both men and their wives, among whom Admiral Dewey had many warm friends, were aboard to say goodbye. And in this connection there is a pretty little tale about a beautiful mestiza, the admiral's life. Last summer, so the story runs, the admiral's health was much impaired and the Olympia's doctor prescribed a diet of fresh cow's milk. One night, as well as recommend dissolved pearls to a beggar as to prescribe cow's milk at that time in Manila. The admiral was telling, as a good story, the incident one day to a party of his friends from Manila, one of whom happened to be the pretty young mestiza, whose father is a prominent Britisher. They all laughed heartily at the American doctor's absurdity—that is, all except one. As in fairy tales, so it happened that this pretty young lady's father was the possessor of a number of splendid Australian cows, who gave "real milk" every day. This was a treasure that few were able to indulge in in Manila. Therefore it happened that the next day and the next and manana indefinitely, as long as the Olympia lay in the harbor of Manila, there was sent every day aboard ship a nice fresh bottle of Australian cow's milk, and so our indebtedness to England continues to increase. Whether the story is true or not there is at any rate, or was, in a conspicuous place on the dresser in the admiral's cabin, when the Olympia sailed away from Manila, a picture of the very celebrated Manila beauty, and, unless the seas get too heavy, I'll wager that it is still there when she leaves anchor in New York harbor.

When the freckled girl took a seat directly across the car from the bright child, the others were oppressed with forebodings. But they had not long to remain in suspense. "There's a complexion with a pattern in it!" exclaimed the bright child, almost at once. Whereupon the others breathed more freely, for it was likely that the worst was over.—Detroit Journal.



From 3 to 10 months at this school will fit any boy or girl for a good paying office position. When the pupil is ready, we find the position.

During the past 25 years 22,476 pupils have attended Comer's College, and today the school is better equipped, more thorough, more largely patronized, and more successful than ever in placing its pupils with business houses. The terms are: \$130 per Year, \$40 per Quarter. Fifty-ninth year opens September 5th, 1899. Send for latest Circular.

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Boston & Gloucester Steamboat Co.

The palatial and Popular Steamers

CAPE ANN and CITY OF GLOUCESTER

Leave North Side Central Wharf, Boston, Daily, (Sunday excepted) at 10:00 A. M., 2 P. M., and 4:45 P. M.

Returning, Leave Gloucester at 3:00 A. M., 7:30 A. M. and 2:00 P. M.

Sundays, Leave Boston at 10:15 A. M. and 5:30 P. M. Leave Gloucester at 3:00 A. M., 7:30 A. M. and 5:15 P. M.

No 3:00 A. M. Boat Mondays.

Subject to change without notice.

... THIS ROUTE ...

Affords to tourists one of the Finest Ocean Trips along the North Shore, a distance of thirty miles, with

Scenery Unsurpassed.

OFFICES: 24 Atlantic Avenue, BOSTON. Dimmock-st. Wharf, GLOUCESTER

Single Fare, 50 Cents.

Round Trip, 75 Cents.

Commutation Ticket of 6 Trips, \$2.40.

Henry M. Whitney, President. E. S. Merchant, Treas. and General Manager, Boston. Edgar Merchant, Agent, Gloucester.

Order Your

FERTILIZER,

GRASS SEED,

and other FARMING TOOLS.

WHEELBARROWS,

GARDEN SEED,

and your

GENERAL GROCERIES

at

W. O. Knapp & Co.'s,

As he carries a good line of all these goods.

T. J. MALONE & CO.,

Slate, Metal and Gravel Roofing.

Gutters, and Conductors Put Up and Repaired

Galvanized Iron Workers.

21 SOLEY ST., CHARLESTOWN.

Telephone 434-2. Order Boxes, 2 Barrett St. and 36 Brattle St., Boston.

A Successful Entertainment

Is helped in no small degree by a programme handsomely printed on good paper by an artistic printer. By distributing such a programme among the people who may be expected to buy tickets, sales may be increased, and profits correspondingly. Good printing always pays for itself wherever it is used. You can get fine programmes and cards of admission printed so attractively that they will be irresistible, at the

Newton Graphic Office.

For Fine Job Printing

Call at THE GRAPHIC Office.

The Delicious Fragrance

from a hot Royal Baking Powder biscuit whets the appetite. The taste of such a biscuit—sweet, creamy, delicate and crispy—is a joy to the

THE NEWTON GRAPHIC.

VOL. XXVII.—NO. 46.

NEWTON, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 11, 1899.

TERMS, \$2.00 A YEAR.



FOR A FRY

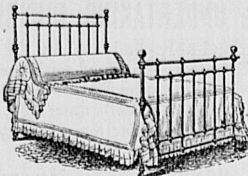
Roast, or Stew we have the right sort of CHICKENS

and sell them at prices which will enable lovers of each way of cooking to indulge their tastes to the fullest extent.

L. F. ASHLEY,

400 Centre St., Newton.

POPULAR.



Our Brass and Iron Beds are popular. The finish, construction and enduring qualities, combined with our low prices, make them so. It is worth your while to call on us before purchasing.

MORRIS, MURCH & BUTLER,
42 Summer St., Boston.
Mattresses and Chamber Furniture.
Sole proprietors of the "Noiseless" Spring.

The Secret Discovered How to make the perfect Blueing!
Mrs. Henry Vincent Pinkham of Newton invites the attention of all housekeepers to this new production (manufactured by herself under the name of the E. P. Moore Manufacturing Co.)
JAPANESE BLUEING, which is pronounced by experts to be the best blueing known to science.
For sale by the S. S. Pierce Co. of Boston and the leading grocers of Newton.

Broiled Live Lobster
English Mutton Chops
Table d'hôte dinners and Petit lunch rooms.
Are Specialties at the
CRAWFORD HOUSE, BOSTON.
Oysters in every style, Ladies' Cafe, 17 Brattle Street.

SETH W. FULLER,
BELLS
ELECTRIC GAS LIGHTING
BURGULAR ALARMS
Incandescent Electric Lighting.
Repair Work a Specialty.
87 Arch Street - BOSTON.

JOHN IRVING,
FLORIST
Cut Flowers, House Plants, Funeral Designs;
Flowers for Weddings and Parties.
Pearl St. - - - Newton.
Telephone Connection.

SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER.
Best material, first-class work, perfect fit. Only one quality, the very best, \$1.50 each. (Plain shirt without collars or cuffs.) Samples made for trial.
Repairing is done neatly, correctly and promptly. New neck-bands, 15c. each. Wrist-bands, 15c. pair. Full cuffs, 50c. pair. Collars, 25c. Bosoms, 50c. Centre pleats, 15c.
Shirts to repair left Tuesdays or Thursdays with parties named below will be ready for delivery at same places in one week.
Newton, 45 Thornton St., or with J. H. Bacon; Newtonville, J. V. Sullivan; N. U. Falls, J. T. Thompson; West Newton, F. D. Tait; S. Highlands, C. E. Stewart; Auburndale, H. M. Childs; N. Centre, H. S. Williams; N. L. Falls, Kenney Bros.
E. B. BLACKWELL 43 Thornton Street Newton.

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ARCHITECT.
Stevens Building,
Nonantum Square, NEWTON
High class Domestic Work a specialty.

STOVES
and every variety of
Household Goods
—AT—
BENT'S FURNITURE ROOMS,
64 Main St., Watertown.

Wedding Decorations,
(ARTISTIC DESIGNS)
Cut Flowers and Plants.
E. T. MOREY,
WASHINGTON AND TREMONT STREETS, NEAR
NEWTON LANE.

FURS.
Now is the time to have your
FURS RE-DYED
RE-LINED
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In the best manner possible at summer prices.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
S. ARONSON, Furrier,
Up one flight, 12 West Street, Boston.

Watch the Maple Trees!

All kinds of insects destroyed.
Diseased trees and shrubs revived.

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Delightfully located in beautiful suburb of Boston, convenient to electric and steam cars, every 5 minutes between Boston and Newton.

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A 15 Horse Power Engine

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Established 1874.

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Closed to settle estate.

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THOMAS & BURNS,

who will endeavor to please the public by carrying on a strictly first class Fish Market. This is the only store in this part of the city that makes fish of all kinds a specialty.
Orders called for and delivered. Please favor us with your patronage.

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Riverside Station, AUBURNDALE.

Opposite Newton Boat Club, two minutes from Riverside Station. Boating, Canoeing, Tennis, etc. American and European Plan.
Special terms to permanent guests.

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WAY **TREMAINT**
EVERY **DOWN** **POST**
EVE'S **TON.**
MATS. WED. & SAT.
BEG. AUG. 28th, EAST

C. H. TRAFTON,
Practical Gilder and Picture Frame
Maker,
269 Washington Street - Newton.
Save money and trouble. Give me a trial.
Office with J. B. Hamilton, Optician and Watchmaker.

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Chauncy - Hall School.

Seventy-second year begins Sept. 25.

Oldest and largest private school in Boston. All ages and grades from Kindergarten to College. Send for annual catalogue, Boylston Street, corner of Berkeley.

TAYLOR, DEMERITE AND HAGAR,
PRINCIPALS.

REMOVAL.

A. L. HAHN has removed his
UPHOLSTERY
business from Nonantum Block to the store in
Eliot Block, 70 Elmwood St., Newton.

REUBEN FORD,
Accountant.
John Hancock Building, Room 208,
BOSTON.

NEWTON.

—Pianos, Farley, 433 Washington St. 11
—Miss E. P. Cleveland has gone to Maine to spend her vacation.
—Miss Blake will return this week to her home on Jefferson street.
—Miss S. F. Bassett of the library has returned from her vacation.
—Mr. Wallace Foss and family are at their cottage at Point Allerton.
—Miss Annie Howe is a guest at the Craig House, Falmouth Heights.
—Driver B. F. Tripp of Hose 1 is taking his annual vacation of two weeks.
—Mr. W. G. Brackett, Jr., is a guest at Terrace Gables, Falmouth Heights.
—Mr. L. D. G. Bentley of the GRAPHIC is enjoying a week's vacation in Ashland, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Peck are at St. Joseph, Vt., on a visit to Mr. Peck's father.

—Miss Louise Stewart, assistant librarian of the library, is spending her vacation at Rock, Mass.

—Mr. E. S. Hamblen and E. S. Hamblen, Jr., are taking a trip through the White Mountains.

—Mr. and Mrs. John T. Lodge, and John and Morley Lodge are at the Lincoln House, Swampscott.

—Mr. Henry E. Bothfield and family leave today for Jefferson Highlands, N. H., to remain for several weeks.

—Mr. Harry P. Spalding, the artist, is at the Lincoln House, Swampscott, where he is exhibiting some of his works.

—Mr. and Mrs. John J. Smith are passing a few days with Mr. and Mrs. George Wilmon at their Manchester cottage.

—Henry H. Bugbee of Worcester came down on his bike Saturday p. m., and spent Sunday with his parents on Emerson street.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Barber are at Bridgton, Me., for two weeks' vacation. Dr. Reid, son and daughter, are also in Bridgton for a brief visit.

—The Newton Golf Club links are not at all deserted this summer, but have a goodly number of golfers and golfesses driving over the course every day.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Converse, and Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Allen and children, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Converse, at their cottage at Jefferson, N. H.

—Mr. H. A. Wilder, Miss Wilder and Misses Constance and Margaret Wilder have been at the Sinclair House, Bethlehem, N. H., and are now at Jackson.

—Mrs. Charles J. Brown, Nellie Lee Brown and Marguerite H. Brown are guests at the Eagle Mountain House, Jackson, N. H., for the rest of the summer.

—Mr. and Mrs. Wm. I. Howell of Newtonville avenue have returned from Onset Bay, and have gone to Portland, Peaks Island, Squirrel Island and Monhegan.

—Mr. Hahn has got nicely settled in his new location in the last store in Eliot block, on Elmwood street, and is prepared for any orders in the way of upholstery or repair work.

—Mr. George M. Bridges is building two new houses on Charlesbank road, opposite the foot of Orchard street. That section has been greatly improved of late years, and is being built up with a good class of houses.

—Many Newton people are at E. A. Crawford's, Jefferson Highlands. They include Mrs. J. N. Keller, Miss Keller, Mrs. A. B. Jewell, Miss Jewell and Miss Helen Jewell, Miss Mary W. Davis, Robert Davis and Edward Davis, Mrs. Henry M. Burt, Miss Grace M. Burt, Allen and Philip Burt.

—Miss A. T. Kingsbury, who has been spending the summer at South Orleans, has taken passage on the "Lahn" and is going to spend a year at "Pensional Suisse," a Swiss hotel, in the Swiss Alps, in company with Miss Rosamund Clark of Newtonville, in order to perfect herself in French and German.

Hotel Hunnewell is being greatly improved, the exterior being repainted in colonial yellow, which adds greatly to the appearance of the house. The interior is also being improved, advantage being taken of the summer season when so many of the guests are away, to put the hotel in the best order before the busy season begins.

—H. L. Hastings of Boston, editor of "The Christian," and the foremost anti-Infidel lecturer in the world, will deliver his celebrated lecture on "Infidelity and Christianity," at the Young Men's Christian Association hall, at 1 o'clock next Sunday afternoon. Tenor solos by Herbert Parker. The public cordially invited. Skeptics especially.

—Mr. and Mrs. Francis E. Stanley, Miss Blanche Stanley and Master Raymond sailed for New York last Saturday on the steamship St. Paul from Southampton. They are expected to arrive at their home on Centre street, Saturday evening. Miss Stanley has been studying vocal music with Madame Marchesi in Paris, and Mr. Stanley has been engaged in the interests of the automobile.

—F. A. Hubbard has put up a very handsome store, which has attracted much attention for its neat and attractive design. It is made of cathedral glass, after a special design by the Gleason Mfg. Company of New York, and is lighted by electricity. As the only drug store on the south side of the tracks, Mr. Hubbard takes special pains to keep everything up to date, and the lamp is certainly an ornament to the street.

—In a bicycle accident Tuesday evening, one of the riders and one woman were injured. William McCullough of Waltham and a companion, on a tandem, were rounding the corner of Washington and Park streets, shortly before ten o'clock, when the tandem struck forcibly against a car, knocking her down. The men were thrown from the tandem and the machine was broken. The woman, who is one of the servants at Hotel Hunnewell, was cut about the head. McCullough was injured and his companion escaped with a few scratches.

—Among the clouds of Tuesday had the following: Mr. E. R. Burbank of Boston, well known in real estate circles, who is spending his vacation as usual at the Altamonte, Bethlehem, arrived at the Summit House yesterday noon and remained overnight. This is Mr. Burbank's nineteenth visit to Mount Washington, and on four of the trips he has made the ascent on foot. He cherishes a warm love for the mountains, especially for Mount Washington, and never considers a summer complete without coming here to enjoy the scenery. He was a warm friend of the late editor of Among the Clouds, Mr. Henry M. Burt, who last summer accompanied him on a walk over the Northern Peaks to Randolph, an experience to which Mr. Burbank looks back as one of the most memorable of his mountain visits. "I would as soon think of going without my breakfast," said Mr. Burbank last evening, "as of failing to visit Mount Washington at least once each summer." He intended

to come again later in the month to repeat the trip over the Northern Peaks.

—Shirt repairing, see Blackwell's advt.

—Mr. George Sawin of Elmwood street is spending two weeks in Brockton.

—Mr. Pitt F. Parker leaves today for a several weeks' stay at West Dennis.

—Mr. E. H. Soule has returned from a vacation trip to Digby, Nova Scotia.

—Ex-Alderman Briston and family are at their cottage at Green Hill, Nantasket.

—Mr. Charles H. Peterson of Hunnewell Hill is away from town for a few weeks.

—Officer Dearborn of Division 2 returns next Wednesday from his annual vacation.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Alden of Centre street are registered at the Preston, Beach Bluff.

—Mr. Frank Franklin of Richardson street has gone to Sullivan, Me., for four weeks.

—Mr. Teale of the Locomobile Company has recently moved into a house on Maple avenue.

—Mr. Gorham D. Gilman and family of Baldwin street are away on their annual outing.

—Miss Bessie L. Calley, formerly of Newton, is visiting friends in London, England.

—Mr. Chauncey H. Allen of Charlesbank road is spending his vacation in New Hampshire.

—Mr. George H. Snyder and family of Washington street are out-of-town for a few weeks.

—Mr. W. C. Bates and family of Tremont street left Wednesday for their annual outing.

—Mr. Frank Briggs of Washington street left Saturday for a several weeks' stay at West Dennis.

—Miss Hattie Briggs of Washington street leaves today for a visit with friends at West Dennis.

—Mrs. E. A. Whitney of Jefferson street left Monday for several weeks' stay at Ashburham, Mass.

—Mr. J. B. May of Centre street leaves tomorrow on his vacation, which he will spend near Gloucester.

—Prof. C. W. Rishell and family of Newtonville avenue left today for a several weeks' stay in Maine.

—Mr. C. J. White of Newton Highlands has recently moved into the Thompson house on Pearl street.

—Professor Alexander Merriam of Hartford, Conn., will preach in Eliot church next Sunday, Aug. 13th.

—Mr. and Mrs. James M. Blake of Washington street are spending the month of August in New Hampshire.

—Rev. and Mrs. C. H. Holmes of Wesley street left the first of the week on a wheeling trip through the White Mountains.

—Mr. Eugene Brown of Hudson's drug store is spending the week at Horse Neck beach, Mass., the guest of Mr. C. A. Farley.

—Mr. Harry A. Stone of Tremont street, agent of the board of health, returned Wednesday from a week's stay at Newport.

—The services at the Eliot church last Sunday morning and evening were conducted by President W. G. Sperry of Olivet, Mich.

—Mr. Elmer C. Mason of Jefferson street, who is engaged in the insurance business in Providence, was in town the first of the week.

—The services at Grace church next Sunday morning at 10 and Sunday evening at 7:30 will be conducted by Rev. Benjamin F. Matron of Chicago.

—A largely attended meeting of business men was held at the Y. M. C. A. parlors last Monday evening, at which plans for the coming year's work were discussed.

—The Misses Katherine M. and Nellie C. Grace, accompanied by their brother, Wm. F. Grace, leave Boston, Saturday, on the Steamer La Grande Duchesse for a trip through Nova Scotia.

—A gold watch which mysteriously disappeared from 23 Williams street a few days ago, yesterday returned to its owner through the mail. The thief, according to the police, became scared and sent the timepiece back.

—At the 25th regatta of the Woods Hole yacht club held last Saturday, the first place in the spritsails race was won by the yacht Emma owned by A. M. Ferris of Brighton Hill. Her actual time and corrected time were both 20m 35sec.

—Mrs. J. W. Pearson of Charlesbank road died on Monday. She had been an invalid for a great many years. She was born in Brentwood, N. H., and had resided in Newton for 35 years. The funeral services were held at her late residence on Wednesday afternoon, and Rev. G. R. W. Scott officiated.

—At the union meeting last Sunday evening of the Christian Endeavor Societies of the Baptist and Eliot churches, and the Epworth League of the Methodist church, held in Eliot church chapel, the subject was "Dying." Next Sunday evening the subject will be "The Service of Promise." John 14: 1-14.

—The Mass. Rifle Association have awarded their highest prize to Mr. Harold Hutchinson for shooting with a match rifle at 200 yards of hand. This takes the form of a gold medal costing sixty dollars, and the eagerness with which they are sought is proportioned to the rarity with which they are given, only six of them having been won during the last ten years. This will class Mr. Hutchinson as an expert.

—Aban, Trowbridge & Co. have rented No. 6, Baldwin street, Ward 7, to Mr. J. L. D. Langdon of Schenectady, N. Y.; also No. 12 Baldwin street, to Mr. Edgar A. Bartell, organist of Grace church; also 23 Waverley avenue, to Mr. E. M. Andrews of New Haven; also No. 18 Maple avenue, to Mr. Wm. S. Feele, Jr., of Yonkers, N. Y.; also 25 Park street, to Mr. J. C. F. With of Cutler Bros., Boston.

—Among those who attended the 2nd Brigade camp at headquarters, Tuesday, were Mrs. Geo. H. Benson, Mrs. Charles Hies, Mrs. Richard R. Springer and Mr. Charles A. Ranlett. Visitors to Co C camp were Miss Landy, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Converse, wife of Col. Converse, Laura, formerly of Co C, Sergts. Benyon, McCammon and Fanning, formerly of Co C, Mrs. Guilford, mother of Lieut. Guilford.

—Mr. J. H. Wheelock is at the Alexian Brothers' Hospital, in Chicago, where he was carried after his accident. He was busy talking in a warehouse, and did not notice that the elevator was not in place, and fell from the first floor to the basement. He suffered a compound fracture of one arm, dislocated his hip and fractured the pelvis bone, besides several bruises. He was immediately picked up and carried to the hospital. "At first it was feared that he had sustained internal injuries, but happily this does not seem to be the case, and he is now slightly improved. It will be five or six weeks before he can be moved. Mrs. Wheelock was in Cutler, Me., and a telegram was sent to her. She took the first train, and arrived in Chicago Saturday afternoon. She will remain with

her husband until he is able to come to Newton.

—Mr. Geo. Hadow has returned from Westboro for a few days.

—Letter-Carrier Keefe has resumed work after his annual vacation.

—Mr. Fred Green has returned from a vacation spent at Cohasset.

—Letter-Carrier Fred Morgan has returned from his annual vacation.

—Miss Elsie Elliott of Maple street is visiting friends at Orleans, Mass.

—Messrs. Richard Tolman and Robert Lord are at Cutler, Me., for August.

—Mr. C. A. Bass, formerly janitor of the public library, was in town on Wednesday.

—Extensive repairs are being made this week on Brackett's block on Centre street.

—Mr. Dwight Howard of Fairmont avenue leaves next week on his annual vacation.

—Mr. Geo. C. Travis and family of Elbridge street are spending a few weeks in Vermont.

—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Merrill of Waverley avenue were at Yarmouth, Maine, last week.

—Mr. Fred H. Stone of Newtonville avenue has returned from a two weeks' stay in Nova Scotia.

—Mr. William C. Briggs of Washington street has returned from a business trip to Cincinnati, Ohio.

—Mr. J. C. Rochford and family of Oakleigh road will spend a month in Halifax visiting relatives.

—Mr. and Mrs. Howard Mason of Franklin street have returned from a six weeks' stay at North Falmouth.

—Mr. P. A. Murray of Washington street attended a convention of carriage makers in Connecticut the first of the week.

—Mr. D. J. McNichol of Oakland street left last Saturday on a two weeks' trip along the coast of Maine and New Brunswick.

—Miss Sadie Barriger of Kansas City, who has been visiting Miss Inez Mason of Jefferson street, has returned to her home.

—In spite of yesterday's storm quite a number of Newton people attended the gymnastic exhibition at the Hemenway Gymnasium of the Harvard Summer school, Cambridge.

—The Boston Transcript in its account of the master at Framingham pays a deserved tribute to Col. Benyon: "It says: The staff work was generally well performed this week. Lieut. Col. Benyon, adjutant general of the Second Brigade, whose soldierly qualities are well known through his military instructorship of Boston's schools, requires accuracy and promptness, and gets it. Col. Benyon has had a long experience in the militia, and a military student. He has been a line, field and staff officer. His business for many years has been that of military instructor in different schools, and the brigade is fortunate to have such a man in executive office."

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DEATH IS PAINLESS.

THE ACTUAL PARTING WITH LIFE A PEACEFUL TRANSITION.

Experiences Which Show the Panorama Which Flits Before the Dying Brain as the Lamp of Life Burns Itself Out.

Despite the wise teachings and noble example of Socrates and despite the positive assertions of the best medical authorities most people look with fear and trembling toward the moment which separates time and eternity for mankind—the moment of death. Physicians have long since established the fact that death itself is a relief, a beautiful and by no means painful transition, but they have also laid stress upon the fact that this dissolution must not be confounded with the symptoms of disease which precede death.

The question as to what transpires in mankind during the approach of death has been the subject of many studies and researches, and a number of French scientists, among them V. Egger, Dr. Sollier and De Varigny, have collected material that could be reached upon this point and published it in a pamphlet issued in Paris. Naturally the material is but scant, but nevertheless furnishes an interesting contribution to the great issue—the moment of death.

The French publication gives a number of statements by intelligent and observing persons who were rescued from death at the last moment. These statements are confined to accidents and do not refer to exhaustion resulting from old age, but even in the case of the latter the experts claim to be justified in the assertion that where the power of life gradually fades away death is no more painful than in the case of people who in the fullness of vitality confront the great destroyer.

A number of the instances cited in the publication are connected with the experiences of lion hunters in Algiers, who have been actually within the grasp of the claws and the terrible teeth of the king of animals.

Similar experiences are related by persons who were in imminent danger of drowning. One of them, a physician himself, tells how his boat capsized in a rushing stream and how he, after heroic but fruitless efforts to save himself, redoubled by the knowledge that he was rapidly carried toward a roaring cataract, drifted unresistingly in a sort of peaceful semiconsciousness until rescue came. In all these instances, where accident brought people of well balanced mind suddenly face to face with death, there is the one consensus of thought that before the mind's eye of such people all the important events of their life, almost their entire life, so to say, passes in a moment. This is in accordance with life in a dream, where a single instant suffices to comprise an almost endless chain of events.

Professor Heine of the Zurich university, an indefatigable mountain climber, had the experience of a fall into a steep abyss. He was rescued by what seemed to be a miracle, and he immediately set to work to gather the experiences of others who had been in the same position. They all agreed.

"What I felt in the few seconds of my fall," says Professor Heine, "would take hours to relate. All thoughts and mind pictures were of a marvelous distinctness and clearness. A long train of images to break the tremendous rush of the fall occurred to me first, and next there passed before my mind all the events of my life, realistic as in a kinetoscope."

Whymer, an English Alpine tourist of renown, fell from a height of over 1,000 feet. "I was perfectly conscious of what happened to me," he states, "and I counted every jolt I got from protruding cliffs, but, like a chloroformed patient, I felt no pain. Each repeated jolt of course was greater than the preceding one, and I remember quite well how I calculated that if the next jolt should be still more severe the end would come. But the most wonderful experience was that in this tremendous rush through space the air pressure, which must have been terrible, was not at all disagreeable."

Admiral Beaufort of the British navy relates what he felt when he once fell overboard. "From the moment my efforts to save myself ceased," he said, "the awful thought of death passed away like magic and gave place to perfect rest. This was a truly pure and simple, and not resignation, for it never occurred to me that drowning was a misfortune. I did not think of rescue, and yet I did not suffer. On the contrary, my sensations were rather pleasant."

Darwin, who as a competent observer has few peers if any, relates that he once fell from a garden wall only seven or eight feet high, and he says that a reproduction of the thoughts which passed his mind in the brief moment of the fall would fill a volume.

If these phenomena of panoramic views of past life are closer examined, the French scientists say, the conclusion is irresistible that the visions are limited to a few scenes which are later on enlarged by the imagination. Children, whose life comprises less numerous and clearer elements, never have these reminiscences. Almost invariably their only thought is that they will not see their parents again.

Dr. Sollier reports the case of a confirmed opium eater, a girl of unusual brightness in her sober moments. He treated her after the method which cuts off the use of the drug at once and which involves repeated stages of unconsciousness of the outer world. After each return to her senses the patient, who was firmly convinced that she must die, stated that her sensations were not only free from pain, but positively beautiful.

Usually the death struggle is painless. The dying complain rarely. Even if consciousness appears to clear, the dying are in the past rather than in the present, and the perfect rest which is often taken as a product of a strong will power is in reality a sign of absolute insensibility. "If I only had the power to wield a pen," murmured the dying William Hunter, "I would use it to express how easy and restful it is to die."—Chicago Tribune.

Like Goats.

Preaching one Sunday from the text, "Love one another," the village parson told a little story of two goats that had met on the one plank bridge which crossed a small stream where he lived. "But did they fight and try to push each other into the water?" queried the minister. "Oh, no! One lay down and allowed the other to step over him. There was the right spirit! My brethren," said the preacher, leaning over the pulpit and speaking in a gentle, persuasive tone, "let us live like goats."—London Standard.

OUR SCOTCH INDIANS.

Signs of the Infusion of Scotch Blood in Cherokee Veins.

Cherokees come well by their stubbornness, their shrewdness and their love of controversy. As Indians they had these traits to begin with. As the result of a strong infusion of Scotch blood they added to the strength of the characteristics.

It is Scotch history that after the battle of Culloden many Scotchmen left their native land rather than accept English sovereignty. It is Cherokee history that numbers of these sturdy Scots found homes and wives with the Cherokee Nation before the enforced migration of the tribe from Georgia to the Indian Territory. John Ross was one of these Scotch exiles who accepted Cherokee citizenship. He became a chief and was given the name of "Coo-is-coo-ee." When the nation moved to the territory, one of the districts into which the reservation was divided for government purposes was named "Coo-is-coo-ee." Ross founded a family which became powerful in Cherokee councils. He and his son were frequent visitors to Washington and had much to do with the treaty making which gave to the nation the strong legal position it holds in its relation with the United States. A descendant of Ross, the Scotch exile, is one of the officers of the nation today.

The Adairs are another influential Cherokee clan established by a Scotchman who came over after the battle of Culloden. As the descendants of Adair by his Cherokee wife grew up they were sent away to American colleges and given the best of opportunities for education. McNair is another of the familiar Scotch names introduced into the Cherokee Nation by this Scotch infusion. The McNair who came over after Culloden was a highlander. One of his descendants lives on a magnificent estate of 1,500 acres in the beautiful valley of the Grand river. Duncan is another Scotch name found among the Cherokees. The head and front of Cherokee opposition to American citizenship is a Duncan, whose claim to Cherokee citizenship would not be guessed by any physical characteristics. He is Scotch in looks and Scotch in his love of a controversy.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"JACK, WHERE BE YE?"

Cruel Game Played In the Camps of the Lumbermen.

So full of peril is the lumberman's life that even his sports must be spiced with danger, or they pull on his nerves. On the winter nights a cruel game, called "Jack, Where Be Ye?" is sometimes played. The middle of the largest room in the camp is cleared. Two men are securely blindfolded, and, having previously drawn lots for the first "whack," they kneel on the floor. In his right hand each man holds a stout leather strap, at the end of which is a heavy iron buckle. In the left hand of each man is held by the end another leather strap or rope. The left hands must either be kept on or very near the floor, and the strap that is held between them kept taut. This guarantees a uniform distance between the combatants. They are quite near enough to hurt each other severely, sometimes fatally.

Now, the man who has been lucky enough to draw the first call sings out, "Jack, where be ye?" to which his opponent must immediately answer, "Here I be." Then the first man strikes where he imagines his opponent to be with his heavy leather strap. If he hits his man, he is entitled to another blow—may call out again, "Jack, where be ye?" and the other must answer, "Here I be." This may be continued until the first man misses, when he must take his turn at being struck.

The others form a ring around the two fighters, bets are made, and each faction encourages and applauds its chosen fighter. There are regular rounds, and the game is usually kept up until one of the other is carried off the scene seriously wounded.

Hard heads can stand hard knocks, and volunteers for the cruel sport are easily found. At the beginning there is usually no malice. A hard blow is struck—it is expected, it is the game. But it not infrequently happens that the game develops into a fierce duel.—New York Sun.

Burmese Marriage Rites.

Of all the marriage rites of which one ever heard those of Burma bear away the palm for conciseness and sweet simplicity. Here it is upon the dusky lady that the pleasing duties of courtship devolve. She sees a youth whom she deems calculated to make her happy and forthwith offers him a stick of candy. If he accepts her proposal, he promptly eats the token of affection and they are thereby made man and wife. There is no further ceremony, and no witnesses are necessary. In the net of eating alone this most primitive marriage rite consists. But if, on the contrary, the youth is not willing, he assures her that that particular kind of candy is not to his taste, and the maiden must seek elsewhere for one more appreciative of her candy and her affections.

Mixed Curds.

On this side of the Kentucky river, in this county, lives a man named Joe Curd. On the other side of the stream lives a man named Joe Curd, he being a nephew of the Joe Curd living on this side of the river. Many years ago they married sisters. Both now have grandchildren. A man out here offers a chromo to any one who can unravel the relationship existing between the grandchildren of Joe Curd, Sr., and his nephew, Joe Curd, Jr., and vice versa.—Harrodsburg Democrat.

The Man Who Was "Gone."

In a case which recently came up for hearing a certain witness was called. On the mention of his name a man rose up and said, "He's gone." "Where is he gone?" said the judge. "It is his duty to be here." "My lord, is the solemn reply, 'I wadna care to commit myself as to where he's gone, but he's dead.'"—Scottish Life and Humor, by W. Sinclair.

All Held Something.

A hot poker game was played in one of our saloons one night between a Chinaman, a cowboy and one of our leading doctors. The Chinaman held four aces, the cowboy held a gun and the doctor held an inquest on the Chinaman.—Ballard Wash. Union.

The greatest height ever reached in a balloon was 26,160 feet. Two of the three aeronauts who made this ascent were suffocated.

Beggars are unknown in Melbourne. The poorest part of the city is the Chinese quarter.

NEWTON FREE LIBRARY.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Barton, William E. When Boston Braved the King: a Story of the Forty Years. 65.1035
- Beresford, Lord Charles. The Break-up of China: with an Account of its Present Commerce, Currency, Waterways, Railways, Politics, and Future Prospects. 85.275
- The author visited China in 1898 at the request of the Associated Chambers of Commerce of Great Britain. He decides in favor of the policy of the "open door," and against the "break-up of China."
- Canton, William. A Child's Book of Saints. 54.1268
- Channing, Grace Ellery. Sea Drift. 53.633
- Elson, Henry W. Side Lights on American History. 71.507
- Contents: Declaration of Independence. Framing of the Constitution. Inauguration of Washington. Alien and sedition laws. Fulton and the steamboat. Lewis and Clark expedition. Conspiracy of Aaron Burr. Missouri compromise. Monroe doctrine. Lafayette's visit. The Caroline affair. Campaign of 1840. Discovery of gold in California. Underground railroad. Kansas-Nebraska bill. Lincoln-Douglas debates. List of political parties. Relation of the states to the nation.
- Gaidzakian, Ohan. Illustrated Armenia and the Armenians. 72.471
- A brief history of the country, with descriptions of the people, and an account of the recent massacres, written by an Armenian refugee.
- Harrison, Constantine Cary. The Carcellini Emerald, with other Tales. 65.1033
- Hasluck, Paul N., ed. House Decoration, comprising White washing, Paperhanging, Painting, etc. 101.959
- Hole, Samuel Reynolds. Our Gardens. 104.027
- Keary, Augustus Henry. Man, Past and Present. 104.629
- The four primary divisions of the human family as it exists to-day are traced in their origin and the relations of the chief sub-groups are traced in order to bridge over the breaks of continuity between Man, past and present.
- Learned, William B. Watchmakers' and Machinists' Hand Book, or Beginners' Guide. 101.949
- Massachusetts Year Book and Business Directory of every Town and City in the State, including Boston. 84.373
- Matthews, Franklin. Our Navy in Time of War, 1861-1898. 71.505
- Describes the chief naval events of the Civil War and of the Spanish-American War for young people.
- Parsons, Frank. Rational Money: a National Currency intelligently regulated in Reference to the Multiple Standard. 86.231
- Rayner, Emma. In Castle and Colony. 65.1034
- A historical tale of New Sweden on the Delaware.
- Sawyer, Edith A. Mary Cameron: a Romance of Fisherman's Island; with a Foreword by Harriet Prescott Spofford. 65.1028
- Fisherman's Island is three miles southeast from Boothby Harbor on the coast of Maine.
- Stewart, Robert Laird. The Land of Israel. 33.514
- A text-book on the physical and historical geography of the Holy Land, embodying the results of recent research.
- Thomson, Henry L. Henry Geo. Liddell: Dean of Christ Church, Oxford: a Memoir. 96.476
- E. P. THURSTON, Librarian.
- Aug. 9, 1899.

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by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portions of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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HILLS AND VALLEYS OF VERMONT ARE NOW AT THEIR BEST.

"Vermont's varied and beautiful scenery never presented a more attractive appearance than at the present time," writes a Bostonian who is summing in the Green Mountains, near Montpelier. The recent rains have given new beauty to the verdure of field and foliage, and the hills and valleys are now clothed in living green. Indeed, from now on until early in October Vermont will be at its best, and the visitor cannot fail to find invigorating enjoyment in this charming section of our New England country. The Central Vermont railroad, which through its own lines and its connections furnishes routes to all sections of the attractive region, has published a book illustrative and descriptive of the Green Mountains, Lake Champlain and the beautiful Winooski and Missisquoi valleys, which should interest every person who has not yet had his summer holiday. It is mailed for four cent stamp by writing T. H. Hanley, N. E. P. A., 194 Washington St., Boston.

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For ideal vacation rest and recreation. Embracing the Green Mountains, Lake Champlain, and the Adirondack Park. Vermont is a beautiful and healthy country. From the mountains to the seashore, from the city to the country, there is something for everyone. How to get there, what you'll find there, what everything will cost, the whole story, in "Summer Homes Among the Green Hills," for 4c stamp. S. W. Cummings, 8 W. Adams St., Boston. Vt. Nat. Park, 100 N. Main St., Burlington, Vt.

KING'S MALT,

A sure cure for that tired feeling. Also some specialties in

Canned Goods.

G. P. ATKINS,
396 Centre Street, NEWTON.

FOR A N.S. 10 for 5 cents at 10 cents. The banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief No matter what's the matter one will do you good

THE NEWTON GRAPHIC

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NOTICES

of all local entertainments to which admission fee is charged must be paid for at regular rates, 25 cents per line in the reading matter, or \$1 per inch in advertising columns.

THE BEEF TRUST.

HOUSEKEEPERS are having an illustration of the practical workings of trusts by the recent advance in the price of meat, which they have to pay or go without. The embalmers beef business caused the trust to lose money, and so they have to make it up somehow and have put the screws on. The National Retail Butchers' Mutual Protective association is in session at New York, and is considering the question of forming some kind of an organization to fight the beef trust. J. F. Callahan of Springfield thinks that if all the retail meat dealers would organize they would be able to fight the trust and beat it. As things stand now the trust want to get the whole thing and are unwilling to allow the retailers the smallest margin of profit. Senator Chandler of New Hampshire, in describing the general progress of trusts and monopolies, draws a very accurate picture of the beef trust. He says: "When the combinations become so big, embracing vast capital, many interests and innumerable employees, their power, politically and otherwise, becomes so great that the managers become wilful and headstrong. They also demand big salaries for themselves and great profits for their friends, and find it so much easier to secure inordinate profits by overtaxing the public than to enforce economies and reduce their taxation of the public that they inevitably adopt the former plan. Prices go up. This is the process that is now going on in connection with every trust from that in baking powder to that in iron aqueduct pipes."

In the coming campaigns political parties as usual will put anti-trust resolutions in their platforms, and then the politicians will seek campaign contributions from the trust magnates, with the usual understanding that after election the trusts who contribute generously can have any kind of legislation they ask for. Such promises are generally kept, as the trusts have always influence enough to secure such action.

The speedway on the Charles River Reservation, which begins near the Faneuil bridge, across the river, and ends at North Harvard street in Allston, is about completed, and is expected to be opened to the public by Labor Day. It is a little more than a mile long, and is laid out with a broad footpath between the speedway and the river for the use of spectators. It is expected to be a popular place for the owners of fast horses, as it is intersected by no streets, and the road bed has been prepared with special reference for speeding. The cost will be over \$300,000. All the gravel and filling which was used, came from the bed of the river, along the speedway, as excellent material was found there, and the constructors found it cheaper to use this than to buy gravel. The scows and steam shovels have attracted much attention from people on the cars, and the clearing out of the bed of the river is an incidental benefit. The speedway will be only a short distance from Newton, so that it will probably be a popular place for the Newton owners of fast horses.

Much complaint is made of fast riding and driving through Nonantum square, which places in danger the crowds of people getting on or off the street cars that center there. Bicycles and motor wagons dash through the crowds, and horses are driven at a lively gait, and the people on foot have to keep their eyes open and step lively to avoid being run down. The accident of Tuesday night, when a lady was run into by a tandem, at the corner of Park and Washington streets, and severely hurt, is only an illustration of what might happen at almost any hour of the day, and especially in the early evening, when the bicycles are most numerous and their riders very careless of the lives of the crowds that fill the square at those hours. There is an urgent demand that the police shall take steps to correct the danger, by requiring all bicycles, motor wagons and teams, to go at a very moderate pace through this section, and be made to realize that people on foot also have rights that must be respected.

The real estate agents appear to be unusually active for this season, and they may be seen showing people about the unoccupied houses. There is more demand than usual for rentals, and quite a number of houses in Wards One and Seven have been leased the past two weeks, while more or less is doing in other sections. Newton has the advantage of a five cent fare to Boston, and this accounts for some of the demand for the less expensive houses, but the better class of houses are being taken up. There is something doing in the way of sales, as will be seen by our real estate column, but there is no boom as yet. So many new houses have been built in the past year or two, especially along

the boulevard, that it would take a decided boom to dispose of them all. Nevertheless that is what real estate men are looking for with a good deal of confidence, the coming season, and most of them have their bait prepared, ready to hook the first fish that comes their way.

It is reported to be rather hard times with the small Boston stores that do not advertise. The big department stores advertise so largely that people are apt to forget that there are any other stores, and so they lose the trade they might have. Some of the small stores keep their trade, however, and not only that they increase it from month to month. They do it, however, by shrewdly advertising in the suburban papers. They realize that a small advertisement in the big Boston dailies is lost, and so they leave them to the department stores, and patronize the weekly papers, where a moderate advertisement is given some show, and where everything is read by every member of the family. In this way the more enterprising of the smaller stores secure regular customers and find it profitable to do business. If other stores would follow their example, instead of sitting down and bewailing the competition of the department stores, they would not be so lonesome.

The fight over the Lieutenant-Governorship is becoming warmer as is indicated by the letter of Senator Innes, in the Boston Herald, in which he says that the Guild faction have threatened to prevent his re-nomination, if he continues his support of Bates, and this is said to be only one instance out of several. In one corporation case, the offense is said to have come very close to the line where it is punishable by law. What has been called the Lodge machine is for Guild, and there are signs of a revolt, though whether it will be successful or not remains to be seen. At the Boston headquarters of both candidates very rosy views are being given out, which differ widely, of course, and make claims which cannot possibly both be true. The Bates men believe that the caucus will show a substantial majority of Bates delegates, and that the elements of leadership and means on the Guild side will not be decisive.

MR. EDWARD D. FARRELL, superintendent of the New York City public schools, while in conversation with a Newtonian on Mount Washington the other day, spoke in the warmest terms of Mr. Goodwin, who went from the Newton High school to become principal of the new High school in New York at a salary of \$5,000. "He has charge of one thousand pupils in his own school," he said, "also of the Tremont Annex, and is soon to have supervision of a second annex. He is a first-class man in every respect and you could not get him back for \$10,000."

The city will gain about \$30,000 from the sale of the poor farm in Waban over the cost of the new almshouse, and this will make some reduction in this year's tax rate, although the fact may not be widely advertised by the city officials. It is something like living on one's principal, to be sure, but then the city is getting new property all the time, in the way of new school houses and other buildings, so the thing is about even.

We have been having regular September weather, this week, cool enough for a fire and with a dry and bracing air that seemed to come direct from the mountains. Possibly later on, we shall get the regular August weather, possibly in September, but that need not prevent the full enjoyment of such perfect days as we have had this week.

REPORTS from the White Mountains say that the crowd of visitors is larger than for years before at this season, and all the hotels are getting filled to their limit, and the same story comes from the seashore resorts. Evidently this has been a prosperous year with many people, and now the summer landlords are getting the benefit of it.

YESTERDAY'S storm was what the weather experts call a "secondary" cyclone. The rain came for no particular reason, as far as the instruments would show, but the it came profusely and constantly, and nearly an inch of water fell. It was a characteristic August storm.

Now that Secretary Gage has concluded to issue gold certificates, there will be no further trouble about every one taking a vacation trip. A good many of us have been waiting for those certificates for several months.

THE Springfield Republican says anti-imperialism is a misnomer, it is really Americanism vs. Anglo-Americanism, with Lincoln as the representative of the one and Roosevelt of the other.

EVERETT must be a good place to be away from this summer. They have a small pox scare there, and the local board of health has ordered every inhabitant to be vaccinated at once.

BROCKTON will enjoy a tax rate of \$21.60, which seems to indicate that that city must have been having a lot of fun the past year.

MARRIED.

THURSTON-MCCOY-At Auburndale, July 30, by Rev. Charles M. Southgate, Charles R. Thurston and D. Adelaide McCoy.

BELAS-FLORES-At South Boston, Aug. 6, by Joseph Blais and Annie Flores.

PRIEST-GIBBONS-At West Newton, Aug. 6, by Rev. Charles J. Galligan, Frank J. Priest and Annie G. Gibbons.

MEAKIN-SLYNE-At Boston, Aug. 3, by Franklin D. Rideout, William T. Meakin and Margaret Slyne.

AYRES-TAYLOR-At Newton, August 8th, by Rev. Dr. Pulman of Lynn, Philip Wheelock Ayres of New York and Alice Stanley Taylor of Newton.

DIED.

BRADSHAW-At Dorchester, Aug. 8th, Miss Edna M. Bradshaw, aged 70 years.

There is no death, what seems so is transition.

An Alleged Nuisance.

To the Editor of the Graphic:-

The undersigned respectfully request that you allow them, through your valuable paper, to call public attention to a grievance involving their rights as citizens, and the conduct of a certain municipal body, known as the Board of Health.

Charles G. Newcombe, a respected citizen and enterprising business man of Newton, has a stable on Church street in which he keeps, by leave of the Board of Health, twenty-one horses. When he asked for a permit some months ago, several persons in the neighborhood of his stable informed the Board of the odiousness of the stable and its interference with the ordinary enjoyments of life in that locality. The Board ordered him to maintain the stable. Since that time we have repeatedly complained that we were annoyed continually by the foul odor to such an extent that we were obliged to close all our windows and doors during these hot days and nights, or close up the house and take our families away to some place where no nuisance is allowed to interrupt the circulation of God's pure air. When our children were taken sick reputable physicians have told us that the stable was a check on their chances of restoration to health. Our clothes, after hanging out in our yards to dry, have been taken into our homes reeking in the aroma of horse manure and urine. The stable has been inspected by the Board, and by them pronounced not a nuisance. The manure, we understand, is removed once a week, but the odor is always with us. What is the object of the Board of Health? The stable is at our very doors and we cannot evade its noxious odors unless we move to some other locality. Must we do that? We say the stable is a nuisance; the Board says it is not. We say the odor of manure and urine of twenty horses is objectionably perceptible to us. The Board of Health says it is not. We hear, from time to time, of the activity of the Board in abating nuisances in other parts of the city. Why are we denied protection?

A few years ago the then Board of Health went so far as the highest court in the Commonwealth in its finally successful efforts to suppress a lesser nuisance than this one. A few weeks ago we sat in our homes and read in the local papers that the Board of Health had secured the punishment of an Italian woman for keeping a pony without a permit, and even as we read, Mr. Newcombe's twenty-one horses kicked and stamped at our doors while their manure and urine "smelled to heaven for vengeance." The next day the stable was inspected, but the inspection, so far, has failed to rob the refuse of its odor. We had always believed it to be the duty of a Board of Health to protect citizens against any and every menace to health and comfort in the shape of a public nuisance, but as our Board refrains from giving us proper relief, we must, at our own expense, seek from the court that which the Board has so long denied us. Or must we? The suffering neighbors in the vicinity:

EMMA DEUTSCHLE,
WILLIAM DEUTSCHLE,
E. N. CHAPIN,
E. J. DOW,
S. C. HOLMAN,
S. C. STEVENS,
MRS. DEXTER WHIPPLE.

August 9, 1899.

Norumbega Park.

The attendance at Norumbega Park is booming during these fine August days. Though the patronage of this season was very remarkable as compared with last season, still more remarkable is the increase in attendance of the present month over that of last month. It has already been found necessary to make plans for next season, looking to a large extension in the number of seats in the Rustic Theatre; at least a thousand will be added. The president and the treasurer of the corporation having control of both Norumbega Park and the Commonwealth Avenue Street Railway line, which runs out to it, and Manager Albert of the Park have been visiting the past two weeks various parks in the eastern part of this country, taking in the most important ones from Philadelphia, to Portland, Me. It is needless almost to say that they came back well satisfied that Norumbega Park compared most favorably; in fact, in their impartial judgment they believe that this popular resort in the suburbs of the Charles river has many picturesque advantages over the others, while the variety of attractions there is greater than anywhere else. Tourists from all over the United States are planning to visit Norumbega the coming week, when so many thousands of people will be in Boston to attend the National L. A. M. meet. Among the many foreign gentlemen who will arrive are made to Norumbega Park. The first takes place on Tuesday of the coming week, when a run will be made out there by way of Waltham, arriving at the Park about one o'clock, where the afternoon will be spent in taking in the sights. The second one is Saturday night, when a moonlight run will be made out there direct over the Rustic Theatre. This week there will be a specially strong attraction in J. W. Gorman's Novelty Company, which includes such clever vaudeville performers as Dan Mason, the roving German comedian, who will give a popular feature in "The Man from Mexico" last season; the Doherty sisters; the Armstrong brothers, a singing and dancing duo, who create no end of laughter; La Martines, the famous acrobats, and others.

Miscellaneous.

She: "Have you sent any of your poems to the magazines?" He: "Yes, but merely as a guarantee of good faith, and not necessarily for publication."—Chicago News.

"Paddy, I want to marry Charlie Freshleigh." "Why doesn't he come to me?" "What's the trouble with him? No sense?" "No, daddy; no dollars!"—Chicago Evening Post.

"Hawkins is very fond of his horse, isn't he?" "Why, no; he hates him." "That's queer. I saw him riding in the park the other day and he had his arms around the animal's neck."—"Tit-Bits."

Briggs: "It makes me uneasy to owe a cent." Griggs: "I'm glad that I don't feel that way." Briggs: "Why?" Griggs: "Why? I'd have the St. Vitus dance."—Puck.

Scene, country police station; young countryman, aspiring to become a member of the force, is being examined—Inspector: "Of course you are aware you'll have a lot of night work to do. You are not afraid of being out late, I suppose?" Countryman's friend (breaking in): "That'll be all right, sir. His old grandmother's going round with him the first two or three nights, until he gets used to it."—Punch.

"Miss Miami Brown," he said, severely "I warn you, I want to pass de window yesterday evenin' an' I hyab'd a son." It was a smash. "Oh, I done fogot to tell you dat de kassin' bug done broke in. You mus' of hyab'd 'im." "Miss Miami, I bid you adoo." "What is you gwine?" "I's gwine down and fin' a pahfesser. I wants to tell 'im dat Fogzy Bottom hab done turned up a kassin' bug dat wars a red necktie an' plays de banjo."—Washington Star.

"Eh, Philbrick, just heard from your wife?" "Yes." "Well, what are you looking so sour about? Is she coming home?" "No. Is the way she sends her letter. List to her, you loving wife, dear, and don't forget to wash the dog!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

P. P. ADAMS & CO.'S

AUGUST

Closing Out Sale.

August is the month that we "Mark-Down" and "Close-out" preparatory for fall business. This always means heavy loss to us and good bargains to the people who can use the goods.

READ CAREFULLY

the following items if you would like to buy goods for less than cost.

CORSETS.

Regular	Now
38c. Summer	19c
50c.	37c
50c. Drab	33c
\$1.00 Sateen	69c
\$1.50 Short	\$1.00
\$1.50 Nursing	1.00
Thompson's, Summer	75c
Thompson's Glove Fitting	\$1.00
R. and G. 3 styles	1.00
Royal Worcester 3 styles	1.00
"Armstrong" extra heavy	1.00
"Dowager" for stout ladies	2.00
"Watchspring" unbreakable and most pliable corset made	1.25

Silk and Satin Waists.

Regular	Now
\$4.00 Fancy Silk	\$1.98
5.00 Silk and Satin	2.98
6.00 Black Satin	3.98
6.00 Cord Stripe Silk	3.98
6.00 Black Taffeta	4.98
7.50 Silk Dress Waist	4.98

SHIRT WAISTS.

Regular	Now
50c. Percale	25c
75c. Lawn and Percale	39c
\$1.00 Lawn and Percale	59c
2.00 Fancy Trimmed	98c
3.00	\$1.49

We have now about 1000 Ladies' and Misses' white and Fancy Shirt Waists. They are going very fast because every waist is marked down to about half price.

LADIES' AND MISSES' Summer Dress Skirts.

Ladies'	Now
\$1.00 white P. K.	49c
75c. Crash	39c
\$1.50 Fancy P. K.	79c
1.00 White P. K.	59c
1.00 Polka Dot P. K.	39c
Ladies' 1.25 Crash	79c
1.98 Linen Trimmed	1.49
1.25 Crash	79c
1.50 Embr. Navy Duck	98c
1.50 Trimmed Homespun	98c
1.98 Corded Cover	1.25
1.98 White P. K.	1.25
1.50 " " Corded	98c
1.55 Trimmed Crash	59c
3.00 Insertion White P. K.	1.98
2.00	1.25

We have the largest stock of Summer Dress Skirts ever shown in this city.

100 Dozen Men's Fast Black Hose 4 pair for 25c.

Same goods are sold in the regular way for 12 1-2c a pair.

50 Doz. Men's Grey Mix Shirts & Drawers 19c. each

Made to sell for 35c. We put them out as a leader at just half price.

15 Dozen Boy's Heavy Twill Knee Pants 19c. a pair.

Many dealers use this line as a leader at 25c. a pair. Our price 19c.

PETTICOATS.

Regular	Now
75c. Crash	39c
75c. Black Sateen	39c
75c. Stripe Gingham	49c
1.00 Stripe Crash	59c
1.50 Polka Dot Sateen	59c
1.25 Stripe Sateen	59c
1.25 Plaid Ruffle Sateen	59c
1.25 Black Sateen	98c
2.50 Polka Dot Mercerized	1.49
2.50 Fancy Colors	1.49
3.50 Fancy Stripe	2.75
6.00 Silk Morean	3.98

We have more than 600 Petticoats at all prices from 39c. to \$5.00 each.

Misses' Wash Dresses.

Regular	Now
\$1.50 Fancy Trim, 4 to 12	\$1.19
1.25	98c
1.00	69c
75c.	59c
50c.	39c
50c. Fancy Duck, 2 to 6	19c

The mark-down price on these dresses are less than cost of cloth and trimming.

100 dozen good quality Fringed Cotton Towels, each.	3c
8 Ladies' Cloth Capes.	98c
Marked down from \$2.25.	
6 Ladies' Silk Capes.	1.25
Marked down from \$2.00.	
25 Children's Wool Dresses.	50 75 1.25
Marked down from \$2.00.	
14 Ladies' Outing Suits.	3 98, 4 98
Marked down from \$10 and \$12.	
10 Ladies' "Moses" Jackets.	1.89, 2.98
Marked down from \$6 and \$8.	
22 Children's P. K. Reefers.	79c, 98c
Marked down from \$1.50 and \$1.75.	
10 Ladies' Bicycle Suits.	4.98
Marked down from \$10.	
10 Ladies' Bicycle Skirts.	1.49
Marked down from \$2.25.	
12 Ladies' Bicycle Skirts.	3.50
Marked down from \$5.	

Every time we sell a Suit, Cape, Jacket or Reefer at these prices it is just the same as making the customer a present from 50c to \$6

50 Doz. Ladies Fast Black Seamless Hose 6c. a pair

Many dealers use this line of hose as a leader at 10c. Our price is 6c.

OUR SPECIAL SALE.

Cotton Underwear Samples

is a great success for it affords our customers an opportunity to get elegant underwear at about 50 per cent less than regular prices.

COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF. Money Refunded if Not Satisfied

P. P. ADAMS & CO.
133 and 135 Moody St.,
Near Hall's Corner, WALTHAM.

Open Monday Wednesday Friday and Saturday evenings.

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ALLSTON, BRIGHTON AND NEWTON REAL ESTATE A SPECIALTY.
37 Court St., opposite Old Court House, Boston.
Established 1840.

IF YOU ARE GOING TO DO ANY Paper Hanging or other Mural Decoration

Send us a postal card and we will call at your house and show you the finest line of the richest colors and designs there is in the market. SILK, LUCKRAM, BURLAP, LEATHERETTES, CAMEOS, INGRAINS, EMBOSSED GIFTS, and WHITE BLANKS, with MOLDINGS and DECORATIONS to match. Consultation and estimates quite free. Orders for Painting, Tinting, Glazing given as prompt and careful attention as orders for paper hanging. We especially solicit work requiring superior skill and workmanship. Pictures framed in the latest and richest designs. You should not fail to see the very latest thing in Art Glass. It is colored and designed in relief. Something entirely new.

HOUGH & JONES, Nonantum Building, 245 Washington St., Newton.

FURNACES

CLEANED NOW
Are Ready for Use Next Fall.

It is better for you, better for your furnace and better for us, to have the work done now than to wait until next fall when everybody is busy and you want your fire AT ONCE and can't have it because your furnace must be cleaned or smoke pipe made new.

WALKER & PRATT MFG. CO.

24 MAIN ST., WATERTOWN.

TELEPHONE 39, NEWTON.

STOVES, RANGES, FURNACES, HOT WATER HEATERS, STEAM BOILERS, GAS RANGES, OIL STOVES AND KITCHEN WARE.

Ranges Repaired. Refrigerators Repaired.

TIN AND SHEET IRON WORK TO ORDER.

NORUMBEGA PARK

AUBURNDAL

FOR WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, AUG. 14.

RUSTIC THEATRE.

Finest in America. Nearly 2000 Free Seats.

Afternoons at 3.30; Evenings at 8.15.

J. W. GORMAN'S NOVELTY CO.

Dan Mason, Doherty Sisters, Armstrong Bros., La Martines, and others.

TALMA LADIES' MILITARY BAND.

Three concerts daily—1.15, 4.45, 6.45.

Electric Fountain plays every evening. Visit the Women's Cottage, the Indian Colony, the Restaurant.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.

Always full of interesting sights.

The Juvenile.

SPECIAL DESIGNS IN

SPRING AND SUMMER

MILLINERY.

E. JUVENE ROBBINS,

Ellet Block, 68 Elmwood St. Newton, Mass.

NEWTONVILLE.

—Mrs. H. K. Hallett is summering at the "Preston," Beach Bluff.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Smart of Chicago are here for a short stay.

—Mrs. Richard Webster is registered at the Fabyan House, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Terrell are among the summer guests at Magnolia.

—Mr. H. G. Chase has given up his residence on Brookside avenue.

—Miss Mamie Goodman is at the Crosby House, Osterville, for a few weeks.

—Mrs. Sidney Hobson of Cabot street is convalescing after her recent illness.

—Miss Clara Allen of Washington terrace is at North Hampton for a short stay.

—Mr. T. W. Chisholm registered last week at the Pacific House, Nantasket.

—Mr. R. W. Buntin registered last week at the Seaview House, Kennebunkport, Me.

—Mrs. F. Shaw is enjoying the summer at Winthrop. She registers at Young's Hotel.

—Mrs. W. G. Webster sailed on the steamship Catalina for a six weeks' trip to England.

—Mr. Ernest Glines of the training ship Enterprise, was the guest of friends here this week.

—Miss Alice Kimball is among the guests at Young's Hotel, Winthrop, for the month of August.

—Miss Wilson is registered at the Linwood, Pigeon Cove. She will remain during August.

—Mrs. Robert F. West has leased part of Mr. Albert Gay's new double house on Aitkin street.

—Mr. and Mrs. Chandler Holmes are guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. Frank Churchill at Plymouth.

—Mr. George W. Bishop and family of Walnut street are enjoying a few weeks at the seashore.

—Mr. W. S. Slocum and family of Walnut street, have returned home after their summer outing.

—Miss Margaret Cahill is enjoying the month of August at Nantasket. She is a guest at the Vavory.

—Mr. Wallace C. Boyden and family of Walnut street have returned home after several weeks' outing.

—Mr. F. E. Macomber and family of Elmwood park have returned home after several weeks' absence.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. S. French, Judkins street, are enjoying the season at Winthrop. They register at Young's.

—H. A. Ross and the Misses Rose and Constance Ross are enjoying the month of August at the mountains.

—Mr. and Mrs. Z. D. Church, who were the guests of friends here, have returned to their home in Springfield.

—Mr. W. B. Dennison, William K. Dennison and Miss Dennison are at the Tudor, Nahant, for a few weeks.

—Mrs. A. Williams and Dr. Williams of Newtonville are returning from a three months' tour in Europe.

—Mr. H. J. Chase and family of Brookside avenue will close their home and will board for the winter months.

—Mr. William F. Hollings and Miss Mary A. Hollings have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. King of Cottage City.

—Mr. and Mrs. T. Aubrey Byrne of Walker street are spending the month of August near Moosehead Lake, Me.

—Mr. J. H. Wellman and family of Mt. Vernon street have returned from several weeks' stay at their summer home.

—Mr. George P. Hall of Brooks avenue left this week for Maine, where he will attend the reunion of his old regiment.

—Mr. H. M. Chase and family of Bowers street will occupy Golden Rod cottage, Onset, during the remainder of the season.

—Mrs. John Carver has returned from Mexico and will pass the remainder of the summer at her cottage in South Duxbury.

—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur F. Small, who were visiting relatives here during July, have returned to their home in Attleboro.

—Captain and Mrs. C. E. Davis of Otis place will leave tomorrow for Lake Winnepesaukee, where they will remain several weeks.

—Messrs. Harry and George W. Morse of Chestnut street are enjoying a few weeks camping in the wilds of Maine at Mr. Katadin.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Otis, now at Wellington, have a daughter, Marjorie, whose birthday will be celebrated every Aug. 9th.

—Miss Florie Wellander, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Soule of Walker street, has returned to her home in Portland, Me.

—Among the summer occupants of the H. K. A. cottages at Kennebunk beach are Mr. John C. Heymer and family and Mr. Charles Somers and family.

—Mr. and Mrs. Austin Sanders of Kimball terrace have returned from Berlin, N. H., where they were for several weeks the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Metcalf.

—Richard J. Adams, living on Norwood avenue, reported to the police Wednesday morning that his barn was entered the night before and several valuable pigeons stolen.

—Mr. Levi Cooley and family of Prescott street, who recently lost their summer home at Pine Hill, Berlin, Mass., by fire, are now occupying their new quarters near the old site.

—The third edition of the cook book compiled from tried receipts of the ladies of the Universalist church, is now in the hands of the publishers, and will be issued the latter part of October.

—Among the Newtonville people who registered at the Herald's London office during July were Messrs. John F. Turner and Oren F. Clark, Mrs. John W. Dickinson and Master Richard Dickinson.

—Rev. George S. Butters of Boston, formerly pastor at the M. E. church, preached Sunday morning before the members of his old parish. He was warmly welcomed by a large number of his friends here.

—Rev. H. L. Hastings of Boston, editor of "The Christian," will speak at the Methodist Episcopal church, Sunday, Aug. 13. Subject in morning, "The Bible;" in the evening he will give his famous lecture on "The Mistakes of Moses." All are invited.

—Mrs. Margaret H. Wentworth of Chelsea recently purchased an estate on Winchester road. It contains about 15,000 feet of land and a ten room house built in the colonial style. It is one of the most desirable estates in the vicinity. The house was built by Thomas H. Ellis.

—Merrill B. Sands with W. B. Webster of Cambridge, who are stopping at Crawford's, walked over the bridge path to the summit of Mt. Washington Sunday. After a short time spent in enjoying the grand views they started on their return in the middle of the afternoon. They had made their climb in less than four hours without the slightest indication of fatigue.

—Among the summer residents at York beach, Me., are Col. Frank B. Stevens and family. A notable trip recently enjoyed by them was on Capt. Daniel Fairbrook's yacht, "Olivey," on a trip around the Suble. Capt. Fairbrook claims this trip was never made before. After visiting the

lighthouse the party re-embarked and the return trip was made through the narrow pass between island and mainland.

—Sergt. Purcell is enjoying a week's vacation.

—Mr. George H. Gibson is enjoying a short vacation.

—Mr. E. W. Pope of Otis street is enjoying a few weeks' outing.

—Miss Florence Abbott of Harvard street will enjoy a few weeks at Bayside.

—Miss Jennie Tierney has returned to the post-office after a short outing.

—Alderman Frank Nagle has returned from a short stay at Rochester, N. Y.

—Mr. F. J. Hartshorn of Cabot street is entertaining guests from Philadelphia.

—Miss Beattie Clark of Newtonville avenue is at Nantasket for a short stay.

—Mrs. J. T. Bailey of Walnut street has returned from a short stay at Seabrook.

—Mr. George L. Aldrich of Highland avenue has returned after his summer outing.

—Mrs. Watson of Philadelphia is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Kendall of Grove Hill.

—Mrs. Charles French of Otis street has gone to New Hampshire for a few weeks' stay.

—Mrs. H. D. Kingsbury of Otis street has returned from New York for a short stay.

—Mr. F. F. Partridge is passing two weeks with his family at Sandy Neck, Cape Cod.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hamilton of Walnut street are at Wood's Hill for a short season.

—Mr. E. A. Drown and family, who resided on Walnut street, have removed to Revere.

—Miss Rosamund Clark of Mt. Vernon street sailed Wednesday for a year's stay in Europe.

—Mr. H. L. Kempton and family of Birch Hill have returned after a few weeks at Seabrook.

—Mr. Harry Savage, the genial clerk at Cape Cod, is passing his vacation at Cape Cod.

—Miss Mabel Fisher of Walker street has returned after a few pleasant weeks at Falmouth.

—Mrs. Walton and family of Walker street have returned after a short stay at Haverhill.

—Mrs. W. S. Tilton of Walnut street has returned after a pleasant season at New Hampshire.

—Miss Helen Walker has returned from Cottage City, where she has been spending her vacation.

—General Hull lodge, A. O. U. W., will hold its regular meeting this evening in Denison hall.

—Miss Bertha Hackett of Highland avenue will pass a few weeks at Upham's farm, Peabody.

—Miss Helen Kimball of Walnut street has returned from a month's stay at Falmouth.

—Mr. F. E. Macomber and son have returned from their summer home at Lake Umbagog, N. H.

—Mr. Charles Curtis of Otis street has returned from New Hampshire, where he made a short stay.

—Mrs. Peter Taunton and Miss Nellie Taunton of Otis street have returned from Peak's Island, Me.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Raymond and family of Otis street are at Jackson, N. H., for the month of August.

—Rev. E. E. Davidson of Prescott street has returned from the seashore, where he passed several weeks.

—Mr. Goldsmith of Brookside avenue has returned from Nova Scotia, where he enjoyed a few weeks' stay.

—Dr. and Mrs. Gaylord of Cabot street are at North Woodstock, N. H., where they will remain until September.

—Mrs. Samuel Gullow of Nevada street has accepted a position as conductor on the Newton & Boston Street Railway.

—Mr. and Mrs. Margens Morton of Highland avenue have returned from Nantasket, where they passed several weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mansfield of Walnut street have returned from Falmouth, where they passed several weeks.

—Mr. Robert French, who enjoyed several weeks at East Rindge, N. H., is now the guest of his grandfather at East Jaffrey.

—Mr. Bertie Williams of Washington park will return next week from East Rindge, N. H., where he enjoyed a month's stay.

—Mr. John Turner and Mr. O. F. Clark sailed from Liverpool on the Cephalonia, August 8, and expect to reach home about the 18th.

—Mr. George F. Williams' family of Washington park will return next week from Penquid, Me., where they passed the month of July.

—There are letters in the post-office for George A. Harmon, 50 Farwell street, Miss Nellie J. Murphy, 19 Austin street, Miss Augusta Lazen, 29 Edinboro street, Mr. S. E. Colburn, Highland park, Miss Florence Allinore, Brooks avenue.

—The recently completed picture of the members of the police department of 1899 is now on exhibition in Partridge's window Bowers street. The picture of Chief Tarbox is placed in the centre with the captain and sergeants immediately surrounding it. There are sixty-eight separate pictures and include the chief, captains, sergeants, patrolmen, matron, police committee, probation officer, drivers and janitor. Each photograph is finished in excellent style and are all considered good likenesses. The frame is of handsome quartered oak with bronze beading. It makes up about seven feet by five and will make fine addition to the furnishings of the police headquarters. A fac-simile on a smaller scale will be finished for each office.

WEST NEWTON.

—Dr. Curtis is enjoying a much needed rest.

—Relief Driver Chas. Osborne is taking his vacation.

—Miss Elizabeth M. Kelly is among the August guests at the "Fador," Nahant.

—Mr. E. J. Cox and family of Eliot avenue are enjoying a season at Bristol, N. H.

—Mr. Henry A. Inman and family of Perkins street are at Millbury for a short stay.

—Miss Marsh of Alpine street is among the guests at the Hallett House, Hyannisport.

—A whist party was given Saturday evening by Mrs. J. M. Way at the beautiful Way villa at the Rockport shore in honor of Mrs. A. K. Tolman and Miss Tolman of this place.

—The Bay State Mandolin and Guitar club, of which Mr. T. O. Bjornson of Cherry street is treasurer, will play on the Orient "float" at the river carnival Tuesday evening.

—Messrs. H. B. Day and Charles L. Tavel recently sold a lot of land, corner of Chestnut and Berkeley streets, to George R. Whitten of Boston, who buys for improvement. The lot contains about 43,000

square feet. The broker was Frank A. Childs. The terms were private.

—Mr. E. E. Hurd is enjoying a two weeks' vacation.

—Miss Mary Reardon is enjoying a two weeks' vacation.

—Mr. Alexander Bennett is in Vermont for a two weeks' vacation.

—Mr. G. A. Warren and family are at Magnolia for a month's stay.

—Mr. and Mrs. Scott of Webster street are enjoying a few weeks' outing.

—Mr. Lucian Davis has added another chair to accommodate his patrons.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Nourse of New York are the guests of friends here.

—Mr. F. F. Raymond and family of Otis street are enjoying a few weeks' outing.

—Miss Alice Walton of Chestnut street has returned after several weeks' absence.

—Mrs. M. H. Baak and Miss Alice Reed are at Kennebunkport, Me., for a few weeks.

—Miss Edith Curtis is at Peak's Island, Portland Harbor, Me., for the month of August.

—Mrs. G. H. Burr and H. C. Barr are summering at the Craig House, Falmouth Heights.

—Mr. William Houghton and Mrs. Fuller are registered at the Pequot House, Cottage City.

—Mr. C. A. Wyman and family of Temple street are at Gloucester for the month of August.

—Mrs. George C. Sanborn, who is summering at Amesbury, N. H., is convalescing after her recent illness.

—Mr. and Mrs. Clark of Wiswall street are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

—Miss Frances Clinton of Otis street is the guest of Mrs. Alice Parker of Highlandville.

—Mrs. G. V. R. Scott and Mr. Arnold Scott are enjoying a few weeks at Bethle hem, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. George W. Marsh of Cross street are at Leonminster for a few weeks' stay.

—Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Eddy of Chatham are entertaining Miss Agnes Merchant of Prince street.

—Mr. Edward E. Eaton of Oak avenue is in Bangor, Me., where he will enjoy a two weeks' rest.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Berry of Oak avenue are in Kennebunkport, Me., for a two weeks' stay.

—Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Reardon of River street are enjoying a two weeks' vacation in New Hampshire.

—Rev. and Mrs. George Gate of Watertown street are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

—Mrs. G. D. Moody of Elm street was one of the prominent ladies at the "hops" given at Old Orchard recently.

—Miss Florence Plimpton of Chestnut street is at Pigeon Cove for a few weeks. She is a guest at the "Linwood."

—Mr. Albert Metcalf and family and Mr. R. W. Williamson and family are at the Tower House, Falmouth Heights.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Merchant, Miss Margaret and Roy M. Merchant are at the Megansett House, North Falmouth.

—Capt. and Mrs. Samuel Pray and Miss Dorothy Pray are at the Kearsarge, North Conway, N. H., for the month of August.

—Mrs. William Goulding and her granddaughter, Miss Margaret Burgess, of Eden avenue, will enjoy a short stay at Brockton.

—Among the guests at the Cotochesett House for the month of August are Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Packard of Valentine street.

—Mr. and Mrs. John B. Alley, Misses Elizabeth, Lillian and Helen Alley visited the summit of Mt. Washington last Friday.

—Among those noticed at the golf teas given last week at Camden, Me., were Rev. and Mrs. Theodore P. Prudden of Winthrop street.

—Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. King recently entertained Mr. W. F. Hollings and Miss Mary Hollings at their summer home at Cottage City.

—James Crosby and Timothy Murphy of Cambridge were each fined \$12 for assault and battery upon an attendant at Norumbega park, Tuesday.

—Mr. G. Wildes Smith, of the Boston firm of Stickney & Smith, has taken the new Barke-house, on the corner of Washington and Prospect streets.

—Rev. and Mrs. William Lisle of Perkins street passed Sunday at Providence, R. I., where Mr. Lisle preached at the Baptist church. They were afterward the guests of their son for a few days.

—Mr. and Mrs. John A. Potter, Mr. Charles Potter and Miss Helen Frances Potter were among the London sightseers who registered at the Boston Herald's office in that city during the month of July.

—River street has been put in fine condition by the highway department, and the road bed is covered with crushed gravel instead of stone. Gravel is said to be cheaper than stone and to make a better covering, although it needs to be kept watered or it is soon ground up into dust.

—The Newton Veteran Firemen's association have received invitations to the muster at Nantasket, Sept. 9th, and also one to Hudson Labor day. It was decided to decline the invitation to Nantasket and the second muster will be held at the special meeting of the association this evening. It has been voted to engage the Boyle O'Reilly band of Fall River to attend the Nantasket at the League muster in that city.

—There are letters in the post office for Miss Emma E. Brown, Ives Birch, Mary J. Buel, Mary Blake, H. J. Cannon, Elizabeth Campbell, R. P. Cathin, Valentine P. Cox, 2 Mrs. Mary Cohen, Nellie A. Clark, Chas. E. Davis, Gusie Ford, W. H. Gordon, Mrs. O. Hanon, Joe Hettis, C. J. Leighton, Daniel McKenzie, J. Martell & Co., Capt. Charles Moore, John Nelson, Mrs. M. J. Newhall, Newton St. Ry. Co., John Pribber, Eleanor Potter, Margaret Quinn, Dirk Reynolds, Ralph Riedle, John Stanton, Mrs. Scribner, A. J. Schmitt, H. L. Sullivan, Mrs. E. W. Young.

—A small box case in Everett is now claimed to have come from West Newton. A woman came from that place to nurse a child in a house on Hicks street, and about ten days after going home again she came down with what turned out to be small pox. It is claimed that at the house where she stopped here, a colored man belonging to one of the minstrel companies which was appearing at Norumbega Park, had been boarding, and being taken sick with what was said to be chicken pox by the attending physicians, he was removed to the hospital and placed in the contagious ward. Dr. Thayer saw him a few days later, and he was taken there, and pronounced it small pox. It was a very light case and the man recovered and left town several weeks ago. The house was fumigated and the Newton authorities say that there was no probable chance of any one in the house taking the disease, and if they had done so it would have appeared several weeks ago. The Everett authorities, however, cling to this as the only possible explanation they have of the case, and Everett people being very nervous, a great scare has resulted from the case, and every

one in Everett is rushing round to get vaccinated.

—Mrs. Wyman of Eden avenue is enjoying a few weeks' outing.

—Dr. Curtis of Temple street has returned after a short outing.

—Mr. W. J. Furbush is in New Hampshire on a short business trip.

—Mr. W. H. French of Henshaw street has enjoyed a week's trip.

—Mr. John J. Davis and family of Margin street are at White Horse beach for a few weeks.

—Mr. Dow of Margin street has returned from New Hampshire, where he enjoyed a short stay.

—Mr. Frank Barker and family of Chestnut street are at Gloucester for the remainder of the season.

—Mr. Len Seeton of Dunstan street has returned from New Hampshire, where he passed his vacation.

—Mrs. John A. Mead and Master Clifford Mead of Hillside avenue are at the seashore for a week's stay.

—Mrs. Fred Furbush of Watertown street left Tuesday for a few weeks stay in New Hampshire.

—Mr. J. P. Gray and family of Putnam street are at Squirrel Island, Me., for the remainder of the season.

—Mrs. Addie E. Bosworth and Miss Sadie C. Bosworth of 12 Cross street are on a vacation at Salem, Mass.

—John Eliot Lodge, A. O. U. W., held its regular meeting Wednesday evening. Only routine business was transacted.

—Mr. H. A. Inman and family of Perkins street have returned from a month's stay at Gloucester, and are now enjoying a few weeks at Oxford.

NONANTON.

—Rev. Daniel Greene and family left Wednesday for Seabrook.

—Mr. and Mrs. James Moore of Ashland, Vt., are visiting friends here.

—Mr. Thomas Cuthbert led the Christian Endeavor meeting Sunday.

—Mr. P. J. Doyle went with a party of bicyclists to Nantasket last Sunday.

—The highway department has been repairing Chapel street the past week.

—The John Miskella reported to the police Monday of the loss of a shepherd dog.

—A delegation from this village attended at the Beth Eden bicycle club of Waltham.

—Letter-carrier and Mrs. T. F. O'Halloran are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

—Miss Susan Frye, who has been visiting Mr. Theophilus Frye, has returned to her home in Waban.

—Dr. Patrick preached at the morning and evening services in the North Evangelical church last Sunday.

—Sunday the Rev. Charles E. Soars of Philadelphia will preach at 3 o'clock services of the Beulah Baptist Mission.

—An electric light pole was charged last week, but was fixed by the street railway company before anything serious happened.

—The closed bridge at Benis is causing much annoyance to people and teamsters. There ought to be a sign at the head of Bridge street or on Watertown street notifying.

—John Kinechilla was found on Watertown street Tuesday evening in an intoxicated condition, and when Officer Dalton placed him under arrest he showed fight. He was landed after a severe struggle, and in court the next morning Judge Kennedy fined him \$25 for assault on the officer and \$5 for drunkenness.

—Peter Fregeau, a brakeman on the Fitchburg railroad, while switching coal cars at the Benis depot, was struck by an engine which passed over his body. Dr. Mead happened to be passing at the time and rendered assistance, but the man died in twenty minutes. Fregeau's father is a doctor in Montreal; his brother was killed at Winchester a short time ago.

—In the police court, Thursday morning, James P. Kelly of Emerald street, was fined \$10 for refusing to assist an officer in making an arrest. Kelly was one of the crowd of men who stood looking on while Officer Dalton was having a battle on Chestnut street, Tuesday night. Several times the officer called upon them to assist him, but they all refused to mix up in the fray. Warrants for the arrest of several other spectators have been issued.

NEWTON LOWER FALLS.

—Mrs. Dr. Freeman and family have returned from Green Harbor after a three weeks' vacation.

—Mr. Fred Curtis and sister have closed their season while taking a brief vacation of about two weeks.

—L. E. Alexander & Co., wheelwrights and blacksmiths, will be soon ready to carry on business at their new location.

—Mr. L. A. Gammons is having a cellar excavated, and when completed will erect a new block. His shop will be moved to rear of new building.

—The electric cars have been doing a large business the past week, the greater number of passengers going to South Framingham, where the 2nd brigade has been in camp.

—The caving of part of the bank near the bridge is the reason for a temporary fence being built, compelling people to take the street at that point. It has been in this condition some time and should be repaired.

—An accident to a car on the Natick line confused the service of them all for two hours, Sunday afternoon. The Newton cars kept bringing crowds, and as many as 400 or 500 people were looking for transportation, many returning while others journeyed to Wellesley Farms to take a train to their destination.

Don't be hoodwinked into buying a special dye for wool and a special dye for cotton. If your goods should not be able to stand up to the test of a good dye, you would have to buy two packages and dye your goods twice. Putnam Fadeless Dyes will color either silk, wool or cotton at one time in the same vessel and you only have to buy one package. Sold by Edw. F. Partridge.



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Shoes

are SUPERIOR to all others. They are made to PROPERLY fit your wife, children, or yourself.

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BICYCLES.

A complete line of Golf Clubs, Caddy Bags, Markers and Golf Balls of every description; Tennis Rackets, Nets and Balls; Caps, Jerseys, Sweaters, and Base Ball Goods.

The Celebrated Victor Bicycles at \$28.

LIST OF SHOP-WORN BICYCLES.—1 each Ladies' and Gents' 1899 1-30 Orients at \$48; 1 Gent's 1899 Columbia, \$40; Lovell Diamond, \$35; 1 Crawford 1899 Tandem, drop frame, \$58. Saddles, Tires, Handle Bars and Bicycle Sundries at Boston prices. The best equipped repair shop in the Newtons.

FRED J. READ,

821 Washington Street, - NEWTONVILLE.

Immense Travel via Plant Line to the Provinces.

There is no better illustration that a good thing well advertised means success than the amount of travel over the Plant Line this summer. Not only are these ships and everything about the service first class, but there are many things of genuine interest to the American traveller at every point they reach, and it's no fiction that most return with pleasant experiences little expected when starting. Some go just for the sea trip which is grand, particularly at this season, and not infrequently round out a delightful excursion with a few days stop-over in Cape Breton or Prince Edward Island and at quaint old Halifax. Illustrated pamphlets and maps giving all details can be obtained at Plant Line Office, 290 Washington street, or at the wharf 200 Atlantic Avenue, Boston.

"How much sugar do you put in your gooseberry pie, Mrs. Higgins?" "Well, between you and me, Mrs. Higgins, I don't put in any; them boarders o' mine allus puts in such an awful lot themselves."—Puck.

"Your office boy tells me that he walks in his sleep." "Indeed?" replied the old merchant. "That probably explains why he insists upon sitting 'round all the time he is awake."—Detroit Free Press.

Stubb: "Is old Krunker an anti-imperialist?" Penn: "Well, I should say so. He actually wouldn't accept a royalty on his invention."—Chicago News.

WEST NEWTON
English and Classical School.

The forty-seventh year of this family school for boys and girls begins Wednesday, Sept. 13. Preparing for College, Scientific School and Business. Attention to character-building. Address: ALEX. BROS., West Newton, Mass.

No. 42670. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, to wit: Be it remembered, That on the thirtieth day of June, 1899, Amanda M. Douglas, Newark, N. J., hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the title or description of which is in the following words, to wit: In the Ranks, By Amanda M. Douglas, Boston, Lee & Shepard, 1899. The right whereof she claims as author and proprietor in conformity with the laws of the United States respecting Copyrights. Office of the Register of Copyrights, Washington, D. C.

(Signed) HERBERT PUTNAM, Librarian of Congress.

By THORVALD SOLBERG, Register of Copyrights.

In renewal for 14 years from November 1st, 1899.

No. 42671. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, to wit: Be it remembered, That on the thirtieth day of June, 1899, Amanda M. Douglas, Newark, N. J., hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the title or description of which is in the following words, to wit: Katie's Harvest Days, By Amanda M. Douglas, Boston, Lee & Shepard, 1899. The right whereof she claims as author and proprietor in conformity with the laws of the United States respecting Copyrights. Office of the Register of Copyrights, Washington, D. C.

(Signed) HERBERT PUTNAM, Librarian of Congress.

By THORVALD SOLBERG, Register of Copyrights.

In renewal for 14 years from November 1st, 1899.

No. 42672. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, to wit: Be it remembered, That on the thirtieth day of June, 1899, Amanda M. Douglas, Newark, N. J., hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the title or description of which is in the following words, to wit: Katie's Soldiers, By Amanda M. Douglas, Boston, Lee & Shepard, 1899. The right whereof she claims as author and proprietor in conformity with the laws of the United States respecting Copyrights. Office of the Register of Copyrights, Washington, D. C.

(Signed) HERBERT PUTNAM, Librarian of Congress.

By THORVALD SOLBERG, Register of Copyrights.

In renewal for 14 years from November 1st, 1899.

No. 42673. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, to wit: Be it remembered, That on the thirtieth day of June, 1899, Alice Adams Russell, Minneapolis, Minn., hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the title or description of which is in the following words, to wit: The Upward and Downward Series, Cringle and Cross-tree, or, The Sea Swashes of a Sailor, By Oliver Optic. With fourteen illustrations, Boston, Lee & Shepard, 1899. The right whereof she claims as author and proprietor in conformity with the laws of the United States respecting Copyrights. Office of the Register of Copyrights, Washington, D. C.

(Signed) HERBERT PUTNAM, Librarian of Congress.

By THORVALD SOLBERG, Register of Copyrights.

In renewal for 14 years from September 4th, 1899.

Vineland Grape Juice.

As a table luxury, as a delicious and in every way satisfactory beverage for the table, Vineland Grape Juice has no equal.

It is thoroughly wholesome; especially desirable to serve at whist parties or social entertainments. Served in a punch bowl with chopped ice, it is preferable in every way to the usual stronger beverage.

25 Cents Pint.
45 Cents Quart.
10 Cents Trial Bottle.
Can be supplied by the case.

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and Mortgagees.

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Newtonville, - Mass.
JOHN B. TURNER. GEO. F. WILLIAMS

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
MIDDLESEX SS. PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of John McKeen, late of Newton, in said County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Mary A. McKeen, of Newton, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond; and You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifth day of September, A. D. 1899, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the NEWTON GRAPHIC, a newspaper published in Newton, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, Charles J. McIntire, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this first day of August in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

COKE
Is the cheapest and most economical fuel for domestic purposes. You should try it in your furnace to appreciate its worth.

It contains one-half less ash than hard coal—lifting ashes is hereby avoided. In equal weight Coke will furnish as much heat as hard coal and at far less money. Orders for Coke can be left at the

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PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to restore Gray Hair to its youthful color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling out. 25c and 50c at Druggists.

Eraclo Solis, Highwayman.

By JOHN HEARD, JR.

[Copyright, 1898, by the Author.]

Among the many odd trifles which I have brought home from my travels is a little gold bell, on the table before me now. It was given to me some years ago as a souvenir by the only highwayman it has been my chance to meet, and often since then I have wondered what had become of the interesting rascal to whom it belonged.

A few days ago I received a letter from a friend in Mexico telling of his death. How vividly it recurred to my interview! In the spring of 1884 I was obliged to take the tedious journey from Alamos to Mazatlan, in the traditional stagecoach—a picturesque experience to remember, but an agony of five nights and four days to endure. At the time I chafed over the slow progress of our civilization which forced me to travel in a restless, tin sheathed wooden box, but today the perspective has changed, and I look upon the geographical limitations of Yankee enterprise with a decided feeling of satisfaction. There are still some things to do that everybody has not done; some sights that cannot be had for the price of a ticket; some men to meet outside of offices and clubs.

Eraclo Solis was one of these men. He belonged to a species unknown to the railroad freighted Philistine who naively believes that he is traveling two generations; hence the race of such men as Eraclo will be extinct.

I had heard much about him, for in those years he was a more important factor in the government of northwestern Mexico than all the state governors combined. In spite of a detachment of cavalry stationed in the neighborhood of Los Hornos, Eraclo held up every alternate stagecoach within a mile, more or less, of the same place. The soldiers always arrived upon the scene a few minutes after his band had disappeared, and whenever they escorted the coach it was sure to be attacked as soon as their protection was deemed no longer necessary.

When he left Alamos, Ben Hill, the gambler, called out to me as we drove past his house, "Here's good luck to Eraclo; tell him I'm all right," whereupon my neighbor asked if I were going beyond Fuertile. I answered that I intended to, and then he assured me that I should certainly make the bandit's acquaintance, as this was the regular marked trip. Shortly after leaving Fuertile my last companion got out, and I was left alone. The certainty of being stopped by the brigand had gradually grown upon me during the past 36 hours, and as I sat there suspiciously scanning the cactus brush on either side of the coach, my rifle between my knees, and my revolver ready for immediate use, I debated with myself what course I ought to pursue.

Beyond my arms I had really nothing to lose, and it seemed foolhardy to attempt to resist, single handed, the attacks of a band of trained highwaymen; merely because my Anglo-Saxon prejudices forbade me to yield without a struggle. I did not wish to risk my life for the sake of a mere prejudice, but I rebelled at the idea of holding up my hands without making use of them.

While I was thus undecided, the driver settled the question by calling to me to take off my shooting irons and climb up beside him. "Don Juan," he said to me as I braced myself to the box at his side, "you've got nerve enough, so I may as well tell you that Eraclo will stop us in a few minutes. When we reach the top of this grade, you will see the arroyo hondo, and on the rise beyond probably the horsemen, too, but perhaps only Eraclo himself. Now, for heaven's sake, don't go shooting. There will be 30 rifle sights leveled at us from behind the cactus bush, and the minute you pull the trigger we shall be ridiculed."

"Did you ever hear how Ben Hill was filled with lead? Well, I can tell you, for I was driving. Eraclo appeared in the usual way, and I stopped, of course, as soon as he waved his rifle, but Hill jumped out and fired. Whew! How the bullets began to come in—a perfect hailstorm! Two minutes later it was all over. Three of the mules were dead beside the whipper and one of the passengers. As for Hill, he was lying on the road with six bullets under his skin—enough to kill any ordinary man but there he lay, firing away at the cactus, with the blood running down over his forehead and as mad as though he had been eating papayas all the morning. Eraclo had a hard time preventing his men from finishing him, but the gambler was an old friend of his, and he kept the coyotes off."

"Ben," said he, "why did you shoot? Are you drunk?"

"Quite sober," the other answered. "I'm pickled now anyway. Look here, Eraclo, be generous with me. There are 6,000 pesos in my valise, and that ought to satisfy you. But there's my wife, she has all her jewelry along, and look after that I am laid up like a log, and if you'll let me send them to you and welcome. Is it a bargain?"

"Bah!" the other answered, laughing. "Friend Ben, between thieves the shortest accounts are best. I'll take your money for the men, but the señora shall reach Culiacan safely. I'll see to that myself. And he did it, Don Juan. He put three of his men inside, made me do the whipping and drove him knifed right up to the hotel, though he knew well enough that there was a big placard on the door—'Two thousand (2,000) pesos for the body of Eraclo Solis dead or alive.'"

"You never saw him? Well, señor, he's a caballero, you will see, and I say we ought to have just such a man for governor. He knows what the poor people need and what is good for them. Vaya, if he were governor for only one

year, they would make him president the next. The greatest man in Mexico, señor, and they are trying to kill him."

But in spite of Martin's predictions and apparently much to his disappointment we drove off unmolested across the arroyo hondo and into Los Hornos.

The little rancho was crowded, and I ordered my dinner served outside under the porch, where I sat down alone to wait. The view from my seat was hot, desolate and depressing, typical of our dreary life west of the Sierra Madre. To the left stood a broken row of low, flat roofed adobe huts, joined together by irregular cactus hedges, and on the tops of the fluted gray green columns three or four buzzards perched motionless. On the right by the roadside lay odd looking piles of rusty mining machinery, relics of some abandoned enterprise, and far, far away, above the faintly purple level of dry bush, the blue sierra stretched along the horizon.

While I sat there, waiting and wondering wherein lay the undeniable charm of this dreary landscape, a horseman rode up, tied his animal to one of the posts and started toward the house, but catching sight of me he stopped, touched his hat and came toward me smiling.

"Don Juan of the Rochin mine?" he asked pleasantly. I rose, answered that



"Don Juan of the Rochin mine?" he asked pleasantly.

I was Don Juan, but the man's face was totally unfamiliar to me, and my perplexity was evident, for he said:

"You are wondering who I am, Don Juan? It is true, we have not met before, yet we are hardly strangers." He drew a chair up to the table and said: "I am Eraclo, the outlaw."

"Eraclo!"

"At your service, señor," he answered, amazed at my astonishment. "You expected to meet me yonder on the road, yes? But really it would not have been worth while. I knew that you were the only passenger and that you do not travel with more than a few dollars in your pocket. Gracia's draft on Mazatlan is of no use to me, for unfortunately circumstances do not allow me to go there. As for your rifle and your pistol—you might have been tempted to use them, and I hear you no ill will. But, caramba! Why don't they bring us something to eat?" and springing up with an oath he went to the house and gave some orders, which were obeyed with eager alacrity.

As he stood by the door, one of his men came up and spoke to him, a huge, swaggering desperado, and it delighted me to note the superiority of the graceful, agile and youthful captain over his bulky lieutenant. Eraclo looked so simple and thoroughbred beside the melodramatic bandit—he was unmistakably the commander.

When he came back, he unbuckled his pistol belt and threw it down on the bench between us, so as to be much nearer me than him, and as he did so, he looked at me meaningly. It might have been merely a trick, and so I prudently refrained from following his example, though I liked the man's appearance, and instinctively felt that I had nothing to fear. He noticed my hesitation at once, and said, with a short, hard laugh:

"Do you distrust me, Don Juan? Well, I don't wonder! I have a bad name, and perhaps if you knew as much about me as I do myself you would trust me still less. It is not altogether my fault, though." Then changing the subject suddenly, he continued: "I suppose you keep pretty well armed up at the Rochin mine? Oh, don't fancy I am trying to get any information. I know you keep a large amount of silver there and have about 20 white men on whom you can depend. Now, suppose I were to pay you a visit—now would you receive me?"

"Why, about as roughly as we know how."

"Even if I had 50 men behind me?"

"Unless you came with a whole army behind you," I answered. "I don't know that the number would make much difference. If you attacked the Rochin mine, we should defend it."

"Good! That is one thing I like about English and Americans. Odds don't frighten them. Now a little while since I went up to the Rosario and had an interview with Schmidt, their superintendent. 'How many are you?' I asked. 'Oh,' he answered, 'I have only 24, so walk in and help yourselves.' Schmidt is not a coward, but once he was an officer in the German army, and there he learned that two men always beat one. Two units always beat one, that's true, and in large armies the average manliness is at its lowest. However, I'll get even with him," he added with a somewhat cynical laugh. "I shall take good care to have fewer men than he and force a fight, for I don't like robbing without some danger or excitement. It is too much like thieving."

"You draw rather nice distinctions," I said. He frowned, and for a moment seemed annoyed, then he went on: "Oh, let us talk of something else; it is so rare nowadays out here to have a chance

of passing an hour or two with a man of education that I must make the most of it. You have been in Europe, of course? Well, then, let us get as far away from Los Hornos as possible. Ah, Don Juan, I hate this life," he added passionately, and in an instant the whole expression of his face changed. His fists were clenched on the table before him, and his lips were drawn back over his teeth until he looked more like an animal about to spring forward than like the handsome, good humored young fellow he had hitherto seemed to be. But this expression vanished again as quietly as it had come. He drank off a tumblerful of wine and lighted a cigar, while I reflected on the danger of irritating such a temper. For an hour or two we chatted very pleasantly. He was especially interested in French affairs and begged me to give him a bundle of papers which I had just been reviewing and happened to have with me. I had heard that he was of good education and that he had traveled for a number of years, but I was not prepared to meet one so familiar with French, English and even German books as his conversation proved Solis to be.

Eventually I expressed my surprise at his unusual knowledge, and I asked him how he managed to keep so well informed out in the wilderness.

"Do you know anything of my past life, Don Juan?" he asked in return. "Gracia has told me something," I answered, "but not much, after all. He was a friend of yours once, was he not?"

"He is now, for the matter of that," Solis answered, "at least as far as circumstances will allow him to be."

For some minutes the outlaw remained silent, looking blankly at the table before him, while his thoughts were evidently far away. When he spoke again, he did so with unmistakable diffidence and hesitation.

"Our conversation has recalled my student days—the best period of my life—so vividly—and the contrast between then and now." He did not finish the sentence, and again for some minutes he smoked on silently, while I sat equally silent and waiting.

"Perhaps you do not know, señor," he began presently. "I came of good family. My ancestors came over from Spain about the beginning of the last century, which may or may not be true. At any rate my father was an intimate friend of General Calzad, whom the Juarez government outlawed, and about the time I was 10 years old both were captured, executed side by side and all the property confiscated by the state. Nothing except my mother's hacienda, La Perla, was saved from the wreck, and there I was allowed to grow up without education or restraint of any kind. You know what life is on a Mexican rancho and what qualities of human nature are most likely to be developed in such an atmosphere. Well, as a boy, I was perhaps worse than the average. I am extremely passionate, and when I am aroused I lose all control over myself to such an extent that I am not much better than a wild animal. I ought to have been shot or put out of the way long ago, and sooner or later that is the fate I expect to meet."

"I was only 17 when I had a quarrel with a friend over a girl we both fancied. We had a fight, of course, and I killed him. I can't say that I felt much remorse at the time. On the contrary, I was rather proud of my victory. No one had seen us together, so I was not afraid of it being discovered. My rival was out of the way, and I profited by it. Then a few days later, satiated and disenchanted, I realized what I had done. So, between fear and remorse and shame, I determined to leave the country."

"Ah, Europe! Don Juan, that was a revelation to me. I had never seen anything of civilization. I saw it first in Paris. For a few months I lived the reckless, profitless life of most Spanish Americans abroad, but at last its shallowness palled upon me. I saw that whenever our people came in touch with intelligent foreigners our inferiority was painfully evident and it made me angry to be only second rate. The remedy was obvious. I made up my mind to work instead of play. I was as good as they, and if work could prove it they should know it. I set my teeth and I worked like a horse. Now and then the wild animal in my nature got the better of me and I had to let him loose, but not as before, for education had given me a strong bridge, and after each outbreak I pulled up and went back to my books with new ardor."

Eraclo stopped, and for the first time since he began to talk he looked at me. "You wouldn't own up to all this, would you? Would you have catalogued your virtues and left out the vices? That is an Anglo-Saxon trait and one of the meanest of its characteristics. You all think a man can't have his failings known and still be a man. Hypocrites! Shakespeare and Fielding painted their men naked, part good and part bad, true human beings—their men will live while all the sawdust maskings you put up today will be forgotten tomorrow."

"I have seen a good many English and Americans, Don Juan, and if I have found them perhaps stronger and more generous as a whole than men of other nationalities I have found them not a whit less human. The men in your newspapers and the men in your novels are not the same species. You smile? Of course—of course—the theories and criticisms of a Mexican bandit are only fit to be laughed at. But yet you cannot honestly deny the truth of what I say. However, that is neither here nor there. So, señor, I worked hard and learned something. I traveled and studied both in England and Germany; then one day I awoke as from a dream, and I came home to Mexico."

"We love our country, Don Juan, in our unthoughtful, passionate way, and the few to me means perhaps even more than the union does to you. With my knowledge, my fortune and my will I felt strong. I felt that I should become a great leader and that my name would be known and loved throughout my

country. On my way to Europe I had passed a few days in Colombia, visiting some relatives, and one night out on the plains, as we sat by the campfire, one of the older men spoke of Bolivar. I see him now, Don Juan, standing in the glowing light, his deep voice trembling with emotion, thundering forth Bolivar's proclamation of independence. Even then, ignorant boy that I was, the scene impressed me profoundly, and the respect, the veneration of his listeners, as the old man ended with the invocation, 'Ah, Bolivar—liberator!'—I have never forgotten. Bolivar! Why not Solis? It is a great purpose that makes a great man, and I believed that my purpose was a great one. Throughout the land of Mexico, wide as it is from north to south, Eraclo Solis should be a household word. Ha! As it has become indeed. A household word throughout the land, quoted in the annual reports among the cursed of Mexico, on the same pages with yellow fever, famine and drought."

Solis had risen from his chair. He was much excited and spoke quickly, with passionate utterance and unconscious gesticulation. Though he was speaking to me, he had about forgotten my presence, except as an impersonal recipient of his confession, and I took care not to interrupt him. As he stopped, he leaned against one of the posts of the veranda with his back toward me, and for some minutes looked away over the plain. When he came back to the table, he poured out a tumblerful of wine and drank it down at one gulp.

"Ah, Don Juan, I am very tired of it all," he began again after a short pause. "There is a reward of 2,000 pesos for bringing me to Culiacan, dead or alive, and sometimes I feel that the best thing I could do would be to shoot myself in the house of some poor devil who needs the money. I will tell you how I became an outlaw—I have given you the beginning and end of my story, but a good deal lies between."

"When I came home from Europe, I applied for a government position, and I was appointed private secretary to the governor. He was an able man, but bad—totally unscrupulous—the kind of man I might have become if I had remained at home. He recognized the advantages of his office, but not the obligations. He was ostensibly apathetic—really one of the most violent men I ever met, as cruel and vindictive a villain as could be found in Mexico. It was our joint misfortune to fall in love with the same woman—Mercedes, the daughter of old Homobono Parra."

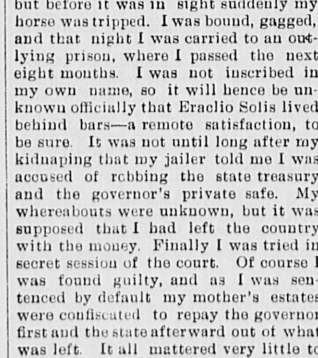
"You are married," I said to him half joking, one day, and I am not. I have the right on my side!"

"But might it be on mine," he answered, smiling good naturedly, "and you know that in this country might is right."

"But it is not love!" I retorted. "I have my right and her love too. So your might will not help you much in this case"—fool that I was!

"I remember the quick start that he gave, and his sarcastic emphasis as he said very quietly:

"Ah, Solis, you Mercedes' lover. Then, suddenly changing the conversation he asked for certain papers and gave me instructions as to what answers I should send. Then he left the room. After he had gone I sat down to write, but our conversation had made too deep an impression. I began to fear the consequences. I wanted to tell Mercedes herself, so I threw the papers into my desk, saddled a horse and rode off to Papal's ranch. It was not a long ride, but before it was in sight suddenly my horse was tripped. I was bound, gagged, and that night I was carried to an outlying prison, where I passed the next eight months. I was not inscribed in my own name, so it will hence be unknown officially that Eraclo Solis lived behind bars—a remote satisfaction, to be sure. It was not until long after my kidnapping that my jailer told me I was accused of robbing the state treasury and the governor's private safe. My whereabouts were unknown, but it was supposed that I had left the country with the money. Finally I was tried in secret session of the court. Of course I was found guilty, and as I was sentenced by default my mother's estates were confiscated to repay the governor first and the state afterward out of what was left. It all mattered very little to



He poured out a tumblerful of wine.

me, however, for while I was imprisoned my poor mother had died—of grip, I was told—Mercedes had disappeared; not even Homobono had been able to find her. I did not give up all hope of finding her until a month later, but then I learned it was all over—she had died, and insane."

Eraclo stopped short, but his face expressed more than any word could have done. It revealed such capacity for suffering that I turned away. To watch his face seemed an impiety.

He lighted another cigar presently and said:

"Señor, I was alone in the world, poor, dishonored, without ties or obligations of any kind, and I turned to revenge myself, and I took for my motto,

'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.'

"There was my weakness, señor. A greater man would even then have forgotten personal wrongs and remembered only nobler purposes, but prison life exerts the most demoralizing influence. A good man may come out of it as a good man still, but his goodness is no longer a power. It is merely a latent, useless quality, not to say a weakness. Even that is the exception rather than the rule. A strong man usually becomes a bad man, and a bad man grows worse. So it was with me. My vitality, my energy and strength were neither broken nor impaired, but with only bad influences around me I became a leader of bad men. Revenge was my only thought, my only dream, my aim and purpose in life. In that prison I planned my subsequent career and formed the nucleus of my present band of brigands."

"You may have heard of our escape? It was dynamite—horrible—so bloody that the people realized that a family of human tigers had broken loose, and that the public safety was endangered. Still, señor, it was some time before I began my work of revenge, for I did not feel I could rely on my men in an emergency. As for myself, I was lacking in coolness, nerve and the practice of cruelty, which I knew I should need in the future. So for two years I did no more than rob coaches, raid a ranch or two and fight the soldiers sent out against us by my former chief. He was no longer governor when he heard of my escape, and knowing that he had a dangerous foe in me he fled to the capital. When I was ready—not so very long since—I raided and destroyed his ranches one after another and in such quick succession that there was no time to prepare defenses. I killed his men, drove off his cattle, burned his haciendas and wrecked his mines, until on the verge of ruin he was obliged to come here himself and attempt the rescue of his property. Then I tracked him from place to place. Finally I captured him at the Descanso. For years, Don Juan, I had exercised all my ingenuity in planning new, unheard of, monstrous tortures for this man, but when we were alone face to face in the big hall of the rancho house, when after all these years I saw him in my power—this man whom I hated with every fiber of my being—when it flashed over me what I might have been but for him, what I was because of him, by heaven, señor, I burst into tears!"

Solis paused a moment. He drew his hand over his forehead—he had been talking vehemently—his face was quivering, but almost immediately he stood up and said, "I shot him down like a cur!"

He walked away to the end of the porch. He stood there so long that I turned to see whether he had gone. No, he was apparently watching the men who were harnessing the mules. When he came back, all traces of emotion had disappeared, but he looked at me as if expecting me to say something. I did not know what to say, and he sat down again opposite me.

"Ah, Don Juan," he began again, "that's what a brigand is made of—just a man, wrongly developed. Some day—who knows—you may hold me up. Come now, tell me honestly what do you think of me? A miserable rascal, eh? An embarrassing question?" His margin was so narrow between good humor and the most violent passion that I hesitated at passing judgment upon the fine animal before me. I could only admire.

"You have been very unfortunate, Don Eraclo," I said finally. "I believe you might have been a great man in your country." And I put out my hand. Solis grasped it eagerly, and he still held it as he said:

"I thank you, Don Juan; I shall not forget you. Will you take a little thing to remember me? My end is not far off, señor. I believe that I am on the down grade. So far revenge was my right, but that is past now, and for the future what can I do? I am not a brigand by nature. If I had something to live upon, I should probably turn to my books again, for of course I can never be a public man now. But as it is I do not own 10 pesos in the world; besides I have a duty toward my men. I must stand by them, as they have stood by me."

"I suppose you must, Don Eraclo, unless you were to leave the country. Wouldn't you do that?" I suggested.

"Impossible!" he said. "No, no, I can't do that"—but he did not explain. We sat awkwardly for a few moments after our conversation. Any other topic seemed out of place—yet silence was embarrassing, so it was a relief to see the horses coming ready to start. I rose, tightened my straps, and Eraclo asked, "You are going home, Don Juan?"

"Yes, by a roundabout route, but I shall come back here."

"I wish I were going, too," he said, "but where? If you come back, we must meet again. You may find me a better man—or, if not, a far worse. Vaya!" he cried, pulling himself together suddenly. "Today I am at the zenith of my power. Come, drink another glass with me—a big glass this time—here's to luck!"

At the stage we shook hands again, and the mules started on a gallop.

The remembrance Eraclo gave me was the little gold bell—thus it came into my possession. Subsequent events proved that Eraclo's presentiments were well founded. His day was over, and from that day forward his existence became more and more precarious. His men felt he had lost his grip, and they in turn lost their unbounded confidence in him.

One day the troops surrounded their camp, and though the majority of the bandits cut their way through the cactus thicket Eraclo remained behind. When the soldiers came upon him, he was seated on a boulder beside the bodies of two of his men. Cautiously the soldiers closed around the famous outlaw, but he neither moved nor spoke.

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Now that escape was impossible, many a man among his captors wished it were otherwise, for Eraclo was a popular hero, an ideal to many a Mexican heart. He had often defended them against the law, when it was unjustly applied, he had been kind to the poor, and they loved him. Not a few in the line of troops owed him thanks for some good deed or timely help. But it was too late.

A young officer stepped forward and, covering him with his revolver, called out:

"Eraclo Solis, in the name of the nation, you are my prisoner!"

The highwayman raised his head, gauged his captor, and smiled. Then he looked around at the circle of soldiers, drew himself up and without paying any further attention to the lieutenant, he spoke to them:

"Friends," he said gently, yet firmly, "the time has come, and I am more glad than sorry. Perhaps more glad than any man here. Try henceforth to



"Eraclo Solis, in the name of the nation, you are my prisoner."

remember whatever good I have done you and to forget the harm. You are all sons of Mexico, and I charge you, let that be ever uppermost in your thoughts. Because I forgot the duty every man owes to his flag, I stand before you now an enemy of my country, which no man ever loved more than I. Many of you are my friends, yet I am your common enemy. The good of the country requires that I should die. So let it be here, at once and at your hands. I do not yield. I command. Salazar, and you, the five next, step forward! Are you ready? Good! Now, when I drop my arm aim low and steady. This is my last request."

Eraclo looked up at the pale, hard sky overhead and across the ragged line of cactus brush, so typical of his country. Above in the overhanging dome of a buzzard, the eagle of Mexico, arched slowly round and round. He followed it with his eyes, until it alighted on a tuna near by. Beyond the sierra, purple and blue and white, crowned the horizon, and while he gazed with a faraway look over their heads the men leaned on their carbines and waited.

Then the outlaw raised his hat and the locks clicked—a moment later the simultaneous bark of the six carbines crashed through the silence. Eraclo fell. Salazar alone had understood. The other five with mistaken generosity had shot wild.

Turkish Press Censorship.

The censorship is so strictly applied to the Turkish press that it was forbidden to give any account of the murder of the Empress Elizabeth at all resembling the truth. According to the accounts that were allowed to appear, she was taking a walk and was suddenly seized with illness. She fell to the ground, got up again, and again fell unconscious. In half an hour she was dead.

The use of the words anarchist, nihilist, etc., is forbidden, so the newspapers have been saying "disturbers of the peace," "lawless element," etc. but now the censorship has forbidden even these and has required the substitution of "Utopians" and "Utopianism."

In order to maintain the fiction that all north and central Africa, so far as it is Mohammedan, is subject to the sultan of Turkey, it is forbidden to mention the English advance in the Sudan. If anything is said, the names of places must be changed, for the Sudan, Kongo; for Lake Chad, the lake of Kuka, and for Erythraea, Seba.

Fatigue From Mental Work.

Dr. Edward Thorndike of the Western Reserve university has made some interesting experiments on mental fatigue. We are used to think of the mind as a machine, and our inability to work as a sign of its loss of energy. Sleep is supposed to restore the energy, as an accumulator is recharged with electricity. The incorrectness of this view might be questioned by the fact that mental action is too complex for such simplicity, and that some minds do not tire with large amounts of work. Dr. Thorndike's experiments show that certain persons are as fit for hard mental work after a day of it as in the morning, and seem to have no analogy with a charged accumulator.

Insult to Injury.

Cholly—I was walking down the avenue, doh boy, when a common woman allowed her beastly flower pot to fall on me head."

Reggy—How painful.

Cholly—It wasn't the pain, deah boy. It wuth what the dweefol woman said.

Reggy—What did she say?

Cholly—Said she wuth glad her flower pot landed on a soft place and didn't break.—Chicago News.

Train Talk.

"The greatest evil, perhaps," said the lean passenger, "of profanity"—

"Is its inadequacy," interrupted the fat passenger, who had discovered his pass was at home in his other vest.—Indianapolis Journal.

TALL JANE.

By MARY E. WILKINS.

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 "You don't mean that's Jane's skirt, Mrs. Ward?"
 "Yes, I do."
 "Why, it's larger than yours."
 "I know it. She's taller than I be. She's grown all out of everything lately. I've let down tucks on her skirt. It's the pink gingham is most up to her knees. I had to buy her this new, so she'd look decent to go to school. Jane, come here a minute."

Jane was out on the doorstep making crocheted trimming. She did not seem to hear.

"Jane," her mother called again.
 Then Jane came in hesitatingly. Her small head, with its mat of fair braids, drooped forlornly; her slender shoulders were bent. She pulled down her pink skirt nervously, trying to make it longer. "Stand up here 'side of me," ordered her mother. "I want Mrs. Mason to see how much taller you be."

Jane's pretty young face flushed pink. She stood beside her mother, and the tears started in her eyes, although she tried to smile.

"There, you see she's a good half head taller," said her mother.

"You can't get through the door if you don't stop pretty soon, Jane," laughed Mrs. Mason, who was visiting the Wards. "I never see such a sight. An she ain't over 14?"

"She ain't 15 till next month," replied Mrs. Ward. "An if she don't git her growth till she's 18 I don't know where she'll be. Her father tells her he's goin to hire her out by an by for a telegraph pole."

Jane laughed feebly when her mother and Mrs. Mason did. Then she stole back to the doorstep, and the tears rolled down her cheeks, and she made a mistake in her edging. It was nearly time for her to start for school. Presently her mother came with her dinner pail.

"Here's your dinner," said she. "You'd better start before long, so as not to hurry. It's a pretty warm mornin'."

"Yes'm," said Jane. She kept her face turned away from her mother so her tear stained eyes should not be noticed. Before she went into the house to get her hat and her schoolbooks she ran across the yard to the well and put some water on her eyes while she pretended to be drinking out of the tin dipper.

"You shall have your new dress to wear tomorrow," said her mother as she finally started with her schoolbooks under her arm and the dinner pail swinging. "You shan't wear that short thing again."

Jane tugged at her pink dress skirt as she went out of the yard. She even stooped a little to make it look longer. Nobody knew how sore Jane's heart was over her height. She had a mile to walk to school, and she never thought of anything else all the way. She had done all her arithmetic examples and learned to bound the countries of South America, so her mind was quite free for personal worries. As she went on she kept looking at the green branches of the trees beside the road. Once in awhile she reached up and tried to touch one. When she could, her heart sank. "There ain't another girl in school could," she reflected miserably.

Presently she came to a large white house, with a crab apple tree in the front yard. Mary Etta and Maria Starr lived there, and she saw the flutter of their blue dresses at the gate. They were waiting for her.

"Hello!" said Mary Etta as Jane drew near.

"Hello!" responded Jane, trying to make her voice cheerful.

Maria was eating a crab apple and did not say "Hello!" but presently both she and her sister stared wonderingly at Jane.

"What's the matter?" asked Mary Etta finally.

"Nothin's the matter."

"Yes, there is too. You've been cryin'."

Jane said nothing.

Maria offered her a crab apple. Jane shook her head at it impatiently.

"She's mad," said Maria, who was quick tempered herself.

"I ain't," returned Jane.

"Yes, you are. Come, Mary Etta. I ain't goin to walk with her."

But Mary Etta lingered. "What's the matter?" she asked again, quite lovingly.

"Nothin's the matter. I wish you'd let me alone," cried Jane, with a burst of tears. That was enough. Mary Etta and Maria both hurried up the road with cut switches of their blue starched skirts, and Jane plodded miserably on behind. She was no older than the Starr girls, but she was head and shoulders above them, and she had to have her hair done up, while they wore theirs down their backs. She was so large for her age her mother thought it looked better.

Poor Jane was the tallest girl in school, and not only that, but the tallest scholar. Not one of the boys was as tall as she, and not only that, but she was taller than the teacher. It did seem to Jane that the committee ought to have chosen a teacher who was taller, just out of regard to the becoming and suitable appearance of the school. A stranger might almost have taken her for the teacher, especially since her hair was done up.

When she reached the schoolhouse, she hung her hat on one high, lone peg above the two regular rows on the girl's side of the entry. This had been especially allotted to her because she was the only one who could reach it. Every time Jane hung up her hat she felt a little foolish pang of mortification.

When the bell had rung, Jane sat at her desk, her pink shoulders and her pretty pink face above all the others. She looked like a tall, pink hollyhock in a bed of daisies. This was a trying moment for her. The committee came

to visit the school, and a strange gentleman and his wife came with them. The wife wore a changeable silk dress, with flowers and a white plume in her bonnet, and all the children stared at her. Jane distinctly saw this strange lady turn her white plumed head toward her, then whisper to her husband. Then she saw him look at her and ask one of the committeemen who that tall girl was. She could tell what he said by the motion of his lips. Then he told his wife, and a little smile stole over her serene face between its soft curls of black hair. Jane thought she was laughing at her. She did not dream that the lady had noticed her because her face was so pretty and not because she was so tall.

The arithmetic class was called, and Jane had to put an example on the blackboard. She began quite low down. "Put your sum higher on the board, so as to make room for those who cannot reach," the teacher called out suddenly. "Height has its advantages," remarked one of the committeemen affably. The scholars tittered.

Jane rubbed out her example and stretched her slender arm up to the top of the board. Her face was blushing painfully, and there was such a lump



"Are you sick?" asked the teacher.

In her throat she could hardly speak when she explained her example, and everybody looked up curiously at the sound of her changed voice.

The geography class came next. The visitors were still there. Jane filed out with the rest, and then stood in the center of a long row like the apex of a pyramid. She thought she had her lesson perfectly, but she missed in bounding Uruguay and had to go down. A little bit of a girl in a long sleeved apron went above her, and she had a conviction that the visitors were saying, "What, that great, tall, grown up girl, with her hair done up, missing!"

However, the change brought her next to Robert Carnes, who gave a sympathetic glance at Jane, which she felt rather than saw, but it comforted her. She and Robert were near neighbors and when they were children had played together a great deal.

When Jane went back to her desk, Maria Starr passed over a slate slyly. There was a picture on it. Jane knew directly what it was meant for, although the drawing was very bad indeed. There was a long row of figures in triangular skirts and parallellogrammic trousers with their feet turned out at right angles on a line. These figures were of a uniformly small height; but passing them by her handkerchief by her eyes, and tears, represented by little dabs of the slate pencil, falling plentifully, was a very tall girl indeed. There was not quite room for her on the slate, and the top of her head was left to the imagination.

Jane did not smile nor look at Maria; she simply rubbed the picture out and handed back the slate. She wanted to cry, but she would not let the tears come. She pretended to be studying her spelling lesson very intently.

But the worst came when one of the committeemen addressed the school and in the course of his remarks said distinctly that intellect was not to be measured by size, and he often noticed that the smallest scholars had their lessons much better than those who were taller and older. Jane felt that he referred to her and little Hattie Baker and the bounding of Uruguay. Her cheeks burned hotter and hotter. Maria Starr, who was three desks off in the same row, leaned forward until she could see her and tittered. Mary Etta in the seat behind pulled her sister's arm to make her stop, but she did not heed.

Jane saw the committee and the strange lady and gentleman go out, while the teacher stood courtesying at the door, and all through a nearing cloud of tears. When the door closed after the company, she hooped her arms around her face and laid it down on the desk. The teacher came and stood beside her and asked her what the matter was. Jane only shook her head and wept.

"Are you sick?" asked the teacher, bending low over her.

"No, ma'am," sobbed Jane. She would not say another word, and the teacher went back to her desk and called a class. She was a pretty little woman, with black hair arranged in cunning little scallops all around her temples. She kept looking at Jane's bent head and shaking pink shoulders.

"Jane," she said presently in a clear, authoritative voice, "you may go out and get a pail of water."

The teacher meant it very kindly. It was considered quite a privilege to get a pail of water and then pass it around in a tin dipper. She thought it would serve to distract Jane's mind from her grief, whatever it might be. But it was dreadful for poor Jane to pull herself up to her full height and crawl slowly down the aisle, with her arms crooked in a pink ring around her face, and all the school looking. She stumbled over a protruding nail, and everybody tittered, and the teacher called out "Hush!" sharply.

Jane went out with the water pail, but instead of filling it from the pump near the schoolhouse she set it down on the platform and fled desperately down the road to a little bridge over a brook. She ran around the corner under the bridge and crawled into some bushes on the bank of the brook. Her mind was

made up. She would not go back to school. She had never been so miserable in her life, and the misery was all the greater because she was ashamed of it and ashamed to confess it. She did not want to tell even her mother that she minded so much because she was tall. She crouched low down in the bushes and wept. She was almost concealed by the coarse weeds and foliage of late summer. Some little flowers like orange butterflys danced in her face. Presently she heard a quick patter of bare feet on the bridge, then a break in the bushes.

"Hello!" called a hesitating voice. Jane made no sound.

"Ho, you needn't play you ain't there!" said the voice. "I see you come in here. I was looking out of the window. I raised my hand when teacher asked where you was, and she sent me out to fetch the water and tell you to come in."

Jane looked up and saw a boy's face peering down at her from the top of the bank, his brown cheeks flushing, his red lips parting in a bashful laugh.

"I ain't ever goin back to school, Robbie," said Jane, with a sob. All the old childish comradeship seemed to come back to her. She had not seen much of him for a year or two. She had played more with girls.

"Why ain't you?" asked Robert.

"Oh, 'cause I ain't!"

"I saw that picture on the slate," said Robert.

Jane sobbed.

"I don't care. You're the prettiest girl in school anyhow," said Robert in a shamefaced way.

"Why, Robert Carnes! I ain't!"

"Yes, you are."

"Oh, Robbie! Maybe I shall be taller than I am now."

"I don't care if you are, you'll always be the prettiest. Come along."

"I ain't goin back to school."

"Teacher won't like it."

"I can't help it."

"Oh, come along."

"I won't." The girl's pink face turned up toward him like a pink flower from the bushes. There was a look in it that the boy knew well. He knew that when his old playmate said "I won't" in that tone she didn't.

Robert seated himself on the bank and began to whistle. Jane looked at him. She could see his slender shoulders in his little homemade blue and white shirt, and his handsome face gazing ahead abstractedly as he whistled.

"Why don't you go back to school?"

asked hesitatingly.

"Oh, I ain't going back if you ain't."

"Why not, I'd like to know?"

"'Cause I ain't. Say, Mary Etta has got her head down on her desk crying 'cause you don't come in, and I seen Maria passing along some crab apples to put in your desk."

Jane said nothing. Robert whistled again.

"Robert Carnes, you go right straight back to school!" ordered Jane.

Robert went on with his tune.

"Teacher won't like it," said Jane.

"I know it. I s'pose she'll lick me, 'cause I'm a boy. I don't care." Robert whistled.

Jane waited a minute. "Well, I'll come," said she. "You go ahead and get the water."

There was a leap of bare feet over the bridge, and Jane came out from the swarm of flower butterflies, with undefined conviction that brought comfort in her childish heart, that, however tall she grew, although she might outgrow all her dresses, she would never outgrow love.

Sue in a Trap.

Eugene Sue, the French author, used to visit almost daily one of the most fashionable ladies in Paris, Mme de D—, and hold forth in her richly furnished boudoir on the conditions of the poor.

"Do you ever relieve their distress?" asked Mme de D— at the close of one of these harangues.

"To a trifling extent," answered Sue, "but though my gifts are small they are always cheerfully bestowed. I give one-fourth of my income in alms."

That afternoon, as he left the Cafe de Paris, where he had been eating a costly dinner, an apparently old woman, poorly clad, came up to him and begged earnestly for charity. "Go away!" was the stern reply.

"But I am starving. Give me a single copper to buy bread with."

"I will give you in charge of the police if you continue to annoy me."

"You will," said the beggar, "and, M. Sue, you are the man who writes about the miseries of the poor. You are the workingman's champion, are you?"

"Who are you?" exclaimed Sue.

"Mme de D—," was the reply, and the distinguished lady stepped into her carriage, which was waiting, and left the author to his reflections.

The Oldest Hotel in Europe.

The Goldenes Kreuz (Golden Cross) at Regensburg (Ratisbon), in Bavaria, is the oldest hotel in Europe. King Ferdinand I halted at it on his way to his coronation in 1531, and no other hotel in Europe possesses records of such great antiquity as the Golden Cross at Ratisbon does or can boast of having had so many royal visitors as have enjoyed its hospitality. The existing visitors' books, which date from 1819, contain the names of more than 500 imperial, royal and princely personages.

The room is shown where, in 1805, the late Prince Bismarck, at that time Prussian minister, slept when he came with his sovereign to hold the conference which was the last attempt to prevent war between Austria and Prussia. The negotiations were held in the "small hall" of the hotel, under the presidency of King William of Prussia.

The host is equally proud of the autographs of Schiller and other men of letters which he possesses. The author of "William Tell" wrote the words, "Und eine Heimath ist es" ("It is indeed a home"), in memory of his stay there, and no landlord could wish for a better advertisement.

"James," said his mother, "I have told you four times to stop making that racket." "Five, mam'm," replied the youth, who has a great future before him in the exact sciences. —Philadelphia North American.

The races at Saratoga begin July 25, continuing until Aug. 23, the train leaving Boston at 11 a. m. via the Fitchburg R. R., reaches Saratoga at 5.00 p. m.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 52,284]
 "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—For some time I have thought of writing to you to let you know of the great benefit I have received from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Soon after the birth of my first child, I commenced to have spells with my spine. Every month I grew worse and at last became so bad that I found I was gradually losing my mind."

"The doctors treated me for female troubles, but I got no better. One doctor told me that I would be insane. I was advised by a friend to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial, and before I had taken all of the first bottle my neighbors noticed the change in me."

"I have now taken five bottles and cannot find words sufficient to praise it. I advise every woman who is suffering from any female weakness to give it a fair trial. I thank you for your good medicine."—MRS. GERTRUDE M. JOHNSON, JONESBORO, TEXAS.

Mrs. Johnson Saved from Insanity by Mrs. Pinkham

"I had female trouble of all kinds, had three doctors, but only grew worse. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills and used the Sanative Wash, and cannot praise your remedies enough."—MRS. EFFIE PERKINS, PEARL, LA.

Mrs. Perkins' Letter.
 "I had female trouble of all kinds, had three doctors, but only grew worse. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills and used the Sanative Wash, and cannot praise your remedies enough."—MRS. EFFIE PERKINS, PEARL, LA.

Legal Notices
Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate
 By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by James R. Pines and Myra A. Pines, his wife, in her own right, to Charles T. Gallagher dated February 12th, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book 2540, page 53, for breach of the conditions therein contained, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises, on Monday, the twenty-first day of August, 1899, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely:—
 A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in that part of Newton, in the County of Middlesex called NEWTON LOWER FALLS, and shown on a plan of "Land in Newton Lower Falls," drawn by E. S. Smilie, dated November 2nd, 1896, and duly recorded at end of Book 2529 and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at a post on Cornell Street at land of one Creore and thence running Northerly by said Cornell Street, two hundred and fifty-two and 1/2 feet to a stake; thence running Northwesterly by the line of an old fence, ninety-five and 25-100 (95.25) feet to a stake on Pine Grove Avenue; thence running Westerly by Pine Grove Avenue two hundred and forty-nine and 10-100 (249.10) feet to a stake at the corner of said Cornell Street and Pine Grove Avenue; thence running Easterly by land of said Creore, three hundred and 70-100 (390.70) feet to the point of beginning.

Said premises will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes and assessments.
 \$500 at time and place of sale.
 CHARLES T. GALLAGHER, Mortgagee.
 Boston, July 25th, 1899.
 H. W. MASON, Atty.-at-Law,
 31 Milk Street.

M. C. HIGGINS, PRACTICAL PLUMBER
 AND—
SANITARY ENGINEER.
 Plumbing Work in all its Branches.
 Having had twenty-two years' experience in the business in this city, perfect satisfaction is guaranteed.
Sumner's Block, Newton.
 Telephone No. 106-3.

Veterinary Surgeon
MADISON BUNKER, D. V. S.
 Veterinary Surgeon.
 Residence, 4 Baldwin St., corner Elmwood, NEWTON, MASS.
 Telephone Connection.

WANTED—Case of bad health that R-I-P-A-N-S will not benefit. Send 5 cents to Ripans Chemical Co., New York, for 10 samples and 1,000 testimonials.

T. F. GLENNAN, CARRIAGE TRIMMING
 and Harness Making.
 BLANKETS, ROBES, WHIPS, ETC.
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Brackets' Market Company
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 W. Newton.

BUY YOUR AWNINGS
 Direct from the factory, saving 20 to 35 per cent. Quality of goods and workmanship guaranteed. I will send a representative free of charge to show samples and give estimates. H. F. HOOK, 15 Commercial Wharf. Telephone 164-4 Haymarket, Boston.

C. A. Harrington, LUMBER,
 Lime, Cement, Plaster, Etc.
 178 STREET, NEWTONVILLE.
 Telephone 2249-7 Newton.

Parsons' Pills
 "Best Liver Pill made." Positively cure Biliousness, Sick Headaches, all Liver and Bowel complaints. They expel all impurities from the blood, delicate women find relief from using them. Price 25c, 1-3, 5-10, 25-50 & Co., Boston, Mass.

EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE IT IN THE HOUSE.
 To cure summer ailments which may occur in every family as long as life has been. Originated in 1860 by an old Family Physician. Could a remedy have existed for all these years except for the fact that it possesses a great virtue for many family ills?

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT
 Dropped on sugar it is pleasant to take for colic, cramps, cholera-morbus, colds, summer complaints, pain in the stomach, bowels or kidneys. For bites, burns, bruises, sprains, strains, it is the sovereign cure.

I have used your Anodyne Liniment in treating my infant only six months old for colic, and a little three year old daughter for summer colic, and bowel diseases, and found it to be as efficient. JOHN L. BOALIS, AMERICA, GA.

Fr - 35 cts. Book Card of Sick Room, Free. L. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass.

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Parsons' Pills

WALTER THORPE, Newton Centre.

Agent for THE GRAPHIC, and receives subscriptions and makes collections for it. He also makes terms for advertising, hand bills, and all other kinds of printing. Also, Real Estate to sell and to rent, and insurance against fire in the English and American companies.

NEWTON CENTRE.

—Mrs. C. A. Sawin of Oxford road is at Falmouth, Mass.

—Mrs. Frank Regan of Langley road is at York Harbor, Me.

—Mr. E. C. Dudley is building a new block on Langley road.

—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Loring are summering at Old Orchard, Me.

—Mrs. Miller of Tarrant road is entering friends this week.

—Miss Dutton of Summer street is away from town for the week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Mainland of Gray Cliff road have returned to town.

—Mr. D. A. White of Glen avenue is entertaining friends this week.

—Mr. Cosmo will open a new fruit store in Dudley's block, next week.

—Mrs. Norton of Homer street has returned from a summer outing.

—Mr. A. D. Colby of engine 3 has returned from a trip to the Cape.

—Mr. G. W. Jackson and family of Ballard street are stopping at Marion.

—Mr. and Mrs. Tilton of Gibbs street have returned from Seaview, Mass.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Merriam of Glenwood avenue are at Waterville, Ct.

—Mrs. William C. Brewer is expected home this week from Rockland, Me.

—Mrs. John Ward of Ward street is confined to her home quite seriously ill.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Stevens of Commonwealth avenue are away from town.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Bradley of Hammond street are at Swampscott, Mass.

—Mr. D. S. Farnham and family are at Queen Hotel, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

—Mr. George F. Richardson is having two new delivery wagons constructed.

—The W. B. Phillips' house on Grant avenue has been closed for the summer.

—Mr. E. Weldon of the station telegraph office is away on a two weeks vacation.

—Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Tourtellot of Braceland avenue are at Williamstown, Mass.

—Mr. R. M. Bradley and family of Boylston street are at York Harbor, Me.

—The Misses Morse of Moreland avenue have returned from New Hampshire.

—Mr. Clarence Randlett has entered the employ of Mr. J. W. Beverley, the jeweler.

—Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Chandler of Beacon street have returned from their recent trip.

—Mr. C. H. Bennett and family of Beacon street are at Magnolia for the summer.

—Mr. and Mrs. Watson Armstrong of Maple park have returned from Cape Cod.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Turner of Glenwood avenue are stopping at Five Islands, Me.

—Mrs. Florence Bodge of Maple park has returned from a recent trip to St. Louis.

—Dr. and Mrs. Alvah Hovey of Summer street are away from town on a trip to Maine.

—Mr. H. T. Willis has returned home and is confined to his home on Homer street by illness.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Greene of Chase street will return from Seal Harbor, Me., next week.

—Mr. J. F. Wilkinson of Homer street has returned from an outing at Lake Champlain, Vt.

—Mr. Walter E. Gifford of the post office returned Wednesday from duty at Camp Framingham.

—New fire hydrants were placed on Centre and Summer streets this week by the fire department.

—Mr. A. C. Walworth and family of Centre street are stopping at the Ocean-side Hotel, Magnolia.

—Miss Mona Wetherbee of New York is visiting her uncle, Mr. George E. Houghton of Glenwood avenue.

—Messrs. John and William Hahn of Florence street will return next week from Kennebunk beach, Me.

club has not yet issued its fall schedule, but arrangements with that view in end are being made.

—Miss S. E. Ellery has returned from Stafford Springs.

—Mr. A. C. Marston is in South Middleboro for the summer.

—Mrs. Dr. Bodge is congratulated as grandmother, a boy at St. Louis.

—Mr. Christopher McCall has taken a position with G. F. Richardson.

—Mr. C. C. Ruggles of Ballard street has recovered from his recent illness.

—Mr. and Mrs. George N. Towle of Dudley street have returned from Europe.

—Miss F. H. Paul of Centre street will spend the month of August at Eliot, Me.

—Miss Christie McDougall has left for East Fairfield, Me., for a week's vacation.

—Mr. Stanley Barton of Luther Paul & Co's office, is spending two weeks in Nantucket.

—Mrs. Robert Vachon and child of Beacon street have returned from a trip to Quebec.

—Mr. H. S. Williams and family of Centre street are at Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard.

—Mrs. J. S. Beless and family and Mrs. S. C. Burke of Centre street left town yesterday for Woodville, N. S.

—Mr. B. E. Taylor and family of Grant avenue left town last Friday for Monument beach, Buzzard's Bay.

—Mr. Frank Osborne is stopping at York beach, Me., and from there he will go to his home in Manchester, N. H.

—Mrs. Chas. Kieser and family have left for Little Wood Island, Casco Bay Me., to spend the month of August.

—Mr. Justin O'Kane of Lawrence avenue, Chestnut Hill, was thrown from his wheel last week, receiving severe injuries.

—Mrs. Elizabeth A. Brown, an old resident of this place, died Tuesday at the home of Mr. C. A. Boyce on Beacon street.

—An entertainment at the school house Wednesday night was given at Oak Hill, the money raised to go towards a fund to build a chapel in that district.

NEWTON HIGHLANDS.

—Mr. and Mrs. Burgess of Eliot are away summering.

—Miss Randall of Winchester street is at Newton for a few weeks.

—Mrs. C. E. Hanson of Dickerman road has returned from Maine.

—Mr. E. Burritt Moulton has gone to Kennebunkport for a stay of two weeks.

—Miss Morton of Lake avenue has gone to the mountains for a sojourn of several weeks.

—Mr. V. Greenidge and family have returned from a stay of several weeks at Allerton.

—Mr. George E. Brigham has gone to Belgrade Mills, Me., for a stay of two or three weeks.

—The family of Mr. H. B. Walker of Hillside road are at Old Orchard for a stay of several weeks.

—Mrs. S. C. Cobb and Miss Cushing will leave on Saturday for their sojourn at Whitefield, N. H.

—Underground wires are being laid in Centre street, for the New England Telephone & Telegraph Company.

—Mrs. E. Moulton and Samuel R. Moulton are at the Sachem House, Ogunquit, Me., for the month of August.

—There are letters remaining in the post office of Mrs. W. Carter, Mrs. Simon Connel, Charlie Evans, "X. Y. Z."

—The McKean family of Eliot are in New Hampshire, and the Allen family have gone to Maine for a week or two.

—Rev. J. G. Taylor of Cambridge will occupy the pulpit at the Congregational church next Sunday morning and evening.

—Much needed repairs to concrete sidewalks are being made in this village by the Simpson Corporation, under the auspices of the city.

—Mr. W. G. Parmalee, the manager of the Post packet office, the Pennsylvania railroad company, will soon move into his new house on Berwick road.

—Miss Robinson, a sister of Mrs. Houlton, whose residence is on Floral avenue, in the two apartment house of Mr. McAdams, is very seriously ill.

—Greenwood's Real Estate Agency has rented one of Mrs. Cobb's houses on Hillside road to Mr. E. Blake, who with his family are summering at Winthrop.

—Mrs. Brigham, who formerly resided here with her son, Mr. W. V. Brigham, died on Monday at his home in Boston. The funeral service was on Wednesday.

—Mr. Sanford E. Thompson will have charge of the Friday evening meeting at the Congregational chapel, and the topic will be "How far may we judge each other?"

—Mrs. H. C. Robinson and family desire to express their earnest gratitude to their friends and neighbors for their generous help and kindness during Mr. Robinson's recent illness and death.

—Mr. F. S. Kempton, who formerly conducted a shoe store in Stevens building, has become the proprietor of the lunch stand at the car station, corner of Commonwealth avenue and Walnut street.

—Mr. Nelson Amundsen of Hartford street has gone to his former home at Hardwick, where the family have a summer residence. Mrs. Amundsen will visit her daughter, Mrs. Manning, in Brookline.

—Rev. Mr. Havens returned home on Tuesday and left Wednesday for New York state. During his absence he attended the funeral of Miss Irene Walker, who was a member of his household for several years.

—Mrs. Guild and Miss Sweetzer went to Boston Tuesday morning to bid adieu to Mr. Elwood G. Tewksbury and family, who were to start to cross the continent to Vancouver, and thence by steamer to China, where Mr. Tewksbury is the principal of an educational institution, which was established under his direction in North China, and of which he gave a very interesting account a few months since at the Congregational church. Mr. Tewksbury and wife were the guests of Mrs. Guild at that time.

NEWTON UPPER FALLS.

—For greater convenience to my patrons, I desire to announce that all calls for my services may be left with Mr. John W. Howe, High street, who will forward them to me with the greatest possible dispatch. Respectfully, HENRY F. CATE. 16 H

West Newton English and Classical School.

Forty-seventh year of this family and Day school for boys and girls begin Wednesday, Sept. 20th. Special facilities for assisting pupils who, for any cause, have fallen behind their class and for advancing exceptionally forward students through individual attention. Certificate admits to ten colleges. For catalogue address Allen Brothers. Call Tuesdays, 35 Webster street.

HE STOLE A CORPSE.

And That is Why the Joke Was on the Thief.

"There are people in this town who will steal anything," said a thin man with a string tie as he rolled a fresh cigarette and asked his friend for a light. "Yes, sir, they will take the buttons off your coat if you don't watch 'em. I was 'touched' twice during the past month, and last winter some one copied out my overcoat at a restaurant while I was getting lunch."

"But it's all right. I got even the other day in a small way, and I've been laughing ever since. We had an old cat over in our flat which had been a pet of my wife's ever since we were married. Elvira—that's the cat's name, not my wife's—was so old she had lost nearly all her teeth, and we had to feed her on milk and soft stuff. This got tiresome, because I had to do the feeding, and I decided that Elvira was about due to die."

"One night I snatched home a bottle of chloroform, and after my wife went out to one of the clubs or something she belongs to I wet a sponge with the chloroform for Elvira. There she was, curled up on a chair, and before she knew what was going on I had her fixed. Didn't hurt her, you know, and she really was a burden to herself."

"When my wife came home, I looked solemn and told her Elvira was dead—went off in a fit. There were tears, of course, and the remains had to be viewed. My wife insisted that Elvira should have a decent burial and would not listen to my suggestion that the body be disposed of in the usual way. Finally I consented to take Elvira out in the country the next day and bury her myself, and was called a 'dear old boy.'"

"Early next morning, after a lot of tears from my wife, I started out with Elvira neatly done up in a couple of sheets of wrapping paper. I took a car which connects with a suburban line and deposited my bundle on the rear platform next to the gate, while I went inside to read the paper. I was deep in the sporting page when the transfer station was reached, and the conductor had to offer me a transfer twice. I went out on the platform, and there your son—if Elvira hadn't disappeared. Some guy thought the package contained my morning marketing and had swiped it."

"I was a bit put out at first, but when I realized that for once I had the laugh on the thief I felt good. Laugh? Well, I should say yes. People on the street must have thought I had a giggling jag on."

"I did not advertise for the return of Elvira and no questions asked for several reasons, but I'd give \$5 to know what that fellow said when he opened the package."—Washington Star.

A Very Secret Drawer.

"A secret drawer is sometimes very hard to locate in a large cabinet," said a dealer in curios. "I had such a piece of furniture in the store last winter and knew the drawer was there from a reference to it in an old inventory, but in spite of all my efforts I couldn't discover just where it was. I concluded that the spring must be concealed somewhere about the very ornate carving which ornamented the sides, but it escaped my scrutiny until one day when I had a bit of inspiration. Such drawers are usually made of sheet steel, both for security and on account of its thinness, and I simply passed a small pocket compass up and down before the carving."

"At one certain point the needle, just as I had anticipated, was deflected, and I knew I had at last hit on the right spot. I located it within a few inches and then pushed and prodded every projection with the point of a darning needle until something gave way and out jumped the drawer. It was very cleverly masked at the edges by the curves of the pattern, and no body in the world would suspect its existence. I had hoped that I might find something of value in it, but I was disappointed. It was quite empty."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Be a Gentleman.

The most successful men in this world are those who, possessing fair abilities, are gentlemen in deportment, polite in manners, dignified and courteous in bearing while dealing with all classes of people, male as well as female. The man who respects the feeling of the servants as well as the high official, the laboring man as well as the employer, is the one to command the good will and services of all. Truly great men never indulge in acts of coarseness and disrespect, jest or gibe to the disadvantage of others, utter oaths, slang or vulgarity or constantly indulge in unbecoming and improper conduct. Courteous habits of speech and conduct, combined with strict integrity and devotion to duty, add a charm to one's manners and raises him in the estimation of all with whom he comes into contact and will do as much to advance him on the high road to success as any other quality he can possess. Young men should, among their other acquisitions, learn to be gentlemen at all times and in all places.—Advance.

Armor Plated Pawnshops.

The inside of a Chinese pawnshop is a terra incognita to most people. Chinese and English. Few are admitted within its mysterious walls except those directly connected with the business. A traveler was recently permitted to inspect one in an inland town and was surprised to find the entire building incased in sheet iron about one-eighth of an inch thick. It must have cost a large sum to build an iron house within the usual lofty brick edifice, yet there it was, even to the roof. It served a twofold purpose, a protection against fire and thieves. Yet even within this iron castle night watchmen armed with heavy revolvers and clad in bullet proof jackets ever keep watch.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Are False Teeth Unhealthy?

A Boston physician, Dr. Simpson, maintains, according to Cosmos, that the use of artificial teeth is bad for old persons, because it enables them to eat meat. The teeth, he claims, fall out naturally at a certain age, because nature means that at this particular time of life we should limit ourselves to a vegetable diet. Dr. Simpson insists that his ideas on this point are by no means as paradoxical as they may seem to some people.—Literary Digest.

That Was High Enough.

Father—What, another dressmaker's bill? My dear girl, you should fix your mind on something higher than dress.

Daughter—So I have, papa. I've got my mind fixed on a love of a hat in a down town milliner's window, and, just think, it's only \$19.98! You'll get it for me, won't you, papa, dear?—Chicago News.

WATERING FLYING ENGINES.

Four Thousand Gallons Taken In While the Train Is in Motion.

Among the remarkable features of modern railway travel the one that always attracts attention is the trick of taking water by the engine while it is in motion. The American tourist has become accustomed to seeing the narrow trough, 1,200 to 1,400 feet long, at various dead level points along the road, and he knows that the strip of water which it contains is scooped up by the engine as it speeds over the tracks, but people from foreign countries often ask questions about the water between the tracks and marvel when they hear the story about "drinking" the engine on the fly.

What seems a marvelous mechanical contrivance is an extremely simple thing. A pipe with a scoop end is fastened to the tender. It is C shaped, with the top end pointing in to the water tank and the bottom curved under the body of the tender. By a series of levers this end may be dropped until it reaches the level of the ties. When the engine reaches the trough, the fireman drops the scoop end, which is 3½ inches high and 12 inches wide, into the trough, into which it sinks a distance of about six inches, or within an inch of the bottom. It may wobble slightly without doing any harm, because the trough is 24 inches wide. Dropping the end is all that is done, for the motion of the engine does the rest. The water rushes into the pipe and thence into the tank with a rush and a force which suggest to the uninitiated the use of powerful engines.

"The most remarkable thing about the water taking scoop," said a New York Central railroad official, "is the fact that the speed of the train must be reduced when the water is taken on. It reaches the bends in the pipe with such force that if the train were allowed to go at its regular speed the metal would be seriously strained, so we reduce the speed to about 30 miles an hour and have the best results."

While the engine is passing over the trough at the rate of 30 miles an hour it takes up about 4,000 gallons of water—about as much as would be contained in 100 spirit barrels.—New York Tribune.

BEFORE THE "TEA PARTY."

Albany's Love For King George II and His Governor.

The common council, in October, 1743, sent the following address to George Clinton, who had the month previous been appointed governor of the colonies. If flattery had any effect, certainly the city of Albany must have been very popular with the governor:

"To his Excellency George Clinton, Esq., Captain General and Commander in Chief of the province of New York and the Territories thereon depending in America, and Vice Admiral of the same, etc. The Honorable Address of the Mayor, Aldermen and Commonality of the city of Albany in the Colony of New York in America:

"May it please your Excellency! We the Mayor, Aldermen and Commonality of this Majesty's Loyal City of Albany take this opportunity to congratulate your Excellency upon your and your family's safe arrival at New York, the Metropolis of your Government, where we sincerely wish your Excellency and family may long enjoy health and happiness."

"We cannot sufficiently acknowledge the goodness and fatherly care of our most gracious Sovereign Lord, King George the Second towards us, in that it hath pleased him to send your Excellency to govern us, who have so early and earnestly expressed your good intentions to make the welfare and happiness of this Colony your chief care and study, for which kind and tender expressions we make your Excellency our grateful and sincere acknowledgments."

"We as the frontier city of this Colony in case of a French war will stand in need of great share of your Excellency's care and vigilance, which we assure ourselves your Excellency will with pleasure bestow upon us."

"We beg leave to assure your Excellency that we will always make it our duty, to do what in us lies to make your Excellency's administration easy and happy. Voe aro."

"May it please your Excellency."—Albany Argus.

Put to the Test.

"Count," she said, "you must give me some proof that you do not want me for my money alone."

He looked at her silently for a moment, and a subtle sort of sadness seemed to spread across his features. Then he spoke slowly, softly, as if he had been hurt.

"I will do these things you ask," he said. "I will prove that I want to marry you for yourself only—I will do these things on one condition."

Tears of happiness rose to her eyes. She threw her arms around him and kissed him. And then she sobbed:

"Ah, darling, I knew you would do so. I have felt from the first that my money and Bruno was no mere fortune hunter. What is the condition, dearest?"

"That you will prove you do not marry me only for my title," he replied.

"Oh, well," she said, "let's drop the subject. Can you be ready by a week from Wednesday?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Compliment For Smith.

The discrimination between adjectives of one degree and another and between adjectives and adverbs is a sore trial to many people. Two or three days ago there were two ladies walking down the street, gossiping away to their hearts' content. A man came limping along. He had hardly passed them when one of the ladies turned to the other and said:

"That's Mr. Smith. You know he has a wooden leg."

"You don't tell me that was the Mr. Smith that has the wooden leg?"

"It is."

"Well, he walks just lovely."—Detroit Free Press.

An Age of Experts.

This is peculiarly an age of experts. It is peculiarly an age when the man who expects to succeed must very early choose his calling, must choose it with reference to his taste and his abilities, must in early life give himself the benefit of special training in the direction indicated, must concentrate his whole mind, heart and strength upon the subject which he is pursuing and must not turn aside to the right hand or to the left.—Richmond Times.

Ginger is a tropical production of Mexico, where it grows wild. It has been cultivated from an early period in tropical Asia.

75 SILK WAISTS.

35	Wash and fancy taffeta Silk Waists, made in style, made well and made to fit, from pretty designs in silk of excellent quality; they are a manufacturer's sample waists. Our offer was accepted so we are selling regular \$3.50 and \$4.50 Waists at only	\$2.49 each.
25	Waists made from Changeable Bengaline, nothing further need be said after telling you that they are exactly the same waists in every respect that we have sold at \$5.00 each all summer. New price	\$2.98 each.
15	Waists of assorted styles, which sold all the way from \$5.50 to \$7.49 all this season, selling at a uniform price	\$3.98

Great Values in Silk by the Yard, at . . .

39c., 49c., 59c., 69c., 75c., 89c., 98c., \$1.19 and \$1.25.

The Central Dry Goods Co.,

107 to 115 Moody Street, Waltham, Mass.

ESTABLISHED 1850.

SIMPSON BROTHERS,

(CORPORATION) CONTRACTORS FOR

Concrete Walks and Driveways, Asphalt Floors, Artificial Stone Walks and Steel-Bound Curbs.

We are ready to receive orders or give estimates for work in private grounds.

P. O. Address, Newton, or Boston Office, Room 58, 166 Devonshire St. Telephone 1155, Boston. Refer to 20 Years' Work in Newton.

THE FRIARS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

WHAT THE CLERGY DON'T KNOW AS TO THE CHURCH PROPERTY THERE.

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

Rev. W. S. Gilbert, chaplain of the 2d regiment of Oregon volunteers, spoke on Monday before the Presbyterian union on "The situation in Manila."

A morning contemporary, favorable to the ruling administration, credits him with using words "that were flavored with a marked degree of moderation, the thoughts advanced being all circumstantial."

That is to say, he possessed a milk and water flavor, and expressed nothing in particular about anything. Yet then, it may be asked, why dignify them with a prominence befitting better ideas? Simply because the reverend gentleman, like so many of his cloth, displays an ignorance of the present status of the church property in the Philippines that is, to say the least, extraordinary.

He has a keen eye for whatever concerns the future disposition of the property claimed by the church, which is very extensive and enormously valuable, and concluded by saying: "Dealing with this church property will form a delicate problem for solution." It is a remarkable fact, however, about which our people remain strangely ignorant, that there is no such "problem for solution."

That the title to the church property in the Philippines is unalterably invested in the Catholic church by solemn treaty with this country, and in that fact consists a mighty lot of trouble in the near future for the United States.

The titles to all lands held by Spanish subjects under Spanish laws are ratified, confirmed, and rendered perpetual under the treaty. This, of course, confirms the titles of the friars, who claim pretty nearly all the land on the island of Luzon worth having.

To this we have agreed beyond the possibility of retracting our steps. To this the Filipinos will never agree while a man, woman or child of them remains. May their arms never be weakened nor their shadow grow less, while such a contest endures!

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The discrimination between adjectives of one degree and another and between adjectives and adverbs is a sore trial to many people. Two or three days ago there were two ladies walking down the street, gossiping away to their hearts' content. A man came limping along. He had hardly passed them when one of the ladies turned to the other and said:

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Boston & Gloucester Steamboat Co.

THE NEWTON GRAPHIC.

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TERMS, \$2.00 A YEAR.

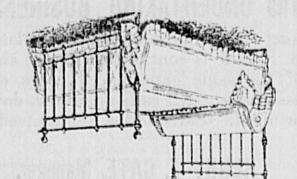


FOR A FRY

Roast, or Stew we have the right sort of CHICKENS

L. F. ASHLEY,
400 Centre St., Newton.

POPULAR.



Our Brass and Iron Beds are popular. The finish, construction and enduring qualities, combined with our low prices, make them so. It is worth your while to call on us before purchasing.

MORRIS, MURCH & BUTLER,
42 Summer St., Boston.
Mattresses and Chamber Furniture.
Sole proprietors of the "Noiseless" Spring.

The Secret Discovered How to make the perfect Blueing! Mrs. Henry Vincent Plunkham of Newton invites the attention of all housekeepers to this new production (manufactured by herself under the name of the E. F. Moore Manufacturing Co.)

JAPANESE BLUING, which is pronounced by experts to be the best known to science. For sale by the S. S. Co. of Boston and leading grocers of Newton.

Broiled Live Lobster
English Mutton Chops
Table d'hôte dinners and Petit lunch rooms.
Are Specialties at the
CRAWFORD HOUSE, BOSTON.
Oysters in every style, Ladies' Cafe, 17 Brattle Street.

SETH W. FULLER,
BELLS
GAS LIGHTING
BURGULAR ALARMS
Incandescent Electric Lighting.
Repair Work a Specialty.
77 Arch Street - - - BOSTON.

JOHN IRVING,
FLORIST
Cut Flowers, House Plants, Funeral Designs
Flowers for Weddings and Parties.
Pearl St. - - - Newton
Telephone Connection.

SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER.
Best material, first-class work, perfect fit. Only one quality, the very best, \$2.50 each. (Plain shirt without collars or cuffs.) Samples made for trial.
Repairing is done neatly, correctly and promptly. New neck-bands, 15c. each. Wrist-bands, 15c. pair. Full cuffs, 30c. pair. Collars, 25c. Boston, 50c. Cuffs, 15c. Collars, 15c. Shirts to repair left Tuesdays or Thursdays with parties named below will be ready for delivery at same places in one week.
Newton, 4 Thornton St. or with J. H. Bacon; Newtonville, J. V. Sullivan; N. U. Falls, J. T. Thompson; West Newton, F. D. Tarleton; N. Highlands, C. E. Stewart; Auburndale, H. M. Childs; N. Centre, H. S. Williams; N. L. Falls, Kenney Bros.

E. B. BLACKWELL 43 Thornton Street Newton.

WALTER R. FORBUSH,
ARCHITECT.
Stevens Building,
Nonantum Square, NEWTON
High class Domestic Work a specialty.

STOVES
and every variety of

Household Goods
—AT—
BENT'S FURNITURE ROOMS,
64 Main St., Watertown.

Wedding Decorations,
(ARTISTIC DESIGNS)
Cut Flowers and Plants.
E. T. MOREY,
WASHINGTON AND TREMONT STREETS, NEAR
NEWTON LINE.

FURS.
Now is the time to have your
FURS RE-DYED
RE-LINED
RE-ALTERED.
In the best manner possible at summer prices.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
S. ARONSON, Furrier,
Up one flight, 12 West Street, Boston

Watch the Maple Trees!

All kinds of insects destroyed.
Diseased trees and shrubs revived.

H. L. FROST & CO.

12 FANEUIL HALL SQUARE, BOSTON.

Work being done for Newton Club.
References.—Messrs. Olmsted Bros., Brookline.
Hon. E. S. Draper, Hopedale.

"The Hunnewell,"

NEWTON, MASS.

SELECT FAMILY HOTEL.

Under New Management. Thoroughly Renovated.

Delightfully located in beautiful suburb of Boston, convenient to electric and steam cars, every 5 minutes between Boston and Newton.

R. A. LEONARD, Prop.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

A 15 Horse Power Engine

NEARLY NEW.

APPLY

WOODLAND PARK HOTEL,

AUBURNDALE.

C. C. BUTLER, - - Proprietor.

Established 1874.

BUNTING'S FISH MARKET.

Closed to settle estate.

Has been Re-Opened

BY

THOMAS & BURNS,

who will endeavor to please the public by carrying on a strictly first class Fish Market. This is the only store in this part of the city that makes fish of all kinds a specialty.
Orders called for and delivered. Please favor us with your patronage.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
Telephone Connection 198-4.

12 Centre Place,
NEWTON, - - MASS.

Pigeon Hill House,

EVERGREEN AVE.,

Riverside Station, AUBURNDALE.

Opposite Newton Boat Club, two minutes from Riverside Station. Boating, Canoeing, Tennis, etc. American and European Plan.
Special terms to permanent guests.

E. E. MARDEN, Prop.

WAY TREMONT THEATRE.

EVERY EVE'G. DOWN BOSTON.
MATS. WED. & SAT.
BEG. AUG 28th, EAST

C. H. TRAFTON,

Practical Gilder and Picture Frame Maker,

269 Washington Street - Newton.
Save money and trouble. Give me a trial. Office with J. B. Hamblin, Optician and Watchmaker.

Founded in 1828.

Chauncy - Hall School.

Seventy-second year begins Sept 25.

Oldest and largest private school in Boston. All ages and grades from Kindergarten to College. Send for annual catalogue, Boylston Street, corner of Berkeley.

TAYLOR, DEMERITTE AND HAGAR,
PRINCIPALS.

REMOVAL.

A. L. HAHN has removed his

UPHOLSTERY

business from Nonantum Block to the store in Ely Block, 70 Elmwood St., Newton.

REUBEN FORD,

Accountant.

John Hancock Building, Room 208,

BOSTON.

NEWTON.

—Pianos, Farley, 433 Washington St. 11

—Mr. Horace Monk of Hunnewell terrace is spending his vacation at Nantucket.

—Dr. Spencer of the bank building leaves Monday for a month "in camp" at Rangeley Lakes.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Greenough and their daughter Helen, are at Sparhawk Hall, Ogunquit, Me.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Howes, Miss Helen and Masters Donald W. and Harry F. Howes are at Annisquam for the month of August.

—Mr. J. McCammon and family of Grasmere street, who are enjoying a two weeks' outing at Beachmont, will return home on Saturday.

—Mrs. E. N. Soule of Fayette street left yesterday for Rindge, N. H., where she will be a guest at the Todd Hill house.

—Miss Maud Bush is at present in Chicago the guest of her cousin.

—Miss Bertha M. Bush of Elmwood street has returned from a visit with relatives in North Brookfield and New Braintree.

—Mr. John Crowdie of Hubbard's is enjoying an outing of two weeks.

—Mr. Charles Irving has returned from a two weeks vacation trip.

—Sergeant Purcell of division 2 is on duty again after an enjoyable vacation.

—Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Farquhar, Mrs. T. H. Tyler Jr., and Master Samuel Tyler arrived at the Arlington, Bethlehem, N. H., on Monday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Travis are at the Intervale House, N. H.

—Mr. F. H. Nichols is at the Wayland Inn for a few weeks.

—Mr. H. E. Bothfeld began his mountain climbing on Monday, ascending Mt. Washington from Jefferson Highlands. In the company were Mr. Frank H. Burt, Theodore Bothfeld and Allen and Philip Burt.

—Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Meacham are at Wentworth Hall, Jackson, N. H.

—Mrs. George D. Byfield of 15 Eldredge street is the guest of her parents at Atlantic City, N. J.

—Mr. W. F. Forbush, who has an office in the Stevens building, has drawn the plans for Mr. A. B. Turner's new house to be built on the Farlow land, Waverley avenue. It is to cost about \$20,000.

—Mr. E. N. Soule is building a \$15,000 house for Mr. Winthrop Brown on Common street, Belmont. Cabot, Everett and Mead are the architects.

—Mr. Walter Mars and family are in Brant Rock on a visit.

—Mrs. Orpha Hammond, aged 100 years, 2 months and 14 days, died at the residence of her son on Parker street, Watertown, Thursday.

—Capt. and Mrs. Crockett of Centre street are at Lynn Beach for two weeks.

—Mr. Joseph J. Murphy of Philadelphia is visiting Mr. James J. Murphy of Cook street.

—Rev. Daniel Greene and family are at Third Cliff, Seaside Beach.

—Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Marshman sail next week from England for home.

—Mr. S. W. Shepardson and family of Maple avenue have returned to their Newton residence.

—Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Holmes of Wesley street have returned after an enjoyable bicycle tour through the White Mountains.

—Mr. J. Howard Nichols and family of Sargent street are at the Isle of Shoals.

—Miss Grace Nichols is at Kittery Point, Me.

—Col. and Mrs. Willard D. Tripp of Boyd street are at Bar Harbor.

—Mr. Chester Dangleford was registered at the Cliff, Seaside Beach, last week.

—Aban, Trowbridge & Co. have rented No. 44 Jefferson street, to Mr. Harry K. Reid of Newton; also No. 13 Richardson street, to Miss Lucy W. Whipple of Cambridge.

—Miss Dora Bridgman of Church street is spending a two weeks' vacation at Amherst, Mass.

—Mr. Harry Sparks Johnson of Brighton Hill left Wednesday night for a ten days' stay at Boothbay, Me.

—Mrs. E. O. Childs and Miss Mary Childs of Richardson street are spending a few weeks at Harwichport.

—Mr. Edward L. Bacon of Bacon street is away on his annual vacation.

—Mrs. George Lane and Miss Laura Lane of Bacon street have returned from a two weeks' stay at Newport, Vt.

—Mr. Eugene Brown of Hudson's drug store has returned from a vacation spent at Horse Neck Beach.

—Mr. and Mrs. D. J. McNichol of Oakland street return soon from a two weeks' trip along the coast of Maine and New Brunswick.

—Miss Vera Howard of Vernon street returns next week from a three weeks' stay at Five Islands, Me.

—New concrete sidewalks are being laid this week on Centre street, between Mt. Ida street and Bennington street.

—Miss Alice Wright of Jefferson street returned Tuesday from a six weeks' visit with her grandfather at Duxbury, Mass.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Barber of Newtonville avenue return next Monday from a two weeks' stay at North Bridgton, Me.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Bigelow of Centre street are spending a few weeks at the Deer Park Hotel, North Woodstock, N. H.

—Miss Julia Blake of Jefferson street returned last Friday from a several months' absence from the city.

—An automobile tow of a local oval team was one of the sights that drew a crowd on Tuesday. The auto had slipped a cog or broke a chain or something, and the coal team happened along and rescued the stranded motor. Evidently there are things about an automobile that are as bad as a balky horse, and one can not have the satisfaction of whipping the horse either.

—Conductor William Doty of the Bemis branch of the Newton street railway suffered a painful accident while at work on his car at 1030 Monday evening. Doty was standing on the rear end of the car and was looking at the trolley when the small wheel at the top of the trolley fell striking him squarely on the head and inflicting a severe scalp wound. The accident occurred on Washington street near Adams and the injured man was removed to Hudson's drug store, where he was attended by Dr. A. Stanton Hudson.

—Newton is represented by quite a large party at Gray's Inn, Jackson, N. H. Mr. F. J. Witherell, Mr. F. J. Witherell, Miss Elsie Witherell, Miss Marjorie Witherell, Mr. Lawrence Witherell of Newtonville, Mr. B. W. Hackett, Mrs. B. W. Hackett, Mr. Leon A. Hackett of Auburndale, Mr. A. C. Thomas, Mr. A. Dana Thomas, Mr.

Rogers Thomas of West Newton, Mrs. George Field of Newton Centre, Miss Helen Field.

—Mrs. Charles Howard of Vernon street is expected next week from a three weeks' stay at Five Islands.

—Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Rich of Emerson street spent last week at the Cottage Park House, Winthrop.

—Mr. Edward M. Ransom of Newtonville avenue was at Tashmoo Inn, Vineyard Haven, last week.

—Mr. J. D. Sanderson, trustee, has recently sold his house and lot at and containing 2833 feet of land on Watertown street to Miss Ida M. Cushman.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Estabrooks of Boyd street were registered last week at the Cottage Park House, Winthrop.

—Miss Florence Evans was the guest last week of Col. and Mrs. A. M. Ferris at their summer home at Woods Hole.

—Mr. R. C. Hatch of Waverley avenue spent last week at the Cotochesett House, Osterville.

—Mrs. A. N. Wright and Miss Martha B. Wright are spending several weeks at Nahant.

—Mr. Charles Whittemore of Summit street was at Tashmoo Inn, Vineyard Haven, last week.

—Mrs. L. B. Hall of Franklin street is spending several weeks at the Grand View House, Annisquam.

—Mr. W. H. S. Pearce of Newtonville avenue was registered at the Overlook, Annisquam, last week.

—At the weekly shoot at the Walnut Hill range last Saturday the medal of honor match was won by Mr. Harold Hutchinson of Billings Park, with scores of 88, 87, 86 and 85.

—He also won in the off-hand practice match, Columbia target, making score of 64.

—Miss Hattie Briggs of Washington street left last Saturday for a several weeks' stay with friends at West Dennis.

—Mr. E. F. Barnes of Channing street is expected home soon from a two weeks' vacation spent at Tracelle Beach, Prince Edward Island.

—Mr. and Mrs. Moses L. Emerson visited the summit of Mt. Washington, Wednesday.

—Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Emery and Miss Emery of Waverley avenue are at Sullivan, Me.

—Rev. W. L. Lockwood of Boston will lead the prayer meeting at the Methodist church to-night. Miss Clara Cushman, formerly missionary to China, and now residing on Richardson street, will lead next week.

—Mrs. W. S. Hayden and daughter, Miss Grace Hayden, have returned from a four weeks' visit in New Bedford.

—Mrs. G. B. Paine and daughter, Miss Gertrude N. Paine of Channing street, have returned from a two weeks' stay at Kennebunk Beach, Me., and are at Winthrop, where they will remain the rest of the month.

—Miss Katherine K. Wood, assistant at the public library, is away on her annual two weeks' vacation.

—Mr. Charles Bowers of Pembroke street has returned from a several weeks' vacation.

—Miss Lottie Mason and Miss Edith Mason of Jefferson street have returned from a two weeks' stay at Kennebunk Beach, Me.

—Mr. F. C. Partridge and Mr. Albert Partridge of Pembroke street left Wednesday for a vacation stay at the Breezy Point House, Mt. Moosilauke, N. H.

—H. G. Chesley has sold his block of seven stores, with 9000 feet of land, on Nonantum square, to A. E. Merrill. W. B. Blakemore was the broker. Chesley has bought a tract of land in Rosindale, which he will develop.

—Now that the stay-at-homes find recreation in an occasional trolley car trip, any new route is always of interest. One of the most popular and that furnishes a complete tourist's enjoyment is the trip from Newton to Boston, to Forest Hills, to Westwood and Medford. The cost of the round trip is only 46 cents.

—The services at the Eliot church last Sunday morning and evening were conducted by Prof. Alexander Merriam of West street. Sunday the services will be in charge of Dr. Elijah Horr of Brookline.

—Mr. and Mrs. Francis E. Stanley, Miss Blanche Stanley and Master Raymond Stanley of Centre street have returned from a summer's stay in Europe. Mr. Stanley created quite a sensation with his automobile, which is lighter and more graceful than the foreign carriages, besides being more easily managed.

—President A. K. DeBlos, Ph. D., of Shurtleff College, Illinois, preached both morning and evening at the union services of the Baptist and Methodist churches in the Baptist church, last Sunday. Next Sunday the services will be in charge of President George E. Merrill, D. D., of Colgate University.

—An excellent suggestion is offered by a correspondent, which it is to be hoped will be acted upon favorably by Street Commissioner Ross. It is desired that there should be a sign at the southern corner of the junction of Centre and Washington streets, which would point out to the uninitiated the road to Boston via Brighton, and that thoroughfare which leads to the Hub through Cambridge and Mt. Auburn.

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AUBURNDALE.

—Mr. A. T. S. Clay is at the Bixbee cottage, Clifton, for a few weeks.

—Prof. and Mrs. J. Walter Davis are at the "Grand," Mt. Vernon, N. H.

—Miss M. C. White is one of the August guests at Storey's tavern, Weirs, N. H.

—Miss May C. Buchanan is at the Ocean House, Swampscott, for the month of August.

—Mrs. J. L. Baldwin is passing the month of August at Hotel Menaubaut, Falmouth.

—Mrs. F. J. Ballard and Miss Mabel Ballard are at the Cliff, Seaside, for the month of August.

—Mr. Hicks of Sutton is the guest of his nephew, Mr. F. B. Bates, Commonwealth avenue.

—Mr. Albert Moore and family are the guests of his mother at her home corner of Melrose street and Commonwealth avenue.

—Mr. V. A. Pluta and daughter have returned after a short stay at Weirs, N. H.

—Mrs. Joshua Long of Sharon avenue is reported as convalescing after her recent illness.

—Mrs. Kipp of New York is the guest of her son on Higgins avenue.

—Mr. Garrett Schenck and family of South avenue, Weston, have returned after several weeks absence.

—Mr. Francis Blake and family of Weston leave this week for a month's stay at hotel Amersand, Saranac Lake.

—Mrs. G. Fred Pond of Auburndale avenue has returned after a short stay in Wayland.

—Mr. T. W. Dale of Melrose street has returned after a pleasant season at Magnolia.

—Dr. C. P. Hutchinson of Central street entertained friends this week from South Framingham.

—Mrs. Charles L. Wilcomb, who was seriously ill at her home on Melrose street, is reported as convalescing.

—Miss Lillian Young of Minneapolis is the guest of her cousin, Mr. E. E. Young of Lexington street.

—Miss Kate Marion Chapin of Vista avenue has returned after several weeks' stay at Harpswell, Me.

—Mrs. Mary Butler of Auburn street accompanied by a party of friends left this week for Horse Island Harbor, Me., where they will occupy the Seaverns Cottage during the remainder of the season.

—Miss Annie Campbell of Lexington street is the guest of her sister at Cambridge.

—Mr. W. F. Fowler, who was seriously ill, is reported as convalescing.

"FOR GOOD ROADS."

EXTRACT FROM THE BOSTON GLOBE SYMPOSIUM ON "TWENTY YEARS OF THE BICYCLE, WHAT HAS THE WHEEL DONE?" ANSWERED BY MR. ABBOTT BASSETT.

Among the contributors to the Boston Globe symposium of last Sunday was Mr. Abbott Bassett, secretary of the L. A. W., who is a well known resident of Newtonville. Mr. Bassett in his article says:

"We must give the wheel credit for about all that has been done in the cause of improved highways. The bicycle is no longer a 'fad,' to be ridiculed and abused. It is a factor in the development of the modern civilization. It ought not to be necessary to say that rapid and easy transit on land is absolutely impossible without good roads.

The first step toward a decided improvement in the construction of roads is to develop a proper sense of their badness. The bicycle made its first appearance in America at the time of the civil war, and it found the roads of the country in a shocking condition. Drivers of horses are not close observers of the highway, and they were not awake to the need for improvement. Wheelmen are close and frequent observers of the roads. In their excursions they obtain a personal and often an excruciating sense of the imperfections of the roadways. They feel the jolt from every hole, they have to tug hard at it over every sandy section, and every muddy spot is a muscle strainer. They see a bad road, as it were, with a magnifying glass, and their anatomy pays for it. Wheelmen used to have no regard whatever for the opinion of a road given by a non-rider. Men could know nothing of a road till they got upon a wheel and felt it.

The wagoner and ordinary driver were quite accustomed to bad roads; they knew no way to make them better, and they were content in their ignorance to suffer in silence. They took the route as the wheelmen as they found them, and thought no more about it.

Now comes forward the wheel. It was patronized by a progressive, thinking and enthusiastic class of young men. They were not content to suffer in silence. They had their ideals of a perfect roadway, and they began to preach the gospel of good roads. They translated the League of American Wheelmen, and began to work for the creation of a healthy public opinion in favor of better roadways. They were persistently aggressive. They knew how to agitate, to petition and to memorialize. To lethargic or ill-informed road commissioners they supplied needed information—plans and specifications for desired improvements. They needed the country with literature upon the good roads question. They sent lecturers out to talk upon the subject. They went to legislatures and asked for highway laws. They went to congress and petitioned for a road inquiry bureau to the agricultural department. The wheelmen were called cranks at first, but they kept pounding away, and they would not be deterred.

And now, after many years of agitation, we see better roads all over the country. The work is by no means completed. It is no more than entered upon. The agitation must be kept up and it must continue to be kept up. Everybody rides a wheel, or wishes to do so. The taxpayer rides with the rest. He is an ally not to be despised. He demands that a portion of the taxes that he pays shall be spent on the road which he uses now as he never used it before. The wheelman was the pioneer in the movement for good roads and he is still its most earnest advocate. In his organized capacity he is still educating the public and he is pointing to the object lessons which the good roads of Massachusetts, of New Jersey, of New York and Pennsylvania present.

And now comes another claimant for good roads. Without these the automobile would loiter on the threshold. All that science and invention has done to give us the automobile, cannot be compared in importance with what the improved highways have done to make the new machine a practical vehicle. The automobile cannot exist in sections where the wheel sinks half way to the hub in mud.

The wheelman has not been altogether selfish. He demanded good roads for himself, but he knew full well that the farmer and the wagoner would be benefited. He had their opposition, but he persisted in his crusade. And today the farmer and the wagoner stand shoulder to shoulder with the wheelman in his work.

The wheel has done much for humanity in the way of recreation and in the promotion of health, but its proudest record is what it has accomplished in the road movement. A city's attractiveness, its availability as a place for manufacturing and commerce and its prosperity generally depend to a large extent on the condition of its avenues of communication.

What is true regarding the city can be asserted with more force in speaking of the farming section. Good roads bring the farmer's market almost to his door.

The wheel has been a benefactor to the merchants, to the manufacturer and to the farmer in its success in work for better roads.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed, you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

WATER SUPPLY NOT RESPONSIBLE.

DEATHS AMONG CHILDREN THROUGHOUT THE CITY BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY CLIMATIC CONDITIONS.

There have been a large number of deaths among children in various parts of the city since July 1st, and while there is not the slightest cause for alarm, the matter has occasioned much interest. Cholera infantum and dysentery have been the principal causes of death and many physicians have had a long list of such cases under treatment. Although some people have hinted the water supply might in a measure be responsible for this unusual number of deaths, such is not the case. According to the report of an analysis made July 17, by the state board of health, the quality was perfectly satisfactory. Although the protracted dry season made it necessary to guard against any waste of the city's water, there was no trouble in that direction. Both the officials of the water and health departments say they are convinced that the fatal illness among children is not due to the water supply, and suggest that the climatic conditions are more directly responsible.

The soothing and healing properties of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, its pleasant taste and prompt and permanent cures, have made it a great favorite with the people everywhere. For sale by A. Hudson, Newton; E. F. Partridge, Newtonville; B. Billings, Newton Highlands; J. H. Green, Newton Highlands.

SURE SIGN OF DEATH.

NO DANGER OF BURIAL ALIVE WHEN IT SHOWS ITSELF.

Although It Is Possible In Some Cases to Mistake the Living For the Dead, There Is Little Chance of Mistaking the Dead For the Living.

Two recent cases of lethargic sleep in Paris, both of which narrowly and by a mere accident escaped premature burial, have induced the Parisian Medical college to repeat the offer made some years ago of a prize of considerable value to any one who will discover an unmistakable test of death, which is evident and practicable to the most inexperienced person.

Medical men doubt if this prize will ever be awarded, for they say, with reason, that it is with death as with disease—one cannot come to a decision with any certainty without a complete examination of the whole organism.

Except the abdominal discoloration, the appearance of which in winter is frequently much retarded, there is nothing in the actual state of death which is not closely simulated in the state of certain cases of lethargic sleep.

Without appreciable cause the body becomes cold, the pulsations of the heart imperceptible, the respiratory organs cease to inflate the throat, the face is pale and the pupil of the eye fixed, as in actual death.

This being the case, many nervous persons are unnecessarily tormented by the fear of being buried alive.

No doubt some terrible mistakes have been made, most frequently in countries where the law obliges the speedy burial of the dead, as in Italy, when the body is consigned to the grave 24 hours after death and before certain signs have had full time to manifest themselves.

Unquestionably danger lies in the immediate embalmment, which would at once destroy any latent sparks of life. For this reason the French Medical college desires some infallible test which can be put into practice immediately on the appearance of death. Regarding this a prominent physician says:

"With the present advanced knowledge of the diseases of the nervous system, a mistake should be impossible, and it may be as positively asserted that sufficiently evident signs do exist, and with proper precaution no one need fear that he may one day find himself alive in a coffin.

"One of the first signs of dissolution is the cessation of the cardiac pulsation, and it has been established that when the central organ has ceased to operate for 20 minutes at the most life is extinct.

"It is well to know that without entirely ceasing the heart beat can be so excessively weak that it cannot be detected by the ear.

"Circulation is suspended the instant the heart's action is stilled, and any one can ascertain this fact by a very simple experiment.

"If on a living person's finger we tightly tie a piece of string between the last joint and the joint of articulation, the upper joint becomes rapidly violet, but this is not the case with the dead, for the whole finger retains its livid color.

"There are three other phenomena which occur speedily after death—viz. dilation of the pupil, the glassy appearance of the eye and the softening of the eyeball.

"The dilation of the pupil is a difficult observation for persons unaccustomed to such an examination. Furthermore, it is transient, and the very fact of opening the eye to make the observation may obliterate the dilation.

"No one, however, who has ever watched the light of life fade and disappear forever from the eyes of some loved one can fail to understand the terrible significance of this last phenomenon.

"It is a general rule that after death the body becomes cold, but to this there are certain exceptions, for in tetanus (lockjaw), cholera and typhus the temperature may rise many degrees during the first few hours that follow death.

"Be that as it may, if the central heat does not rise above 20 degrees it is certain that life is extinct.

"The rigidity of the body produced by the congelation of the contents of the muscular fiber, commencing in the jaw and neck and pervading the whole body in variable order, presumes death.

"As every one knows, in the case of hunted animals rigidity appears quickly. The same detail has frequently been observed in the field of battle, when the bodies of soldiers who have been killed in the heat of the fight retain the exact position they had during the combat, the face expressing enthusiasm or terror.

"A singular case is cited during the Franco-Prussian war in 1870. An unfortunate guard mobile was decapitated by a cannon ball while he was drinking from his canteen.

"Some hours afterward, when the surgeons were going over the field of battle, they found the body in precisely the same position, the hand holding the panikin to the height of the absent mouth.

"Equally strange was the sight of the headless body of Major Nolan—whose enigmatic and impatient message caused the immortal charge of the Light brigade at Balaklava—riding erect in his saddle, with his sword stretched aloft, for 30 or 40 yards.

"I hardly think it necessary to comment on the tests which consist of placing a mirror before the mouth of the dead nor of the firing by red-hot iron. The one infallible and unmistakable sign is the blue green tint which shows itself generally on the right side of the abdomen, and when this comes we may safely lay our dead ones to rest in the full conviction that they are sleeping their last sleep, for, although it is possible in some cases to mistake the living for the dead, there is but little chance of mistaking the dead for the living."

Live In Midair.

The monks of the monastery of St. Basilian, Meteora, Greece, are the most remarkable workers in midair in the world. The monastery is perched on a precipitous rock rising 250 feet in the air. The walls of the rock run sheer down to the ground, and their only communication with mother earth is by a rope, which is hauled up and down whenever necessary.

If a man was hurt every time he is started, he would never live to reach the three score and ten limit.—Aurora News.

A man is never quite prepared and ready to be awakened by an alarm clock.—New Orleans Pheasant.

CUT THE BEJEWELED FINGER.

Whereupon the "Corpse" Sat Upright In the Coffin.

John Tapscott of Dallas county, Tex., tells the following story of the death of a woman who was a cousin of his mother, then living in Iffracomb, England, which occurred many years ago. Mr. Tapscott said: "When the lady in question was buried, there was upon her finger a valuable diamond ring. The sexton who officiated at her funeral was aware of this fact, and it excited his cupidity. He reasoned that he was poor, the lady was dead and the valuable jewel could be of no possible use to her down in the cold, dark tomb, but could he possess it the cash it would bring would buy many comforts for his wife and little ones. He resolved to disinter the body and steal the ring.

"About the hour of midnight following the burial he stealthily exhumed the lady, opened her coffin by the pale glimmer of the waning moon, and, lifting the white, dainty hand, attempted to take off the beautiful ring. It fitted so tight, however, that he could not remove it, and desiring to get through with his greswome task as quickly as possible, he took out his pocket knife, intending to amputate the finger which refused to give up its jewel.

"No sooner had he made an incision than the supposed dead woman suddenly sat bolt upright in her coffin. The startled sexton, frightened almost to death, fled with the speed of a cannon ball toward the door.

"You see, the woman was in a catatonic state and supposed to be dead. The moment the sexton's knife entered the flesh her nervous system responded with the rapidity of telegraphy, the circulation started up, and she began to breathe. The cool night air revived her enough for her to get out of the coffin and walk to her home a mile or more away. Ringing the doorbell, her husband looked down from a second story window and was startled at seeing a ghostly, white robed figure standing on the porch below. He was too frightened to come down, but after repeatedly ringing the doorbell the door was opened by the servants. After the consternation of the moment was over a most happy reunion took place between the woman and her household. The poor sexton was not only not prosecuted for grave robbing, but the grateful woman presented him with the coveted ring, while her husband gave him a large sum of money. His greedy desire for the ring had been the means of her rescue. She lived several years and bore several children before she died in fact."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

WHY YOUNG MEN HURRY.

The Struggle to Make a Fortune Before They Reach Thirty.

No reader can escape the general impression of intense, feverish, concentrated effort on the part of Chicago's young men. No observer can fail to notice the mad rush for money on the part of every youth—that youth which is at once maturity and childhood, which is at once experience and wisdom. It is the ever present, the never ceasing, the haste compelling condition of the town. Young men of 25 leap into business, fight furiously and unceasingly every moment of the day—on the street, at luncheon, in greeting acquaintances, as in the office or market. They force into play every nerve and faculty; they bring every attribute of their being to bear in swift assembling, sudden investing of fortune from the gods; they run; they hurry; they have no time to speak whole sentences; they know before you finish what you would say and weed your weapon of defense by answers like revelations, but, above all, they rush!

Well, they must! They have but ten years in which to conquer the world. From 20 to 30 is their limit. If they are not firmly established at the latter age, they become useless and join the great army of incompetents who know more, but do less, than they are successful at 30, they will retain fortune to the end.

There are exceptions to this rule, but they are true. Some men essay the fortress of fortune when their hair is gray and their hands unsteady and achieve it. Some "come back" at 50, after failing repeatedly until that time, but the man of 20 without estimate must calculate the heavy chances are against him. It will be like a miracle if he ever acquires. Now, it is a fearful thing to look from under gray hairs at defeat. It is the saddest thing in the world. No wonder the young men hurry. They must.—Chicago Post.

Ivy Prevents Dampness.

There is a current opinion that ivy has a tendency to rot the thing to which it clings. This is true of a large number of other climbing plants, but not of ivy, for it renders the walls of almost every house to which it clings entirely free from damp, extracting every particle of moisture from wood, brick, or stone for its own sustenance. This it does by means of its tiny roots, which can work their way even into the hardest stone. When the walls are well covered with ivy, the overlapping leaves will conduct water falling upon them from point to point until the ground is reached, without allowing the walls to receive any moisture whatever from the beating rain. If there should be an exceptional case of ivy covered walls showing signs of dampness, that will be found to arise from their having been erected on a wet and improperly drained site.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Smuggled.

Chappie had just returned from a visit to England.

"Now, my dear boy," said his friend who met him on the pier, "keep your mouth shut. Don't say a word to the custom house people."

"Fawcay, how!" said Chappie. "And why, me dear fellow?"

"Because they'll make you pay duty on that new English accent of yours."

"Quite so," said Chappie.

And he smuggled it in.—Harper's Bazar.

Went Papa One Better.

"I love you very much, papa," said 5-year-old Willie, as he crawled up on his father's knee.

"And I love you, too, Willie, when you are good," replied the father.

"But, papa," continued the little fellow, not to be outdone, "I love you just the same, even when you ain't no good."—Chicago News.

No Case on Record.

"Brooks," asked Rivers, "do you know what will cure a wart?"

"I never heard of a wart being sick," said Brooks, without looking up from his writing.—Chicago Record.



Use as much of the fine, pure lather of Ivory Soap as you please, the more the better, and greater the pleasure. There's nothing in Ivory Soap to injure the most delicate skin. It improves the complexion by cleansing the pores of all impurities.

IT FLOATS.

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A PRONUNCIAMENTO

ISSUED BY THE ANTI-IMPERIALIST LEAGUE—BELIEVES MCKINLEY CAN STOP THE WAR.

The anti-imperialist league at a meeting in Boston Tuesday voted to issue a pronouncement, which was given out through its president, George S. Boutwell. The document asserts that the anti-imperialist movement has made progress in the past five months, and declares that: "This league is now carrying on the contest, and it will continue to carry on the contest upon the idea and in the belief that the president of the United States especially, is responsible for the war, and that President McKinley at any moment, or the United States, acting through him or through a successor, can bring the war to an end. It is our purpose to aid in bringing the war to an end, and, in advance, we reject any and every scheme of compromise.

"Our information and experience justify the opinion that the body of anti-imperialists the country over will disregard the claims of domestic questions, subordinating them one and all to the single purpose of comprehensive public policy—the purpose of bringing the army of the United States out of the Philippine islands with the least possible delay, and without delay to recognize in the inhabitants of the Philippines the right of self government agreeable to the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and as a pledge of the permanent policy of the United States."

A Mother Tells How She Saved Her Little Daughter's Life.

I am the mother of eight children and have had a great deal of experience with medicines. Last summer my little daughter had the dysentery in its worst form. I thought she would die. I tried everything I could think of, but nothing seemed to do her any good. I saw by an advertisement in our paper that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was highly recommended. I sent for a bottle at once. It proved to be one of the very best medicines we ever had in the house. It saved my little daughter's life. I am anxious for every mother to know what an excellent medicine it is. I will know it at first it would have saved me a great deal of anxiety and my little daughter much suffering.—Yours truly, Mrs. Geo. F. Boutwell, Liberty, N. Y.

Sold by A. Hudson, Newton; E. F. Partridge, Newtonville; B. Billings, Newton Highlands; J. H. Green, Newton Highlands.

Grubs Destroying Lawns.

To the Editor of the GRAPHIC:

The people of Newton are wondering why their lawns are increasing in brownness, with no apparent life to the grass. Some attempt to revive the grass, by a free use of the hose, others add loam and dressing, but as a rule, such efforts are but a waste of time and money; the real trouble arises from the activity of what is called the white grub. If the sod is turned over, the grub will be visible to the eye without the aid of a magnifying glass; as he is about 1 1/4 inches long, about 3-16 inch diameter, and may be found as numerous as one grub to each square inch of surface. This grub eats the roots of the grass to such an extent, that the sods can be rolled up as easily as a heavy rug can be.

The sod thus exposed, is frequently very rich in itself, showing very plainly that no dressing or water is required for the benefit of the grass. A few active chickens, confined in a bottomless, movable coop, would be found very valuable in the task of collecting and disposing of the grubs.

The writer has inquired of the state board of agriculture also at Horticultural building, but was informed there was no known remedy better than hand or chicken picking. It is understood that the chickens are not rendered unfit for the table, from their assistance in the work of destruction.

Possibly some of your readers may be able to offer valuable information or suggestions in the matter. The grubs must have a previous form or condition, and they must change from grubs to some other form. Can they not be more readily destroyed at some other period of their growth? Any suggestions that can be offered will be appreciated by at least one "SUFFERER."

During the civil war, as well as in our late war with Spain, diarrhoea was one of the most troublesome diseases the army had to contend with. In many instances it became chronic, and the old soldiers still suffer from it. Mr. David Taylor of Wind Ridge, Greene Co., Pa., is one of these. He uses Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and says he never found anything that would give him such quick relief. It is for sale at A. Hudson, Newton; E. F. Partridge, Newtonville; B. Billings, Newton Highlands; J. H. Green, Newton Highlands.

"How did the family come out in the matter of settling the estate?" was asked of one of the brothers.

"Might have been worse, but we finally succeeded in effecting a compromise with our lawyer by which he agreed to let us have half."

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E. N. SOULIS & CO., CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS.

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THE NEWTON GRAPHIC

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NOTICES

of all local entertainments to which admission fee is charged must be paid for at regular rates, 25 cents per line in the reading matter, or \$1 per inch in advertising columns.

REDUCED EIGHTY CENTS.

The reduction of 80 cents in the tax-rate is a gratifying announcement to the taxpayers of Newton, as every one likes to have his tax bills as small as possible. The assessors give a total of taxable property in Newton of about fifty-six and a half millions, an increase over last year of \$1,092,020. Any increase at all is gratifying, as during the past year the city has lost property by the seizure of land by the Metropolitan Park Commission, and the assessors have felt obliged to reduce the valuation of the older buildings in Ward One, which have been overvalued for years. The valuation of buildings presents a problem to the assessors as the value of residential property decreases year by year, and in time reaches the vanishing point. This is where our single tax friends have a solid argument for their theory.

The total revenue produced by the rate of \$15.40, on the fifty-six millions of taxable property would amount to \$857,301.26, and as the city has received \$60,000 from the sale of the poor farm, it will be of interest to see what difference this amount would make in the tax-rate. Figuring on the basis that the income from the tax-rate is the total of the city's income, the \$90,000 would have made a reduction of \$1.40 in the rate, and it is probably safe to say that it has made a difference of at least a dollar in the rate. The reduction announced is only 80 cents.

Possibly the expense of the new almshouse, some \$28,000, has been figured in this year's expenses, so that the reduction from the sale of the farm is only half the sum stated above, or a little less than the eighty cents.

As the poor farm was bringing in no income to speak of, it was good policy to get rid of it, especially as the farm is to be developed and will be brought into the list of taxable property and produce a revenue. Still it is something like living on one's principal, to put the money from the sale into the treasury and use it for current expenses.

Some claim, also, that the reduction has been brought about by cutting down the usual and necessary work in the departments, reducing the necessary supplies to the lowest possible limit, and in other ways pinching the departments, so that there will have to be unusually large expenses next year. As only about half the usual number of men have been employed by the city this year, there is evidently some truth in this, but nevertheless most people will welcome any signs of economy, as for a number of years all the great improvements that have been carried through have called for large expenditures, and the debt has increased faster than was desirable. Still it is to be hoped that this economy will not be of a nature that will have to be paid for at a too high price another year.

THE NEXT SPEAKER.

The Haverhill Gazette has reached a rather dangerous state of excitement, for dogday weather, over the question of the next speaker and Representative Myers candidacy. What especially excites it in general is that Mr. Myers has at times in the past had the courage to think for himself on questions of public policy, and to follow the dictates of his conscience. That is very wrong in a man who aspires to a high office, according to the Gazette, and what it especially dislikes in Mr. Myers is that his name appears in large type among the list of officers of the Massachusetts Reform Club. It plaintively asks, do the Republicans of the state want a man in office who cannot be depended on to favor his own party at all times and at all places. Judging by the history of the party in this state that is just the kind of man they do want and they have elected such men in numberless instances, men whom the people trusted because they believed that they had a higher rule of action than mere party fealty, and because they could be depended on to follow the right even if it was opposed to the wishes of the party bosses.

Mr. Myers has good impulses, but we do not think he has been so bad a party man as the Gazette makes out, and he has very seldom stepped over the traces. But the Gazette has a candidate of its own in Mr. Charles B. Saunders of Boston, and claims that he is such a loyal party man that he never has even listened to a speech from a member of the Massachusetts Reform Club. Another recommendation is, according to the Gazette, that it is time new faces were brought to the front, as the old ones are neither useful nor ornamental. That is certainly a little rough on Mr. Myers, and it may lead the large number who never even heard of Mr. Saunders, to favor his candidacy, as a speaker of the house certainly ought to be decorative whatever else he is or is not. We have spent millions for the en-

largement and renovation of the State House, and to get a speaker who did not harmonize with the other decorations would indicate that the people of the state had no artistic cultivation at all.

The rest of the argument about turning all the old officials out and putting new men in is a very effective one, of course, as it appeals to the great mass of voters. But the trouble is that with such an appeal it is difficult to secure more than one vote for any candidate. The usual way is to enlarge upon the gravity of the crisis, and the presentation of a candidate as the only one who can save the country. To put it down simply as a case of decorative spoils, so to speak, may be more honest but it is hardly as effective.

What is really important, is to find out what influences, and what men are behind a candidate. In the case of Mr. Saunders, he is not widely known, and the people will ask who is putting him forward. Is it the Whitney crowd or the other corporations that have had so much influence in our legislatures of recent years. What evolution in Boston politics has brought him to the top? Is he a patriot or simply a good party man? Will he be on the side of the people and protect their rights or will he be on the side of the corporations? There are grave questions coming before the next legislature and the speaker has great influence and he should be so well known that the people can decide whether they can depend on him, before he is considered as a candidate. Mr. Myers has been in public life long enough to make a reputation and to enable the voters to form a very fair idea of what he will be likely to do, and for that reason it would be safer to trust him than any unknown man who was put forward simply because he had always been loyal to his party. His party, or the majority of it in the legislature, has favored some very shady schemes in the past, and will probably do the same again, and the speaker ought to be enough of a man to stand against such influences. It has been said that the big corporations have a good deal to do in selecting our legislative officers, especially the railroads, and a good many people would like to know where Mr. Saunders stands on the question of the Boston & Albany lease, to cite one single question that is likely to come up next year.

The gypsy moth committee had a meeting on Tuesday, and reports were made on the progress of the work. It was reported that a new colony had been found in Newton, and soon we may expect to see all our trees ornamented with strips of burlap, as somehow when the moths appear in a place they never leave it, although their depredations may be kept down. At the meeting Prof. Kirkland said that the presence of the moth in Georgetown, where a new colony was found recently, is easily accounted for by the movements of a man from a badly infested district near Boston to a house which stood close to where the new colony broke out. The trees in the vicinity were not valuable and have been cut down. The treatment of the case has been thorough, and it is believed that the entire four acres affected will be speedily cleaned up, so that there will be no further trouble. In regard to the San Jose scale, it is said that it is being spread rapidly. At least three infested nurseries are scattering the diseased stock, and it is impossible to stop them, as the last legislature refused to take any action. It is alleged that one of these nurseries, by the active effort of its head, is responsible for the defeat of the bill, which was introduced last winter to prevent the spread of the scourge. The prediction is that the scale will be allowed to spread without check until the people see their mistake and will then wish that they had taken it in hand when it might have been stopped easily. But the gypsy moth handicaps all effort. The great expense of dealing with that prevents the legislature from tackling another pest.

The beef trust claim that the advance in the price of beef is due to the fact that during the Spanish war the farmers and ranchmen sold off their cattle to an unusual extent, so that there is now a shortage in the supply. On the other hand it is said that the beef trust is paying the farmers no more for cattle than it did a year ago, so that it is merely a case of extortion, as is usual when a trust controls any particular article. The people only have to pay the bills.

BROOKLINE has gained nearly five and a half million in personal property, since last year, and in real estate and personal nearly eight millions. It has also gained 300 polls, and the tax rate is to be \$10.50, a reduction of \$1.30 over last year. Evidently the Brookline assessors have earned their wages this time.

THAT automobile party that started from New York for San Francisco gave up the trip in Cleveland, and a very much battered and broken down automobile was the cause of the abrupt termination of the journey. The horse is evidently not yet outgrown, especially when rough roads have to be traversed.

ON receipt of a subsidy of \$10,000 a year the Sultan of the Sulu Islands agrees to regard the President of the United States as his "great and good brother." That will make a great increase to the McKinley family, as the 400 old sultans will be his sisters-in-law!

THE Waltham River Carnival Tuesday night was a brilliant success in every way, and made the spectators think of fairyland. The Newton cars took over an immense crowd from this city and it was midnight before they all got home again.

BOSTON'S tax rate is \$13.10, a decrease of 50 cents from last year. The gain in real and personal property is \$53,708,702, of which \$17,109,302 is on personal property. The total valuation of the city is \$1,089,808,120, which shows that Boston is quite a city.

"I guess I'll go to Washington," said Meandering Mike. "What for?" "Oh, jes' to show myself an' make things cheerful. I reckon mebbe the folks that examine applications for employment in the census would be kind o' happy to see somebody who wouldn't have work even if he could get it."—Washington Star.

BOSTON AMUSEMENTS.

TREMONT THEATRE—The personation of the heroine, Anney, commended in "Way Down East," given by Miss Phoebe Davies, is almost a revelation. When Miss Davies stepped upon the scene in a simple black gown and seemed to be shyly trying to avoid occupying the center of the stage, the first night audience contemplated her curiously. But she displayed such true adherence to noble methods in depicting the character of a wronged and sorrowful woman, and emphasized it with such a remarkable expression of pathos, that the curious soon discovered that they were beholding a really wonderful piece of acting. "Way Down East" is essentially a woman's play, for it compels the homage of tears, while it is not lacking in sunshine. One of our most eminent critics, himself a dramatic critic, has expressed the opinion that "Way Down East" is a better play than "The Old Homestead," and quite as good as "Shore Acres." It was an enormous success from a popular standpoint. The critics commended it as a wholesome, sympathetic play with a strongly emphasized moral. "Way Down East" begins the season at the Tremont Theatre, Aug. 25, with the same cast as last year.

Norumbega Park.

Norumbega Park is rather attaching medals to itself for having secured nine of the sixteen prizes that were awarded in the Charles river fete at Waltham last Tuesday night. As an indication of the fact that the attendance is always on the increase, it is recorded by the turnstiles that up to 12 o'clock noon last Wednesday there had been the largest number of people present, with the exception of holidays, ever known in the history of the Park. Numerous persons, however, are of the opinion that the Park continues as attractive as ever. In the rustic theatre for the week commencing Monday, Aug. 21st, the attraction to be seen every afternoon and evening is a clever aggregation of vaudeville stars known as the "Cosmopolitans." A special feature will be Master Henry Donlan, the boy choir soloist, who, in his surplice and with the moonlight effect which is arranged for this performance, will create a genuine sensation. Among the others are the eccentric music duo, Carrie M. Deveau and Wells G. Deveau; the Vernons, the European ventriloquists and their family of talking blockheads; the Carbons, presenting their refined and original novelty, the "Texas Girl and the Circus Men," which consists of comedy, music, dancing and astonishing acrobatic feats.

Miscellaneous.

Life's evening will take its character from the day that preceded it.—Philadelphia Record.

It's bad policy for a professional balloonist to drink. Some day he may take a drop too much.—Philadelphia Record.

Hoax: "There is a person who is always giving advice to people; yet nobody is affronted." Hoax: "What is he?" Hoax: "A waiter."

Whenever a mosquito wishes to introduce a bill he always carries his point.

Gen. Alger is enjoying himself in the country, and has already got so he can look at cow in the face without getting red.—Philadelphia Times.

Thirsty Lady: "Is there any water aboard?" Captain (excursion boat): "Only four feet, min; but please don't tell anybody."—New York Weekly.

Grubs: "Perkins seems to be a self-made man." Stubbs: "Well, if you ever saw him when his wife was around you would think he was made to order."—Ohio State Journal.

Mr. Dukane: "Jones indulged in a linguistic diet yesterday." Mr. Gaswell: "What do you mean by that?" Mr. Dukane: "Northside made him eat his words."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

A genius is a person who can make lemonade just sweet enough and just sour enough for everybody in the family.—Emma Carleton.

"I told her we Americans live too fast." "What did she say then?" "She said that, as a rule, we were slow in proposing."—Chicago Record.

"What's the matter with you, Lizzy? Why don't you keep your hat on straight like a lady?" "Larry Morrissey hit me with a brick last night, an' I can't make me hat fit over de swellin'."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Do you know they used to tie people in Scotland for playing golf?" "Are you sure it was not for talking it?"—Indianapolis Journal.

"Was the sleight of hand man's exhibition successful, Mudg?" "I think so, I lent him a counterfeit half-crown, and he gave me back a good one."—Tit-Bits.

"Mrs. Jorkens, I saw you going into Mr. Brash's house today." "Yes, but I have no acquaintance with her at all; I just use her telephone."—Chicago Record.

"She scorned all her wooers so long that now she is doomed to be an old maid for the rest of her life." "Well, that seems like a just sentence for such contempt of court."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"That hammock has a history." "What is it?" "It has been through six seasons at the seaside with the Upjohn family and not one of the girls is married yet."—Chicago Tribune.

"I had a few lines from Maude this morning," she said, "but I don't believe a word she says." "Discounting her note," he suggested, "you women take very readily to business ideas."—Chicago Evening Post.

"Don't talk like a fool, Joshua," said Mrs. Harris, "to hear you tell it folks would be thinkin' I asked you to marry me, and goodness knows, I never ran after you for a minute in my life." "Well, I ain't sayin' you run after me, Molinda, I reckon the trap never runs after the mouse neither, but somehow it 'pears to gather him in just the same."—Chicago News.

MARRIED.

EATON-BRAGDON—At Newtonville, August 15, by Rev. H. J. Patrick, James F. Eaton of Maplewood and Sarah Louise Bragdon formerly of West Newton.

HANDLEY-ASHCROFT—At Medford, August 16, by Rev. Dr. Wm. R. Webster, Alfred H. Handley and Mabelle Estelle Priscilla Ashcroft of Medford.

HASKINS-MALL—At Newton, August 15, by Rev. J. F. Porter, John Edward Haskins of Cambridge and Hannah Ellis Hall of Newton.

DAVIS-HARDING—At North Falmouth, Aug. 16, by Rev. Ezra H. Smith, Dudley William Davis of Derby, Vermont and Annie Harding of Newton.

RHODES-PARK—At Waban, Aug. 16, by Rev. William Hall Williams, Gordon Henry Rhodes and Mary Stacy Park.

DIED.

THORNTON—At Newton, August 10, Ellen E. Thornton, 14 yrs. 7 mos. 19 ds.

SMITH—At West Newton, Aug. 11, Mildred F. Smith, 9 yrs. 1 mo.

MORRISSEY—At West Newton, August 13, John L. son of William and Bridget Morrissey, 10 mos.

BURKE—At Newton, Aug. 16, Henry, son of Patrick and Catherine Burke, 8 mos. 12 ds.

HORAN—At Newton Aug. 17, Mary Elizabeth daughter of Thomas and Mary Horan, 4 mos. 10 ds.

P. P. ADAMS & CO.'S

AUGUST

Closing Out Sale.

August is the month that we "Mark-Down" and "Close-out" preparatory for fall business. This always means heavy loss to us and good bargains to the people who can use the goods.

READ CAREFULLY

the following items if you would like to buy goods for less than cost.

CORSETS.

Regular	38c. Summer	Now	19c
"	50c.	"	37c
"	50c. Drab	"	33c
"	\$1.00 Sateen	"	69c
"	\$1.50 Short	"	\$1.00
"	\$1.50 Nursing	"	1.00
Thompson's, Summer			75c
Thompson's Glove Fitting			\$1.00
R. and G. 3 styles			1.00
Royal Worcester 3 styles			1.00
"Armorside" extra heavy			1.00
"Dowager" for stout ladies			2.00
"Watchspring" unbreakable and most pliable corset made			1.25

Silk and Satin Waists.

Regular	4.00 Fancy Silk	Now	\$1.98
"	5.00 Silk and Satin	"	2.98
"	6.00 Black Satin	"	3.98
"	6.00 Cord Stripe Silk	"	3.98
"	6.00 Black Taffeta	"	4.98
"	7.50 Silk Dress Waist	"	4.98

SHIRT WAISTS.

Regular	50c. Percale	Now	25c
"	75c. Lawn and Percale	"	39c
"	\$1.00 Lawn and Percale	"	59c
"	2.00 Fancy Trimmed	"	98c
"	3.00	"	\$1.49

We have now about 1000 Ladies' and Misses' white and Fancy Shirt Waists. They are going very fast because every waist is marked down to about half price.

LADIES' AND MISSES' Summer Dress Skirts.

Ladies'	\$1.00 white P. K.	Now	49c
"	75c Crash	"	39c
Misses'	\$1.50 Fancy P. K.	"	79c
"	1.00 White P. K.	"	59c
"	1.00 Polka Dot P. K.	"	39c
Ladies'	1.25 Crash	"	79c
"	1.98 Linen Trimmed	"	1.49
"	1.25 Crash	"	79c
"	1.50 Emb. Navy Duck	"	98c
"	1.50 Trimmed Homespun	"	98c
"	1.98 Corded Cover	"	1.25
"	1.98 White P. K.	"	1.25
"	1.50 " " Corded	"	98c
"	1.55 Trimmed Crash	"	59c
"	3.00 Insertion White P. K.	"	1.98
Misses'	2.00	"	1.25

We have the largest stock of Summer Dress Skirts ever shown in this city.

100 Dozen Men's Fast Black Hose

4 pair for 25c.

Same goods are sold in the regular way for 12 1/2c a pair.

50 Doz. Men's Grey Mix Shirts & Drawers

19c. each

Made to sell for 35c. We put them out as a leader at just half price.

15 Dozen Boy's Heavy Twill Knee Pants

19c. a pair.

Many dealers use this line as a leader at 25c. a pair. Our price 19c.

PETTICOATS.

Regular	75c. Crash	Now	39c
"	75c. Black Sateen	"	39c
"	75c. Stripe Gingham	"	49c
"	1.00 Stripe Crash	"	59c
"	1.50 Polka Dot Sateen	"	59c
"	1.25 Stripe Sateen	"	59c
"	1.25 Plaid Ruffle Sateen	"	59c
"	1.25 Black Sateen	"	98c
"	2.50 Polka Dot Mercerized	"	1.49
"	2.50 Fancy Colors	"	1.49
"	3.50 Fancy Stripe	"	2.75
"	6.00 Silk Merino	"	3.98

We have more than 600 Petticoats at all prices from 30c. to \$5.00 each.

Misses' Wash Dresses.

Regular	\$1.50 Fancy Trim, 4 to 12	Now	\$1.19
"	1.25 " " " "	"	98c
"	1.00 " " " "	"	69c
"	75c. " " " "	"	59c
"	50c. " " " "	"	39c
"	50c. Fancy Duck, 2 to 6	"	19c

The mark-down price on these dresses are less than cost of cloth and trimming.

100 dozen good quality Fringed Cotton Towels, each.

8 Ladies' Cloth Caps, each. Marked down from \$2.25.

6 Ladies' Silk Capes. 1.25

22 Children's P. K. Reefers. 79c.

10 Ladies' Bicycle Suits. 4.98

16 Ladies' Bicycle Skirts. 1.49

12 Ladies' Bicycle Skirts. 3.50

Every time we sell a Suit, Cape, Jacket or Reefers at these prices it is just the same as making the customer a present of from 50c to \$5.

50 Doz. Ladies Fast Black Seamless Hose

6c. a pair

Many dealers use this line of hose as a leader at 10c. Our price is 6c.

OUR SPECIAL SALE.

Cotton Underwear Samples

is a great success for it affords our customers an opportunity to get elegant underwear at about 50 per cent less than regular prices.

COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF. Money Refunded if Not Satisfied

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Send us a postal card and we will call at your house and show you the finest line of the richest colors and designs there is in the market.

SILK, BUCKRAM, BURLAP, LEATHERETTES, CAMEOS, INGRAINS, EMBOSSED GILTS, and WHITE BLANKS, with MOLDINGS and DECORATIONS to match. Consultation and estimates quite free. Orders for Painting, Tinting, Glazing, given as prompt and careful attention as orders for paper hanging.

We especially solicit work requiring superior skill and workmanship. Pictures framed in the latest and richest designs.

You should not fail to see the very latest thing in Art Glass. It is colored and designed in relief. Something entirely new.

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It is better for you, better for your furnace and better for us, to have the work done now than to wait until next fall when everybody is busy and you want your fire AT ONCE and can't have it because your furnace must be cleaned or smoke pipe made new.

WALKER & PRATT MFG. CO.

NEWTONVILLE.

—Mrs. F. J. Wetherell and family registered last week at Gray's Inn, Jackson, N. H.

—Mr. Clifford Kimball is enjoying a season at Falmouth. He registered at the Craig house.

—Mr. and Mrs. John B. Cornish are at Centerville for a few weeks.

—Mrs. Theodore Pinkham and Miss Pinkham are at the Linwood, Pigeon Cove, for several weeks stay.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hazard of Chicago are the guests of friends here for a few weeks.

—Miss G. Edith Goldsmith is among the guests registered at the Cliff, Scituate, this month.

—Mr. Wm. K. Dennison registered last week at the Tudor, Nahant.

—Mr. H. E. Decatur is at the Atlantic house, Scituate, for a few weeks.

—Mr. Charles Atwood, Austin street, will pass the remainder of the season at Falmouth.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Stiles of Walnut street have enjoyed several weeks at Winthrop.

—Mrs. G. L. Jellerson and Miss Louise Jellerson are enjoying the month of August at Hotel Look off, Sugar Hill, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Jackson and the Misses Annie and Isabel Jackson are enjoying the month at the Black Rock house, Cohasset.

—The next regular meeting of Boynton Lodge Odd Ladies will be held Tuesday afternoon, Aug. 22nd.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. H. De Lano of Highland avenue, who have been at the Crawford House, White Mountains, are now at the Highland House, Bethlehem, N. H.

—Miss Kittie and Miss Grace Thompson are passing the month of August at the Ocean View house, Pigeon Cove.

—Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Rich have passed several weeks at Winthrop. They are guests at the Cottage Park house.

—Mr. W. H. S. Pearce is registered at the Overlook, Annisquam, for his vacation.

—Mr. D. C. Heath registered last week at the Pawnee house, Cottage City.

—Mrs. John Byers, Master John Byers Jr., and Master Joseph Byers are at Mt. Jackson house, Falmouth, N. H., for the month of August.

—Mrs. L. B. Ball is one of the August visitors at the Grand View house, Annisquam.

—Mr. Arthur Bosson of Mt. Vernon street left this week for Lake Winnepesaukee, where he will pass his vacation.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lord are enjoying a three weeks stay at Sunapee Lake, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Vose of Cabot street have returned from their summer residence at Buzzard's Bay.

—Mr. Edward R. Bailey is the guest this week of Mr. Joseph Pettigill at Dedham.

—Mr. Tyler Holmes of Highland avenue has returned from a week's outing at Bar Harbor.

—Miss Marion Bailey of Cabot street has returned after a two weeks' stay at North Scituate.

—Miss Sallie Casey of Prescott street is at Cottage City for a few weeks.

—Miss Alice P. Bailey of Cabot street has returned after a short stay at Dedham.

—Miss Marjorie Carter of Highland avenue is the guest of friends at Prides Crossing.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Carter are at Dartmouth Cottage, Jefferson Highlands, N. H., where they have passed many summers.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Warner drove up to the summit of Mt. Washington from Randolph, on Tuesday.

—Noel T. Wellman and Donald Macomber are at the Russell Cottages, Kearsarge, N. H.

—Miss Casey and Miss May Casey of Prescott street have returned after several weeks stay at the seashore.

—Mr. W. F. Hackett of Highland avenue has returned after a season at Cottage City.

—Miss Dorothy Carter of Highland avenue has returned from a two weeks visit to South Duxbury.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Chase of Bowers street have returned from their summer home at Buzzard's Bay.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Marshall of New York are the guests of friends here.

—Mrs. W. G. Webster of Walnut street arrived last week in Liverpool, England.

—Mr. Beverly K. Moore has returned from Quaker Hill, Conn., where he passed two weeks with his family at their summer cottage. He is accompanied by his daughter, Miss Jane Moore.

—Mr. Geo. I. Aldrich is attending the Summer Institute of Teachers at Plymouth, N. H.

—Mrs. Thomas B. Lindsey and Miss Emily Lindsey of Balcar road are enjoying cottage life at Sunapee Lake, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Calley and Miss Hattie L. Calley of Austin street have returned from Plymouth, N. H.

—Railroad Commissioner George W. Bishop and family of Walnut street have returned from their summer outing.

—Miss Bella M. Walker of Highland avenue is passing three weeks at Waterville, Me.

—Among the engagements announced this summer is that of Miss Blanche Pierce, formerly of this place, and Mr. Harold Stiebel of New York.

—Miss Emerson of Brookside avenue is at North Comway, N. H., for a few weeks.

—Mr. Calder is at Fort Point, Me., for a few days.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Decatur of Otis street are enjoying a few weeks at Exeter, N. H.

—Mr. Charles McBride was one of the amateur racers at Waltham, Tuesday afternoon.

—Miss M. H. Jackson of Crafts street is at Lanesville for a few days.

—Mrs. F. A. Jackson of Crafts street is at Prince Edwards Island for a few weeks.

—Mr. A. R. Mitchell of Walnut street was here from Poland Springs for a few days this week.

—Miss Nellie Turner of Court street has returned after a month's stay at Westboro.

—Miss M. E. Bachelor of Washington street is enjoying her vacation at Webster, Mass.

—Turner & Williams have rented the following houses: Schofield flat, Washington terrace, to Joseph Galpean of Boston; Harkins house, Crafts street, to Edward J. Lehman; Morse house, Homer street, to Margaret Donovan; Higgins & Nickerson house, 183 Linwood avenue, to Mrs. Mary V. Stonemetz; H. H. Carter house, Austin street, to C. F. Heywood; Higgins & Nickerson house, Eddy street, to Lewis Bonick; W. H. Andrews house, Highland Park, to J. S. Brewster, New Hampshire; Thomas Emerson house, 52 Brookside avenue, to H. B. Proudfit of New York; Cohen cottage, Harvard street, to T. F. Gately of West

Newton; Howard house, 31 Clyde street, to F. A. Russell, Malden; Mitchell house, 50 Court street, to A. J. Johnson, Auburn-dale.

—Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. Washburn, Miss Helen Washburn of Lowell avenue accompanied by Miss Emma Sladen are passing the month at Nantucket.

—Capt. and Mrs. J. Frank Elliot of Lowell avenue are summering at Woods Hole.

—Mr. John W. Byers of Lowell avenue left today to join his family at Franconia, N. H.

—Mrs. C. F. Cheney of Walnut street with her daughters, Edith and Jennie, and her son Howard, have returned from their summer resort, Eagle Island, Pen-scot Bay, Me., and are going to Franconia Inn, White Mountains, for two weeks.

—Mr. Frederick H. Keyes has returned from his trip to the White Mountains and is now at his summer home at Point Allerton.

—Mr. Edward P. Hatch will go to Maine this week for a few days outing and will be the guest of Commodore Alfred Tarbox of Bath, Me., with whom he will cruise along the coast of Maine in the Commodore's beautiful and fast sailing yacht "Louise."

—Through the work of Chief Tarbox and Officer W. M. Fuller, F. A. Norton of Lexington street, East Boston, was able to regain possession yesterday morning of a horse and team which had been stolen from him Aug. 12. Wednesday afternoon Officer Fuller happened upon the stolen horse in rather a peculiar manner. He noticed one of the local provision dealers driving about town with a new horse, and asked him where he got it. The provision dealer explained that he had purchased the animal Saturday evening from a man who claimed to have come from Cambridge. The officer decided that the horse had been stolen, and notified Chief Tarbox. Norton was notified, and yesterday morning identified his property which was restored to him.

WEST NEWTON.

—Miss Claflin of Elm street is at Christ-mas Cove.

—Dr. Sumner Paine is at Chatham for a short stay.

—Relief Driver Osborne has returned after a two weeks' vacation.

—Mrs. Howard Briscoe is summering at Hotel Preston, Beach Bluff.

—Mr. F. D. Homer is at Winthrop, where he will pass several weeks.

—Mrs. Charles Leonard of Forest street is at Kennerly for a few weeks.

—Mrs. Glazier and Miss Mabel Glazier are at Rutland, Mass., for a few weeks.

—Mr. Van Cleve and family of Cherry street are away for a few weeks' outing.

—Mrs. Samuel Barnard of Shaw street has returned after several weeks' outing.

—Mr. Berry and family of Putnam street are at Plymouth, N. H., for a few weeks.

—Mrs. Charles Florence of Cherry street is enjoying a short stay at Nashua, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. Wood have passed several weeks at the Hesperus, Gloucester.

—Miss Mary Reardon of Washington street will return next week from her vacation.

—Mr. R. C. Hatch was among last week's visitors at the Cotchessett House, Oyster-ville.

—Mr. H. D. Wood and daughter are passing a few weeks at Hotel Preston, Swamp-scott.

—Mr. W. A. Young and family of Temple street are at Summit, N. J., for a few weeks.

—Mr. W. B. Davis and family of Shaw street have returned after their summer outing.

—The Misses Julia and Lulu Glazier of River street are at Hudson for a few weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Crafts of River street passed Sunday with friends at Egypt.

—Miss Bertha A. Marsh of Alpine street is one of the guests at the Hallett House, Hyannisport.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Travers are at Intervale, N. H., where they will remain until September.

—The Newton Veteran Firemen's Association have received an invitation to attend the muster at Weymouth, Sept. 28. They will vote on it at the next monthly meeting. They have accepted the invitation to Hudson, Labor Day.

—Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Reardon of River street have returned from New Hampshire, where they passed their vacation.

—Dr. and Mrs. Fred L. Thayer left last week for Pigeon Cove. Dr. Thayer returned this week, but Mrs. Thayer will remain during August.

—The members of the North Falmouth Improvement Association were entertained last week by Mr. B. F. Shattuck at his summer residence.

—There have been numerous animated discussions among the prominent politicians of this place in regard to the movement, which is on foot to annex Newton to Norfolk County. If this plan is carried out it will make one of the greatest political strongholds in the country.

—Mr. and Mrs. George T. Lincoln and Miss Marion Lincoln have enjoyed several weeks at the Sunset Hill House, Sugar Hill, N. H.

—A bicycle was found in a large culvert on Highland street, Monday afternoon, by two city laborers. The men carried the wheel to police headquarters, where it was later ascertained that the machine was the property of a Boston & Albany employee who has been in the habit of leaving his wheel in the culvert while he worked on the railroad.

—Three patrolmen reported for duty Thursday: J. J. Davis, Dolan, Dearborn, Kyte, Milten, D. Neagle and Haynes and the following left yesterday for their annual vacations: Lieut. Mitchell and Patrolmen J. H. Seaver, Taffe, McKenzie, Kimball and Driver Ayles of the patrol wagon.

—Chief of police Fred A. Tarbox and Patrolman Bates have been appointed police officers of the town of Weston. This will give the Newton officers authority to make arrests on the other side of the river without consulting the town police of Weston.

—Late Wednesday evening it was reported at police headquarters that Annie McCarthy of 1391 Washington street left her home Monday saying she was going to try and secure work at the Newton Upper Falls silk mill. Since that time her relatives have learned nothing of her. She was 18 years old and wore a sailor hat, also a dress of brown material trimmed with white lace.

—The police are investigating a case involving the supposed larceny of a gold watch owned by Julia Delaney, and valued at \$50. The Delaney woman is employed as a domestic by Mrs. William Brown of Parsons street. On Monday a man called at the Brown residence offering for sale articles for kitchen use. When told by Mrs. Brown that she did not desire to make any purchases he it is claimed, used language that was somewhat disrespectful, and did not leave immediately. Later the watch was missed, and according to the story reported to the police the agent entered the house, and after passing through several rooms, took the watch from a drawer in a bureau of the Delaney woman's room. The police have an excellent description of the supposed sneak thief and are making every effort to locate him.

—Mr. and Mrs. George A. Walton of Chestnut street have returned from California, where they enjoyed several weeks' stay.

—Mr. Henry Dalton and family of Chestnut street leave tomorrow for Campton, N. H. They will stop at the Stag and Hounds.

—Miss Florence Plimpton is at Onset for a few weeks.

—Mrs. Edward Burrage and family of Highland street are at the shore for the season.

—Miss Alice Walton of Chestnut street is at Marblehead for a short stay.

—Mrs. John A. Mead and Master Clifford Mead of Highland street have returned from Point Independence. They were guests at the Pine Tree Inn.

—Mrs. E. S. Merchant has returned from Chatham, where she passed several weeks.

—Mr. J. Cheever Fuller of Shaw street has returned after a short outing.

—Miss Anthony and Miss Fannie Garrison of Chestnut street are enjoying a season at Kennebunkport, Me.

—Mr. F. D. Childs and family of Putnam street have returned after their summer outing.

—Mrs. E. H. Hunting of Chestnut street is at Rutland, Mass., for the month of August.

—Mr. Hutchinson and family of Chestnut street are at Falmouth Heights for the remainder of the season.

—Mr. John Davis and family of Lincoln Park returned this week after an outing at White Horse Beach.

—Mr. Edward Kimball and family of Henshaw court are away for their summer outing.

—Mr. Morse and family of Otis street are at the seashore for a few weeks.

—Mr. Richard Kytend family of Washington street have returned from White Horse Beach, where they passed several weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hosmer of Hill-side avenue are at Point Allerton for the remainder of August.

—Mrs. Adams and children of Otis street are enjoying a few weeks at Mount Vernon, N. H.

—Mr. W. T. Cobb and family of Prince street have returned after a month's stay at the mountains.

—Mr. and Mrs. I. T. Mason of Philadelphia are the guests of friends here for the month of August.

—Mr. J. C. Perry and family of Jerome avenue are in Nova Scotia for a month's stay.

—Mrs. C. E. Hatfield is the guest of relatives in Chicago.

—Mrs. Thomas F. Reynolds and family, formerly of Cleveland, O., are occupying their new home on Warwick road.

—Miss Myra Billings of Davis avenue is in New Hampshire for a short stay.

—Mr. Vernon E. Carpenter and family of Waltham street are at the Isle of Shoals for the remainder of the season.

—Mr. B. M. Kettle of Prince street is enjoying a short stay at Galesonsdale, Mass.

—Mrs. Hall of Berkeley street is in New Hampshire for a few weeks.

—Mr. G. P. Friend of Prince street is in Maine for the season.

—Miss Hoyt of Winthrop street is one of the summer guests at Seakit, Me.

—Miss Agnes Kirk of Waltham street is at Weybridge, Vt., for a few weeks.

—Captain E. S. Howard and family, who have been in Europe during the past year, will sail for home August 26. Miss Lou Lovett will accompany them.

—Mrs. W. H. Mague of Chestnut street has returned after a few weeks' stay at White Horse Beach.

—Mr. W. D. Lovell and family of Lenox street have returned from the mountains, where they passed the summer season.

—Mr. I. T. Rowe and family of Mt. Vernon street have returned after a few weeks' stay at Narragansett Pier.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Burgess of Eden avenue have returned after a short stay at Kennebunkport, Me.

—Miss Nellie Symonds of Shaw street is in Maine for a few weeks.

—Mr. C. E. Johnson is at Pittsfield, Mass., where he will pass his vacation.

—Mrs. George Davis of Temple street is at Linekin, Me., for a few weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. Scott of Webster street have returned after a two weeks' absence.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Price is recovering from her recent accident very slowly.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Raymond and Miss Marion Raymond are at Dartmouth Cottage, Jefferson Highlands.

—Mr. George Furness has returned from a vacation trip spent in Eastport, Lubec and South Essex.

—Mr. E. C. Clark has reported to the police that some time on Monday his home on Cross street, was entered by a sneak thief and \$10 in cash was stolen.

—Dr. N. E. Paine of Washington street has leased a cottage at Falmouth for the remainder of the season.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Humphrey of Webster street have returned after a few days' stay at North Scituate.

—Mrs. F. M. Cutler and Miss Katherine Cutler are among the summer visitors at Hotel Look off, Sugar Hill, N. H.

—Miss H. A. Cladin of Elm street is enjoying the season at Jackson, N. H. She registers at the Hawthorne cottage.

—The physicians will have their hands full for the next few weeks, vaccinating the children who wish to enter school in September.

—T. Henry Ramsdell and family will return from North Scituate, where they passed several weeks.

—Mr. J. S. Alley and family of Prince street have returned after a month's stay at Maplewood, N. H.

—Miss Leonia and Miss Nellie Sheen are at the Webster House, Green Harbor, for the month of August.

—Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Holmes are summering at Sugar Hill, N. H. They stop at the Sunset Hill House.

—Mr. W. J. Farbusch of Watertown street has returned from New Hampshire, where he made a short stay.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Hall of Otis street have the sincere sympathy of a large number of friends upon the sudden death of their only daughter, Mildred, who died last Friday at their summer home at Kennebunkport. She was three years old. The funeral was held from the home of her grandmother, Mrs. George L. Lovett, Mt. Vernon street. The interment was in the Newton Cemetery.

—About 7 o'clock last Tuesday evening the police were notified that a man was acting in a suspicious manner about the residences on Hunter street. Several officers were sent to look him up, but were unable to find him. The fellow is believed to be one of the sneak thieves who of late have been operating in the Newtons. He is described as about 25 years of age, with a smooth face and red hair, and wearing a dark gray suit and a straw hat.

NEWTON UPPER FALLS.

—Patrolman McKenzie is enjoying his annual vacation.

—Work is progressing rapidly on the new building of the Saco & Pettie Machine Works.

—Mr. James A. Ackroyd of Hale street left on Saturday for Sandy Island, Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H., on a camping out trip.

—For greater convenience to my patrons, I desire to announce that all calls for my services may be left with Mr. John W. Howe, High street, who will forward them to me with the greatest possible dispatch. Respectfully, HENRY F. CATE, 16tf

—The Newton base ball team was defeated on Saturday afternoon on the Elliot street grounds by the Rubber mill team, by a score of 19 to 3. Heavy hitting and good pitching and fielding on the Rubber mill side were the features of the game. It is understood that another game will be played in the afternoon, as each side has now won one game.

—The Catholic Young Men's National Union will celebrate its silver jubilee at Newark, N. J., on Wednesday, Sept. 20, and Thursday, Sept. 21. William Hopkins of the Boston Globe, and a prominent resident of this place, will read the paper for the archdiocese of Boston, entitled "Charity—a Field for Young Men."

—A camping out party composed of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Temperley, and Mr. John Temperley of Chestnut street, Mrs. Joseph Temperley and children of Rockland place, Mrs. J. G. Kempton of Elliot street, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Temperley of Medford left on Monday for Centre Harbor, N. H. They will be joined by Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Hurley of Newton Highlands, who left this week on a driving trip through New Hampshire.

NEWTON LOWER FALLS.

—Officer Tainter has been off duty a short time from a troublesome hand.

—Mr. Geo. Freeman of Detroit, Mich., is here visiting his brother, Dr. F. W. Freeman.

—The Dudley Mills closed part of this week to allow repairs to be made to an engine.

—Sergt. Mitchell and family are spending a vacation of two weeks among relatives at Colchester, Vt.

—Mr. James Early has two houses on Wales street that have been remodelled near ready for occupants.

—L. A. Gammons has removed his shop to a new site on land he recently purchased. The moving of the building made it necessary to trolley wires for a short distance and workmen were busily engaged some time before cars could run to the bridge.

NONANTUM.

—Last Monday evening the Nonantum Club Cycles gave one of its members, Corporal John Boyce of Co. C, 5th Mass. Infantry, a rousing send off. Corporal Boyce has enlisted in the 35th Volunteer Infantry, which is recruiting in Washington State.

—Mr. Daniel O'Connell had a very narrow escape from serious loss Tuesday evening. A lamp tipped over, setting the rugs on fire, but was quickly thrown out of the window. Damage amounted to about \$3.00.

—Mr. Frank Davis of Auburndale will conduct the services next Sunday in the North Evangelical church.

—Mr. C. E. Fuller of Newton Centre will speak at the 3 o'clock service of the Bethel Baptist Mission.

—Miss Julia Harney of Adams street sailed Wednesday on the Steamer Derbyshire for a three month's vacation in Ireland.

—Mr. Edward Shoemith, who has been employed at Jamestown, N. Y., for the past year, has returned to his home on Dauby street.

—The Y. P. S. C. E. was led by Mr. Wm. Morrell last Sunday.

—The Nonantum Industrial school gives a closing exhibition this afternoon.

—Mr. John H. Bowker was thrown from his wheel Monday evening and severely injured.

—"These trappers are monstrous frauds," said the boxer to his comrades in council. "Yes," returned a melancholy voice, "they are eternally trying to skin us."—Philadelphia Record.



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When the pupil is ready, we find the position.

During the past 55 years 32,476 pupils have attended COMER'S COLLEGE, and today the school is better equipped, more thoroughly, more largely patronized, and more successful than ever in placing its pupils with business houses. The terms are:

\$130 per Year.

\$40 per Quarter.

Fifty-ninth year opens September 5th, 1899. Send — Janitor Circular.

C. E. COMER, Principal,
600 Washington St., cor. Beach, Boston.

ASSOCIATED CHARITIES.—The office hours of the Secretary of the Associated Charities are from 9 to 10 every week day and from 7 to 9 on Saturday evenings. The Provision Committee will be at the office to distribute clothing Tuesday forenoon and Saturday evening. A. H. Martin, Secretary. Office, Newtonville Square.

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The Celebrated Victor Bicycles at \$28.

LIST OF SHOP-WORN BICYCLES.—1 each Ladies' and Gents' 1899 1-30 Orients at \$48; 1 Gent's 1899 Columbia, \$40; Lovell Diamond, \$35; 1 Crawford 1899 Tandem, drop frame, \$58. Saddles, Tires, Handle Bars and Bicycle Sundries at Boston prices. The best equipped repair shop in the Newtons.

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821 Washington Street, - NEWTONVILLE.

West Newton English and Classical School.

The forty-seventh year of this family and DAY school for boys and girls begins Wednesday, Sept. 20. Special facilities for assisting pupils who, for any cause, have fallen behind their class, and for advancing exceptionally forward students through individual attention. Certificate admits to ten colleges. For catalogue address ALLEN BROTHERS. Call Tuesdays, 35 Webster street.

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Newton Graphic Office.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS. PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Hannah S. Barry, late of Newton, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Dennis Barry, of Newton, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

And are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifth day of September, A. D. 1899, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Newton Graphic, a newspaper published in Newton, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, Charles J. McIntire, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

W. E. ROGERS,
Asst. Registrar.

No. 42670.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, to wit:

Be it remembered, That on the thirtieth day of June, 1899, Amanda M. Douglas, Newark, N. J., hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the title or description of which is in the following words, to wit: In the Ranks. By Amanda M. Douglas, Boston, Lee and Shepard, 1899. The right whereof she claims as author and proprietor in conformity with the laws of the United States respecting Copyrights.

Office of the Register of Copyrights,
Washington, D. C.

(Signed) HERBERT PUTNAM,
Librarian of Congress.

By THORVALD SOLBERG,
Register of Copyrights.

In renewal for 14 years from November 1st, 1899.

No. 42671.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, to wit:

Be it remembered, That on the thirtieth day of June, 1899, Amanda M. Douglas, Newark, N. J., hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the title or description of which is in the following words, to wit: Kathie's Harvest Days. By Amanda M. Douglas, Boston, Lee and Shepard, 1899. The right whereof she claims as author and proprietor in conformity with the laws of the United States respecting Copyrights.

Office of the Register of Copyrights,
Washington, D. C.

(Signed) HERBERT PUTNAM,
Librarian of Congress.

By THORVALD SOLBERG,
Register of Copyrights.

In renewal for 14 years from November 1st, 1899.

No. 42672.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, to wit:

Be it remembered, That on the thirtieth day of June, 1899, Amanda M. Douglas, Newark, N. J., hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the title or description of which is in the following words, to wit: Kathie's Soldiers. By Amanda M. Douglas, Boston, Lee and Shepard, 1899. The right whereof she claims as author and proprietor in conformity with the laws of the United States respecting Copyrights.

Office of the Register of Copyrights,
Washington, D. C.

(Signed) HERBERT PUTNAM,
Librarian of Congress.

By THORVALD SOLBERG,
Register of Copyrights.

In renewal for 14 years from November 1st, 1899.

No. 42673.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, to wit:

Be it remembered, That on the thirtieth day of June, 1899, Alice Adams Russell, Minneapolis, Minn., hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the title or description of which is in the following words, to wit: The Upward and Onward Series. Cringle and Crosstree; or, The Sea Swashes of a Sailor. By Oliver Optic. With fourteen illustrations. Boston, Lee and Shepard, 1899. The right whereof she claims as author and proprietor in conformity with the laws of the United States respecting Copyrights.

Office of the Register of Copyrights,
Washington, D. C.

(Signed) HERBERT PUTNAM,
Librarian of Congress.

By THORVALD SOLBERG,
Register of Copyrights.

In renewal for 14 years from November 1st, 1899.

No. 42674.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, to wit:

Be it remembered, That on the thirtieth day of June, 1899, Eljah Kellogg, Russell, Me., hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the title or description of which is in the following words, to wit: The Whispering Pine Series. The Spark of Genius; or, The College Life of James Traflet. By Eljah Kellogg. Illustrated. Boston, Lee and Shepard, 1898. The right whereof he claims as author and proprietor in conformity with the laws of the United States respecting Copyrights.

Office of the Register of Copyrights,
Washington, D. C.

(Signed) HERBERT PUTNAM,
Librarian of Congress.

By THORVALD SOLBERG,
Register of Copyrights.

In renewal for 14 years from September 4th, 1899.

No. 42675.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, to wit:

Be it remembered, That on the thirtieth day of June, 1899, Eljah Kellogg, Russell, Me., hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the title or description of which is in the following words, to wit: The Whispering Pine Series. The Spark of Genius; or, The College Life of James Traflet. By Eljah Kellogg. Illustrated. Boston, Lee and Shepard, 1898. The right whereof he claims as author and proprietor in conformity with the laws of the United States respecting Copyrights.

Office of the Register of Copyrights,
Washington, D. C.

(Signed) HERBERT PUTNAM,
Librarian of Congress.

By THORVALD SOLBERG,
Register of Copyrights.

In renewal for 14 years from September 4th, 1899.

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JOHN B. TURNER. GEO. F. WILLIAMS

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS. PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of John McKee, late of Newton, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Mary A. McKee, of Newton, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

And are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifth day of September, A. D. 1899, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Newton Graphic a newspaper published in Newton, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, Charles J. McIntire, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this first day of August in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Registrar.

COKE

Is the cheapest and most economical fuel for domestic purposes. You should try it in your furnace to appreciate its worth.

It contains one-half less ash than hard coal—sifting ashes is hereby avoided. In equal weight Coke will furnish as much heat as hard coal and at far less money. Orders for Coke can be left at the

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Cleaner and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its youthful color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling out, and gives a beautiful shine.

AT THE PISTOL'S POINT

By E. W. HORNING.

[Copyright, 1898, by the Author.]

The church bells were ringing for evensong, cracking across the snow with short, harsh strokes, as though the frost had eaten into the metal and made it hoarse. Outside the scene had all the cheery sparkle, all the peaceful glamour of an old fashioned Christmas card. There was the snow covered village, there was the church spire coated all down one side, the church windows standing out like oil paintings, the silver sickle of a moon, the ideal thatched cottage, with a warm, red light breaking from the open door, and the peace of heaven seemingly pervading and enveloping all. Yet on earth we know that this peace is not, and the door of the ideal cottage had been opened and was shut by a crushed woman, whose husband had but now refused her pennies for the plate with a curse which followed her into the snow, and the odor prevailing beneath the thatched roof was one of hot brandy and water, mingled with the fumes of some rank tobacco.

Old Fitch was over 60 years of age, and the woman on her way to church was his third wife. She had borne him no child, nor had Fitch son or daughter living who would set foot inside his house. He was a singular old man, selfish and sly and dissolute, yet not greatly disliked beyond his own door, and withal a miracle of health and energy for his years. He drank to his heart's content, but he was never drunk, nor was Sunday's bottle ever known to lose him the soft side of Monday's bargain. By trade he was game dealer, corn factor, money lender and mortgagee of half the village; in appearance a man of medium height, with bowlegs and immense round shoulders, a hard mouth, shrewd eyes and wiry hair as white as the snow outside.

The bells ceased, and for a moment there was no sound in the cottage but the song of the kettle on the hob. Then Fitch reached for the brandy bottle and brewed himself another steaming bumper. As he watched the sugar dissolve a few notes from the organ reached his ears, and the old man smiled cynically as he sipped and smacked his lips. At his elbow his tobacco pipe and the weekly newspaper were ranged with the brandy bottle, and he was soon in enjoyment of all three. Over the paper Fitch had already fallen asleep after a particularly hearty midday meal, but he had not so much as glanced at the most entertaining pages, and he found them more entertaining now than usual. There was a scandal in high life running to several columns and subdivided into paragraphs labeled with the most pregnant headlines. The old man's mouth watered as he determined to leave this item to the last. It was not the only one of interest. There were several suicides, an admirable execution, a burglary, and—what? Fitch frowned as his quick eye came tumbling down a paragraph; then all at once he gasped out an oath and sat very still. The pipe in his mouth went out, the brandy and water was cooling in his glass. You might have heard them singing the psalms in the church hard by, but the old man heard nothing, saw nothing, thought of nothing but the brief paragraph before his eyes:

"Escape from Portland. One convict killed, another wounded, but a third gets clean away."

"The greatest excitement was caused at Weymouth yesterday morning on the report being circulated that several convicts had effected their escape from the grounds of the Portland convict establishment. There appears to have been a regularly concerted plan on the part of the prisoners working in one of the outdoor gangs to attempt to regain their liberty, as yesterday morning three convicts bolted simultaneously from their party. They were instantly challenged to stop; but, as the order was not complied with, the warders fired several shots. One of the runaways fell dead, and another was so badly wounded that he was immediately recaptured and is now lying in a precarious condition. The third man, named Henry Cattermole, continued his course, despite a succession of shots, and was soon beyond range of the rifles. He was pursued for some distance, but was ultimately lost to view in the thick fog which prevailed. A hue and cry was raised, and search parties continued to scour the neighborhood long after dark, but up to a late hour his recapture had not been effected. Cattermole will be remembered as the man who was sentenced to death some years ago for the murder of Lord Wolboro's gamekeeper, near Bury St. Edmunds, but who afterwards received the benefit of the doubt involved in the production of a wad which did not fit the convict's gun. In spite of the successful efforts then made on his behalf, however, the authorities at Portland describe Cattermole as a most daring criminal and one who is only too likely to prove a danger to the community as long as he remains at large."

Fitch stared stupidly at the words for several minutes after he had read them through. It was the last sentence which at length fell into focus with his seeing eye. Henry Cattermole at large! How long had he been at large? It was a Sunday paper, but the Saturday edition, and this was among the latest news. But it said "yesterday morning," and that meant Friday morning last. So Henry Cattermole had been at large since then, and this was the Sunday evening, and that made nearly three days altogether. Another question now forced itself upon the old man's mind. How far was it from Portland prison—to this—room?

Like most rustics of his generation, old Fitch had no spare knowledge of geography. He knew his own countryside and the road to London, but that was all. Portland he knew to be on the other side of London. It might be 10

miles, might be 200, but this he felt in his shuddering heart and shaking bones that near or far, deep snow or no snow, Henry Cattermole was either recaptured or else on his way to that cottage at that moment.

The feeling sucked the blood from the old man's vessels, even as his lips drained the tumbler he had filled with so light a heart. Then for a little he had spurious courage. He leaned back in his chair and laughed aloud, but it sounded strangely in the empty cottage. He looked up at the bell mouthed gun above the chimneypiece, and that gave him greater confidence, for he kept it loaded. He got up and began to whistle, but stopped in the middle of a bar.

"Curse him," he said aloud, "they should ha' hanged him, and then I never should ha' been held like this. That'll be a good job if they take and hang him now, for I fare to feel afraid, I do, as long as Harry Cattermole's alive."

Old Fitch opened his door a moment, saw the thin moon shining on the snow, but no living soul abroad, and for on e he was in want of a companion. However, the voices of the choir sounded nearer than ever in the frosty air and heartened him a little as he shut the door again, turned the heavy key and shot both bolts well home. He was still stooping over the bottom one, when his eyes fell upon a ragged trousers leg and a stout stocking planted close behind him. It was instantly joined by another ragged leg and another stout stocking. Neither made a sound, for there were no shoes to the catlike feet, and the stockings were remarkable for a most conspicuous stripe.

Then old Fitch knew that his enemy had found him out, and he could not stir. He was waiting for a knife to plunge into the center of his broad, round back, and when a hand slapped him there instead he thought for a moment he was stabbed indeed. When he knew that he was not, he turned round, still stooping in a pitiable attitude, and a new shock greeted him. Could this be Henry Cattermole?

The poacher had been stout and thickset; the convict was gaunt and lean. The one had been florid and youthful; the other was yellow as parchment, and the stubble on the cropped head and on the fleshless jaw was of a leaden gray.

"That—that ain't Harry Cattermole?" the old man whispered.

"No, that ain't, but 'twas once, and means to be again! Lead the way in beside the fire. I wish you'd sometimes use that front parlor of yours. I've had it to myself this half hour, and that's cold."

Old Fitch led the way without a word, walked innocently up to the fire and suddenly sprang for his gun. He never reached it. The barrel of a revolver, scowled round in his ear, drove him reeling across the floor.

"Silly old fool!" hissed Cattermole. "Did you think I'd come to you unarmed? Sit down on that chair before I blow your brains out."

Fitch obeyed.

"I—I can't make out," he stammered, "why you fare to come to me at all!"

"Of course you can't," said Cattermole ironically.

"If I'd been you, I'd ha' run anywhere but where I was known so well."

"You would, would you? Then you knew I'd got out, old man?"

"Just been a-reading about it in this here paper."

"I see—I see. I caught a bit of what you was a-saying to yourself, just as I was thinking it was a safe thing to come out of that cold parlor of yours. So that was me you was looking out, was it? Yet you pretend you don't know why I come! You know well enough you know, you know!"

The convict had seated himself on the kitchen table and was glaring down on the trembling old man in the chair. He wore a long overcoat and under it some pitiful rags. The cropped head and the legs swinging in the striped stockings were the only incriminating features, and old Fitch was glancing from the one to the other, wondering why neither had saved him from this horrible interview. Cattermole read his thoughts, and his eyes gleamed.

"So you think I've come all the way in these here, do you?" he cried, tapping the table with his finger.

"To murder me!" he whispered, like a dying man.

"That rests with you," said the convict, fondling his weapon.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Confess!"

"Confess what?" whispered Fitch.

"That you swore me away at the trial."

The old man had been holding his breath. He now expelled it with a deep sigh, and, taking out a huge red handkerchief, wiped the moisture from his face. Meanwhile the convict had decried writing materials on a chiffonier and placed them on the table beside the brandy bottle and the tobacco jar.

"Turn your chair round for writing," Fitch did so.

"Now take up your pen and write what I tell you. Don't cock your head and look at me. I hear the psalm singing as well as you do. They've only just got started, and nobody'll come near us for another hour. Pity you didn't go, too, isn't it? Now write what I tell you, word for word, or so help me, you're a stiff un."

Fitch dipped his pen in the ink. After all, what he was about to write would be written under dire intimidation, and nobody would attach any importance to statements so obtained. He squared his elbows to the task.

"I, Samuel Fitch," began Cattermole, "do hereby swear and declare before God Almighty—before God Almighty, have you got that down?—that I, Samuel Fitch, did bear false witness against my neighbor, Henry Cattermole, at his trial at Bury assizes, Nov. 29, 1887. It is true that I saw both Henry Cattermole and James Savage, his lordship's gamekeeper, in the woods at Wolboro on the night of Sept. 9, in the same year. It is true that I was there by appointment with Savage, as his wife stated in her evidence. It is not true that I heard a shot and heard Savage sing out, 'Harry Cattermole!'"

as I came up and before ever I had a word with him. That statement was a deliberate fabrication on my part. The real truth is—but hold on, I'm likely going too fast for you, I've had it in my head that long. How much have you got down, eh?"

"Fabrication on my part," repeated old Fitch in a trembling voice as he waited for more.

"Good! Now pull yourself together," said Cattermole, suddenly cocking his revolver. "The real truth is that I, Samuel Fitch, shot James Savage with my own hand."

Fitch threw down his pen.

"That's a lie," he gasped. "I never did. I won't write it."

The cocked revolver covered him.

"Prefer to die in your chair, eh?"

"Yes."

"I'll give you one minute by your own watch."

Still covering his man, the convict held out the other hand for the watch, and had momentary contact with a cold, damp one as it dropped into his palm. Cattermole placed the watch on the table where both could see the dial.

"Your minute begins now," said he, and all at once the watch was ticking like an eight day clock.

Fitch rolled his head from side to side.

"Fifteen seconds," said Cattermole.

The old man's brow was white and spangled like the snow outside.

"Half time," said Cattermole.

Five, 10, 15, 20 seconds passed. Then Fitch caught up the pen. "Go on," he groaned. "I'll write any lie you like. That'll do you good. No one will be lieve a word of it." Yet the perspiration was streaming down his face. It splashed upon the paper as he proceeded to write in trembling characters at Cattermole's dictation.

"The real truth is that I, Samuel Fitch, shot James Savage with my own hand. The circumstances that led to my shooting him I will confess and explain hereafter. When he had fallen, I heard a shout and someone running up. I got behind a tree, but I saw Harry Cattermole, the poacher, trip clean over the body. His gun went off in the air, and when he tried to get up again I saw he couldn't because he'd twisted his ankle. He never saw me. I slipped away and gave my false evidence, and Harry Cattermole was caught escaping from the wood on his hands and knees, with blood upon his hands and clothes, and an empty gun. I gave evidence against him to stop him giving evidence against me. But this is the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God!"

Cattermole paused. Fitch finished writing. Again the eyes of the two men met, and those of the elder gleamed with a cunning curiosity.

"How—how did you know?" he asked, lowering his voice and leaning forward as he spoke.

"Two and two," was the reply. "I put 'em together as soon as ever I saw you in the box."

"That'll never be believed—got like this."

"Will it not? Wait a bit. You've not done yet. As a proof of what I say—do you hear me?—as a proof of what I say the gun which the wad will fit, that saved Henry Cattermole's life, will be found!"

Cattermole waited until the old man had caught him up.

"Now," said he, "you finish the sentence for yourself."

"What?" cried Fitch.

"Write where that gun's to be found—you know, I don't—and then sign your name."

"But I don't know!"

"You do."

"I sold it."

"You wouldn't dare. You've got that somewhere. I see it in your face. Write down where, and then show me the place, and if you've told a lie!"

The revolver was within a foot of the old man's head, which had fallen forward between his hands. The pen lay blotting the wet paper. Cattermole took the brandy bottle, poured out a stiff dram and pushed it under the other's nose.

"Drink!" he cried. "Then write the truth and sign your name. Maybe they won't hang an old man like you; but, by God, I shan't think twice about shooting you if you don't write the truth."

Fitch gulped down the brandy, took up the pen once more and was near the end of his own death warrant, when the convict sprang lightly from the table and stood listening in the center of the room. Fitch saw him and listened too. In the church they were singing another hymn. The old man saw by his watch, still lying on the table, that it must be the last hymn, and in a few minutes his wife would be back. But that was not all. There was another sound—a nearer sound—the sound of voices outside the door. The handle was



"Finish it," he said below his breath, turned—the door pushed—but Fitch himself had locked and bolted it. More whispers; then a loud rat-tat.

"Who is it?" cried Fitch, trembling with excitement, as he started to his feet.

"The police! Let us in, or we break in your door!"

There was no answer. Cattermole was watching the door. Suddenly he turned, and there was Fitch in the act of dropping his written confession into the fire. The convict seized it before it caught and with the other hand hurled the old man back into his chair.

"Finish it," he said below his breath, "or you're a dead man! One or the other of us is going to swing! Now, then, under the floor of what room did you hide the gun? Let them hammer; the door is strong. What room was it? Ah, your bedroom! Now sign your name."

A deafening crash; the lock had given; only the bolt held firm.

"Sign!" shrieked Cattermole. A cold ring pressed the old man's temple. He signed his name and fell forward on the table in a dead faint.

Cattermole blotted the confession, folded it up, strode over to the door and smilingly flung it open to his pursuers.

The Reading Terror. Wordsworth was a terror to his friends. His pull was genteel, but very dexterous. He could flash an M.S. on you before you could say, "Good morning."

He read all of the "Excursion" to Lamb, and Hazlitt once wrote to Coleridge, "I tried to escape Wordsworth, because I knew he had a new poem with him, but he finally cornered me."

In "Yesterdays With Authors," James T. Fields innocently tells of how Wordsworth graciously read aloud to him a poem, seemingly not aware that Wordsworth was always lying in wait for his prey. "I am blest with great bodily vigor," wrote Leigh Hunt, "so I do not much object to having Byron read to me from his MS."

So we see that the desire to read one's productions to some one else is a classic condition. I, myself, occasionally take the patience of a good woman, although I never, like John Jerome Rooney, took a lady out to lunch and read a poem to her, and then walked off, forgetting to order anything to eat.—Philistine.

Not Up on Sirups. A prominent lawyer, the father of a large family and who has a practice in proportion to the size of his family, has a youngster who is just cutting his teeth," said a Genesee avenue jeweler.

"The infant has kept the father awake several nights recently with its crying, and at last, weary beyond endurance, he told his wife he knew of a soothing sirup that would quiet the child. It was procured and the next night an administration of it made, with the result that the father walked with the crying babe all night. Along about 5 o'clock in the morning he handed the child wearily to his wife."

"Well, George," she said, "you may be a great lawyer, but you are a mighty bad judge of soothing sirup."—Saginaw Courier-Herald.

Belief and Overbelief. There are all sorts of arrested developments in life—the criminals, the barbarians, the monomaniacs of weird or shameful desires. But we question if any of these survivals of a ruder state of civilization are so offensive as the superstitious. Superstition, as Matthew Arnold said, is a natural exorcism upon belief, an overbelief, as the Germans call it, a something more than belief, and this vicious excess of virtue, this corruption of belief, is more degrading than any form of criminality.

Surely superstition is the vilest of all the vices, the most accursed of all the crimes.

"Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds."—Saturday Review.

Rather Cleverly Explained. Mother (suspecting that some of the presents have already been pawned)—And where is that pretty mantel clock?

Daughter—Well, you see, it was a French clock, and George could never quite understand it.—Jewellers' Weekly.

AN INVOLUNTARY PRESIDENT.

By W. L. ALDEN.

[Copyright, 1898, by the Author.]

I don't suppose you ever heard of the republic of Orizaba, remarked my friend, Hon. James K. Smith. It only existed as an independent republic for about a dozen years. You see, it used to be a part of the republic of Central America, and it was such a worthless strip of land and fever that when it set up on its own account the Central Americans didn't take the trouble to reconquer it and waited till the United States reconquered it for them.

Orizaba had one seaport, where perhaps three or four tramp steamers called in the course of the year to see if they could pick up a cargo of logwood. The country was full of logwood of the very best quality, but the natives were so lazy that they would never cut it unless they were paid by the day, and even then they worked so slowly that it took about two months to furnish a cargo for a 2,000 ton tramp. This same little seaport, which called itself the city of Santa Rosa, consisted of about 1,500 inhabitants, living mostly in one story adobe houses, and it was the capital of the republic.

The way I came to be president of Orizaba was what I started out to tell you, and I'll try to keep to the point. If I get wandering off into other subjects, just pull me up and start me again on the right track. Along in 1876 I was the junior partner of a firm in San Francisco that did a big business in lumber. Bromley, Twichell & Co. was the name of the firm, and I was the Co. Old Bromley, the senior partner, was a mighty enterprising man, and one day he came to me and told me that there was a chance of building up a tremendous trade in logwood provided somebody would go to Santa Rosa and run the thing.

"So," says Bromley, "I have decided that you are just the man for the place, and I want you to start by a steamer that is going to sail for the Central American ports next Wednesday and will put you ashore at Santa Rosa. I've induced the administration to make Santa Rosa a consular port, and you will be appointed consul at that place in the course of a day or two. There won't be any money in the office, but you won't have any official work to do, and the fact that you are consul will give you all the opportunities you will need for collaring the logwood business. I believe that is all I have to say, and I presume, Mr. Smith, that you will be ready to sail next week."

That was just old Bromley's way. He never wasted a word. Some men would have taken half a day to tell me what they expected me to do in Santa Rosa, but Bromley just let me know that I was to go there and collar the logwood business. I was to do it in my own way, and if I succeeded it would bring me a lot of money, and if I failed, why, Bromley would size the thing up and put the blame where it belonged. I never hesitated a minute about going, and when I landed at Santa Rosa, with a trunk, an American flag and \$2,000 in my belt, I knew that I had my future as a business man in my own hands.

The president was old General Alvarez, who had been elected twice and had then made up his mind that elections were a waste of time, and consequently held on to his office without asking any permission of any one. He was glad to be recognized by the United States, and as I was the only consul in the whole republic I was a pretty important man. However, my mind was more set on business than it was on honor and glory. I went to work and gathered together more logwood in two months than had been exported in the previous two years. I loaded a tramp with the logwood, and my firm decided to run a monthly steamer of their own between San Francisco and Santa Rosa. I saw, too, that the country was full of first class mahogany, and I calculated to build up a good business in that as well as in logwood. Besides, I meant to induce the natives to go in for coffee growing. In short, I thought I saw my way to make a big fortune for myself and partners and to make the republic of Orizaba a prosperous concern.

I had been in Santa Rosa about a fortnight when a young fellow—Colonel Mendoza—who was the commander of the president's guard, came rushing up to my door with his drawn sword in his hand and a mob of soldiers and citizens—if a lot of lazy, half dressed Indians can be called citizens—at his heels. I let him in at once, for he was evidently in a big hurry, and so was the crowd that was after him. He dropped into a chair clean out of breath, and by the time I grasped the situation and got my gun ready the whole crowd was hammering at the door and yelling for the colonel to come out and be killed. I will say he was a brave man, for although he had every reason to believe that the mob would break in and massacre him he sat smiling and gasping in his chair, and as soon as he got his breath he began to apologize for disturbing me and offered to leave at once if he was putting me to any inconvenience. I told him to stop where he was, and then I opened the door, and holding my Winchester in my left hand I asked the people what they wanted. Somebody sings out that they wanted Mendoza's life and meant to have it, and that if I interfered in the circus I would be hung on the nearest tree. I didn't make any answer until I had seized my big American flag and spread it out on the front door sill and all along my entrance hall. Then I says to the crowd that I was the American consul; that nobody could get into the house without tramping on the American flag, and that if any living Orizabian dared so much as to touch it with his dirty bare foot I'd send for a man-of-war that would blow the town to smithereens and hang the president and every other man in the republic who was respectable

"do you mean to tell me that 740,000 people or thereabout voted for me, though most of them had never so much as heard of my existence before election day?"

"I have not said that 740,000 people voted for you, Don Smith," he replied. "There are never more than 300 or 400 who vote in any election in this country. It is the business of the police to conduct an election and to give the proper candidate the proper number of votes. Alvarez always had from 740,000 to 750,000 majority, and we thought it right that you should have the same. I assure you that everything has been done in the most regular and constitutional way, and your election is as valid as that of the president of the United States."

"I'll admit," said I, "for the sake of argument that I have been elected president and am a citizen of Orizaba. But I am still the American consul, and if I accept your presidency I must resign my consulate and give up my logwood business, and I don't mean to do either."

"Your heart is most noble, Don Smith," said Mendoza, "but you do not as yet fully understand the customs of this country. The United States will never know that you are president unless you inform them of the fact. Then why not continue to be consul? There is no reason why a president should not carry on a great and glorious business like yours, especially when he can, if he chooses, confiscate all the logwood in the country. Beloved friend and preserver, let me beg you to accept the presidency to which an admiring nation has elected you. If you do not like the position, you can retire before your term of office expires, and I will take your place. I forgot to say that I am your vice president, and that while dictator I also promoted myself to the rank of lieutenant general and to the supreme command of the army."

Well, I talked awhile longer with Mendoza, and then I took ten minutes to think the thing over. So far as I could see, I was at least as good a president as anybody else, and as there was no work for an American consul to do in Orizaba I didn't see that I need resign an office that wasn't anything but a name. So, on the whole, I decided to accept the presidency and marched arm in arm with General Mendoza to the palace. I never saw more enthusiastic people in my life than the people of Santa Rosa. They lined the sides of the street and cheered for me as if I were Abraham Lincoln come to life again. I was surprised at this, but Mendoza afterwards told me that there was a policeman with a knife standing behind every citizen who hadn't previously expressed his confidence in me, and that any man who hadn't cheered for me would have found himself in difficult



I marched arm in arm with General Mendoza to the palace.

ties. "There is nothing so easy to arouse as public enthusiasm," said Mendoza, "provided you know how to do it and can trust the police." Mendoza wasn't what you could fairly call a great man, but he knew politics from A to Z.

I hadn't been president three days before I saw the tremendous advantages of the place. I had the best sort of food and drink and lodging and clothes, and, although I couldn't collect a particle of salary, owing to the treasury being empty, I had all the comforts that Orizaba could produce. I found that there weren't any taxes whatever. When old Alvarez wanted money, he sent word to the rich men of the country that he wanted a government loan at 15 or perhaps 20 per cent, just as the notion struck him, and that each man would please to send so much—mentioning the exact amount—to the palace within 24 hours. When I made it understood that no more such loans would be asked for, I had every man in Orizaba who was rich enough to wear shoes on my side. To raise a revenue I imposed taxes payable in logwood and mahogany and coffee and bananas, and the way the taxes poured into the palace yard would have astonished you. I satisfied my conscience, so far as my San Francisco partners were concerned, by sending them about one-half the amount of taxes, and the rest I sold to any purchasers that happened to come along and turned the money into the treasury. Considering that I never claimed nor took a cent of salary the whole time I was president, I think I was pretty middling honest. I considered then, as I do now, that my first duty was to the people that I ruled over, and I was satisfied with the profits that I made out of my logwood business.

There is no denying that I did use the combination of presidency and consulate to the advantage of my San Francisco firm. When I wanted any favor from the government, I used to write as a private American citizen to myself as consul asking for it. Then I would forward the letter, with a strong recommendation, to myself as president, and generally I granted the request. Some men in my place would simply have taken possession of anything they want-

enough to wear trousers. "I give you fair warning," I added, "that I shall open fire on you from my top windows in five minutes, and I'm not afraid to fight you and your whole army till you take a bath, which, I calculate, will be some years to come." That settled them. Like all half civilized half breeds, they could understand the meaning of a rifle in a white man's hands. They slunk away as if they had been operated on with a horse-whip, and when I went back to the room where the colonel was sitting he put his arms around my neck and kissed me on both cheeks and swore that he would never forget that I had saved his life, which there isn't the slightest doubt that I had.

That was the beginning of my friendship with the colonel. We got to be as thick as thieves in a short time, and the colonel hardly ever failed to come and smoke my cigars in the evening when he was off duty. He was polite, brave and good tempered, and as for honesty, he seemed now and then to have a little inkling of what it meant, which was more than could be said for any other Orizabian. If he had been raised in a Christian land, with Sunday schools and newspapers and honest elections, he would probably have turned out to be a first class man.

One evening Mendoza said to me as he was starting for home, "Don Smith, I want you to promise me that you won't go out of this house for the next two days. You will be perfectly safe so long as you are in your own house, but I can't answer for your life if you step outside your door until I send you word that the danger is over."

"What's up?" said I. "Are you going to have a revolution?" "I can tell you nothing," he replied. "Remember that you once stood between me and a mob that would have shot me in an hour's time if you had not interfered. That mob was acting under orders from the president, as I suspected at the time and now know. You are not exactly a popular person at the palace just at present, and I beg that you will listen to my advice and not run into danger."

It so happened that I was behindhand in my correspondence just then, and the monthly steamer for San Francisco was to sail in three days more. While I didn't feel like hiding in my house from any number of Greasers I thought that I might just as well take the next two days for squaring up my correspondence and at the same time avoid the danger that Mendoza hinted at. So I told him that I would do as he said, and he went away thanking me warmly and assuring me that I could count on him to the death.

The next day at daybreak I thought I heard a lot of musketry, but I fell asleep again, and when I woke up for all day I rather imagined that I had been dreaming. The next day after that was as quiet as a New England Sunday, but on the third day, at about 8 o'clock in the morning, Mendoza marched up to my door with an escort of 50 soldiers, and when I showed myself the whole gang began to yell, "Long life to President Smith!"

"What's the meaning of this?" I said to Mendoza when he and I were alone in my back office.

"It means," said he, "that you are the president of Orizaba, and I have come to escort you to the palace." "Considering that I am not a citizen of Orizaba and that I am an American consul, and furthermore that I know nothing whatever about your political affairs, it seems to me that a man ought to be ashamed of telling me at so early an hour as 8 o'clock in the morning that I am president of your rubbishy republic."

"Pardon, your excellency," said Mendoza. "It pleases you to joke, and it is not my place to find fault with a president's jokes. Permit me to remind you



He was evidently in a big hurry that I owe you my life. Also, I beg to say that I very nearly owed the late President Alvarez my death. I have rewarded Alvarez by overthrowing him, and he is now on board the steamer on his way to your former country. To you I have tried to show my gratitude by making you president. I fail to see that there is anything amusing in this."

"But, my dear young man," I exclaimed, "I'm very much obliged to you for your gratitude, but, as I said before, I'm not a citizen of your republic, and I don't see how you are going to make a president out of a foreigner."

"Again I beg your excellency's pardon," said Mendoza. "The day before yesterday, when I arrested Alvarez, I made myself dictator. The first decree I issued was one making you a citizen. Then I ordered an election for president, which took place yesterday, and you had the usual majority of 748,000 votes, your adversary, Dr. Del Valle, having 809. So you see you are regularly elected, and I have, of course, resigned my position as dictator."

"But, you amiable lunatic," said I.

ed without any formalities, but I always had a respect for law and order, and I always endeavored to be as honest as the particular situation in which I found myself would allow me to be without seriously injuring myself or my friends. I hope you won't think I am boasting of my extreme honesty. I'm no Phrygian, and if I am better than the average man I'm the last one to go about calling attention to the fact.

I tried to improve the moral and material condition of the natives, but I couldn't make the least impression on them. You can't make a man work when he can earn a living by lying on his back in the shade and eating ripe bananas. As for getting the people to understand the benefits of education, I might as well have tried to get a milkman to understand the benefits of not yelling his head off in the streets. There were about a dozen men in Santa Rosa, not counting the priests, who could read and write, and they wanted to keep the knowledge to themselves. They said that if I tried to establish public schools and to make the people attend them there would be a revolution in good earnest. However, I did accomplish one great reform. When I took the presidency, the whole country was swarming with police, who stole pretty much everything they could lay their hands on and kept the population in a state of terror by their crimes. I just abolished the entire police force, with the exception of two constables, whom I kept in the palace yard, where I could keep my eye on them.

The army consisted of 50 men, under Lieutenant General Mendoza, and I gave orders that the soldiers should shoot any man on sight whom they might catch in the act of committing any police operation. This very nearly put an end to crime in Orizaba. You see, the average Orizabian, providing he wasn't a professional policeman, hadn't the energy to steal, and with the exception that now and then there would be a quarrel, and one man would stab another, there was less crime in Orizaba than in any community that I ever knew anything about.

Well, not to take up too much time, I will just say that I ruled Orizaba for a year and a month, and in that time I made the fortune of my San Francisco firm, besides doing more to develop the trade of the country than any Central American president ever dreamed of doing. I filled up the empty treasury till it contained over \$17,000, which in the eyes of an Orizabian was a tremendous sum, and Lieutenant General Mendoza couldn't resist the temptation to handle it. He came to me one day, with a file of soldiers at his back, and said that he was awfully sorry, but that the troops had revolted that morning and made him dictator, and that unless I left San Francisco by that day's steamer he was afraid that he couldn't restrain the bloodthirsty instincts of the men.

I didn't reproach Mendoza, though he knew well enough that I understood just how much truth there was in his pretense that the soldiers had revolted. I told him that I would yield only to force and that if he wanted me to leave the palace he would have to carry me out. So he ordered his men to handcuff me and put me on board the steamer, which they accordingly did. The steamer was one belonging to my San Francisco firm, and though the captain was considerably astonished to see me handcuffed and offered to take his crew and cleared out the town, I told him it was all right, and so it proved to be.

Mendoza had forgotten that I was the United States consul as well as the president. When I got back to San Francisco, I complained to the government that I had been forcibly expelled from Orizaba, and I demanded \$17,000 as damages. The government, being glad of a safe chance to display a spirited foreign policy, sent a man-of-war to Santa Rosa without delay and not only collected that \$17,000 from President Mendoza, but required him to resign his position as president in favor of the president of Central America. The final result was that Orizaba lost its independence and became once more a part of Central America and that Mendoza had to emigrate or be shot as a traitor. As he had no money, he probably starved to death in some South American republic.

It never leaked out in the United States that I had been president of Orizaba, and I shouldn't tell the story now if it were not that I am out of the consular service for good and am rich enough not to want any more favors from the government. I still feel a little sorry for Mendoza, for he was a good fellow in his way, though a full treasury was something that he couldn't keep his hands off. He must have been considerably astonished at the way I turned the tables on him, and I don't doubt he was heartily sorry that he hadn't been faithful to me. Any man who does a mean action in order to make money and finds that he doesn't make it must feel more or less sorry if there is anything good in him.

Fifteenth Century Wages.
The account books of All Souls' college, Oxford, are in an excellent state of preservation, and from them we are enabled to get a correct idea of the wages paid about A. D. 1438. Carpenters and sawyers got 6d. a day; painters, 5d.; stone diggers and laborers, 4d.; masons and joiners, 8d.; a master carpenter, 3s. 4d. a week, enjoying also a tithe from each laborer employed under him, a custom still existing in many parts of India, and which the engineers are trying to abolish. A skilled image carver received 4s. 8d. a week, with bed and board, and he generally came from a distance. In those halcyon days a horse cost the modest sum of £3.—J. W. Parry in Engineering Magazine.

At the Vaudeville.
"Yes, I lost my watch in the river once, and it kept on running for seven years."

"The watch?"

"Nah. The river."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SHAPES FOREVER FAIR.

Wouldst look upon what ruthless years have done,
With loveliest things that ever knew the sun,
Drove not where
The mold is on old marbles rare;
Look not there.

For purest beauty that has passed away,
Look not in ruined fane of old decay;
Seek not there
The sovereign shapes forever fair;
Look not there.

Look in the pale sad face no longer young,
Look through the suffering that has found no tongue;
That despoil,
Mute, gen. to let it be thy care;
There, seek in vain.

Look in and in, with tender, tireless art,
Among the beauties of a ruined heart;
Shapes made fair
With glory only love can wear,
Seek them there!

—Harpers Weekly.

THE LORDLY ALBATROSS.

Great In Speed, Appetite and Power of Abstinence.

Easily first to oceanic birds in point of interest as well as size comes the lordly albatross, whose home is far south of the line and whose empire is that illimitable area of turbulent waves which sweep restlessly around the world. Compared with his power of vision (sailors give all things except a ship the epicurean "he") the piercing gaze of the eagle or condor becomes myopic unless, as indeed may be the case, he possesses other senses unknown to us by means of which he is made aware of passing events interesting to him at incredible distances from them. Out of the blue void he comes unobtrusively on motionless pinions, yet at such speed that, one moment a speck hardly discernible, turn but your eyes away, and ere you can again look around he is gliding majestically overhead. Nothing in nature conveys to the mind so wonderful an idea of effortless velocity as does his calm appearance from vacancy. Like most of the true pelagic birds, he is a devourer of offal, the successful pursuit of fish being impossible to his majestic evolutions.

His appetite is enormous, and his powers of abstinence are equally great, and often for days he goes without other nourishment than a drink of the bitter sea. At the gargantuan banquet, provided by the carcass of a dead whale, he will gorge himself until incapable of rising from the sea, yet still his angry scream may be heard, as if protesting against his inability to find room for more provision against hungry days soon to follow. Despite his incomparable grace of flight when gliding through midair with his mighty wings outspread, when ashore or on deck he is clumsy and ill at ease. Even seated upon the sea, his proportions appear somewhat ungainly, while his huge hooked beak seems too heavy to be upheld. On land he can hardly balance himself, and the broad, silky web of his feet soon become lacerated. Thus his visits to the shore and generally inaccessible rocks, which are his breeding places, are as brief as may be, since even conjugal delights are dearly purchased with hunger and painful restraint. A true child of the air, land is hateful to him, and only on the wing does he appear to be really at home and easeful.

The most notable piece of literature in which the albatross figures prominently is Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Largest Family on Record.
In the Harlequin manuscript, Nos. 78 and 180, in the library of the British Museum, mention is made of the most extraordinary family that has ever been known in the world's history. The parties were a Scotch weaver and his wife (not wives), who were the father and mother of 62 children.

The majority of the offspring of this prolific pair were exactly how many is not known, for the record mentions the fact that 46 of the male children lived to reach manhood's estate, and only four of the daughters lived to be grown up women. Thirty-nine of the sons were still living in the year 1630, the majority of them then residing in and about Newcastle-on-Tyne. It is recorded in one of the old histories of Newcastle that "a certain gentleman of large estates" rode "thirty-and-three miles beyond the Tyne to prove this wonderful story." It is further related that Sir J. Bowers adopted ten of the sons and three other "landed gentlemen" took each. The remaining number of the extraordinary family were brought up by the parents.

Woman and the Jewish Talmud.
The Jewish Talmud has these sentences about women: "A good wife is heaven's noblest gift. A housewife never allows herself to be disturbed from her work; even while she is spinning she is spinning. An old, experienced woman in a household is an ornament to it like a pearl. He who lives in an unmarried state knows no joys, none of the blessings of home, and is without support. The man who stands at the deathbed of his wife feels like those who saw the temple of Jerusalem reduced to ashes, for the wife is the temple in which the man finds repose and quiet, where he rests after the labors of the day, and where he can give expression to his feelings, joyful and mournful. God has given to women more ability of judging correctly than a man."

Sparrow Check.
My informant was feeding with bread crumbs in St. James park a wood pigeon at his feet. One of the bird's feathers, an underfeather, which was ruffled and out of place, caught the eye of a sparrow. The sparrow flew down, seized it in its beak and pulled it out. The feather did not yield at once, and the pigeon walked off with offended dignity. The sparrow followed, still holding on, and in the end flew off triumphantly with the trophy to its nest. "Well, if that don't take the cake for cheek," was the comment of a passing laborer. "I'm hanged!"—London Times.

She Could Not Understand.
"I never speculated but once," said Mrs. Ravenhall to the Society of Political Study in New York. "Then I invested \$200 in corn and never saw either money or corn afterward."

"Why, what did you do with the corn?" asked one of the other ladies, very much astonished.

Probably more boys start out to study the ministry and quit than to study any other profession.—Berlin (Md.) Herald.

The loftiest cliff on the coast of England is Benlly head, the height of which is 564 feet.

You assume no risk when you buy Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. A. Hudson, Newton; E. F. Partridge, Newtonville; B. Billings, Newton Upper Falls; J. H. Green, Newton Highlands will refund your money if you are not satisfied after using it. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful remedy in use for bowel complaints and the only one that never fails. It is pleasant, safe and reliable.

Typewriter Tactics.
"Miss Spelman wears all her best summer clothes down to the office."
"Is she in love with anybody there?"
"No, but she says it scares her employer. He doesn't give her much work to do."
—Chicago Record.

"I've come to tell you, sir, that the photographs you took of us the other day are not at all satisfactory. Why, my husband looks like an ape!" "Well, madam, you should have thought of that before you had him taken."
—Tit-Bits.

Pain Conquered; Health Restored by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 92,549]

"I feel it my duty to write and thank you for what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. It is the only medicine I have found that has done me any good. Before taking your medicine, I was all run down, tired all the time, no appetite, pains in my back and bearing down pains and a great sufferer during menstruation. After taking two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt like a new woman. I am now on my fourth bottle and all my pains have left me. I feel better than I have felt for three years and would recommend your Compound to every suffering woman. I hope this letter will help others to find a cure for their troubles."—Mrs. DELLA REMICKER, RENNELLA, IND.

The serious ills of women develop from neglect of early symptoms. Every pain and ache has a cause, and the warning they give should not be disregarded.

Mrs. Pinkham understands these troubles better than any local physician and will give every woman free advice who is puzzled about her health. Mrs. Pinkham's address is—ynn, Mass. Don't put off writing until health is completely broken down. Write at the first indication of trouble.

Railroads.

SPRINGFIELD LINE

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Trains leave either city at 9:00 A. M., except Sunday; 12:00 noon, except Sunday; 4:00 P. M., daily; 11:00 P. M., Sunday.
Drawing-room cars on all day trains and sleeping cars on all night trains.
The train between Boston and New York leaves either city at 12 noon and makes the run in five hours and forty minutes. No excess fare for meals, baggage, etc.
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Legal Notices

Sheriff's Sale.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX SS. June 9th, 1899.
Seized and taken on execution and will be sold at public auction, on Saturday, August 26, 1899, at ten o'clock A. M., at the Deputy Sheriff's Office, in the County Court House, on Third Street in Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, all the right title and interest that Joseph Spina, otherwise called Guiseppe La Spina, had on said 1st day of June, 1899, that being the time when the same was seized and taken on this execution in and to the following described real estate, situated in Cambridge in said County of Middlesex to wit:—Beginning on the South-eastly side of Charles Street at the northeasterly corner of said land now or late of Hiram Greer, thence running Easterly, bounded northerly by Charles Street, forty-three 62-100 feet; thence Southerly bounded easterly by land now or late of J. P. Burke and land now or late of Solomon A. Woods one hundred feet; thence Westerly bounded southerly by land now or late of American Net and Twine Company one hundred thirty-two 1-100 feet; thence Northeasterly bounded northwesterly by a passage-way five feet wide, fifty-five 90-100 feet; thence Easterly bounded northerly by land now or late of Hiram Greer sixty-nine 20-100 feet; thence Northerly bounded westerly by said land of Greer, forty-seven 50-100 feet to said Charles Street, containing according to plan made by W. A. Mason and Son, dated May 28, 1892, recorded in Middlesex County, Book 236 eight thousand four hundred ninety-nine square feet.

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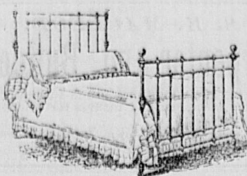
THE NEWTON GRAPHIC.

VOL. XXVII.—NO. 48.

NEWTON, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 25, 1899.

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During the past 58 years 32,476 pupils have attended Comer's College, and today the school is better equipped, more thorough, more largely patronized, and more successful than ever in placing its pupils with business houses. The terms are:

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Fifty-ninth year opens September 5th, 1899. Send for Catalogue.

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Watch the Maple Trees!

All kinds of insects destroyed. Diseased trees and shrubs revived.

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Under New Management. Thoroughly Renovated.

Delightfully located in beautiful suburb of Boston, convenient to electric and street cars, every 5 minutes between Boston and Newton.

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THOMAS & BURNS,

who will endeavor to please the public by carrying on a strictly first class Fish Market. This is the only store in this part of the city that makes fish of all kinds a specialty. Orders called for and delivered. Please favor us with your patronage.

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EVERY EVENING. DOWN

MATS. WED. & SAT.

BEG. AUG. 28th, EAST

C. H. TRAFTON,

Practical Gilder and Picture Frame

Maker,

269 Washington Street - Newton.

Save money and trouble. Give me a trial. Office with J. B. Hamblin, Optician and Watchmaker.

NEWTON.

—Pianos, Farley, 433 Washington St. 11

—Mr. F. O. Barber has returned from Bridgetown, Me.

—Mr. Elmer Davis has left for a vacation in Farmington, Me.

—Mrs. Henry Haake returned this week from a visit to Florence, Mass.

—Mr. John Crowle returns next Monday after a two weeks' absence.

—Mr. Asa W. Jaquith of Newton has been granted a pension of \$6 a month.

—Miss Elsie Elliott has returned from a short visit to friends in Orleans, Mass.

—Miss Mead, clerk at Brackett's Coal Co., has returned from North Bridgton.

—Mr. James Irving of G. P. Atkins' store is enjoying a two weeks' vacation.

—Miss Marion Stiles has returned to Newton after an enjoyable two weeks' outing.

—Miss Ruth Bachelor of Woonsocket, R. I., is visiting Mr. Geo. Haddock of Maple street.

—Mr. Geo. Haddock has returned from Westboro, where he has been spending his vacation.

—Miss E. P. Thurston, librarian at the public library, left Wednesday for a week's vacation.

—Miss Ethyl Lewis of Oakleigh road is the guest of ex-Mayor Davis and family of Gloucester.

—Miss Beth Atwood of Medway spent a few days this week with friends on Washington street.

—Miss Nellie Ryan of Peabody street returned Monday after a two weeks' visit in Providence.

—Mr. Harris E. Johnson left last Friday for an outing at Camp Rock Rest in the Berlin Mountains, N. Y.

—Relief Driver Osborne returned Wednesday after enjoying a three weeks' vacation at Deer Island, Me.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Marshman sailed Thursday from Liverpool on the steamship Canada, for the United States.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Henderson and Miss Emmet Henderson returned Wednesday after an extended trip to Bartlett, N. H.

—Dr. Reid has returned from Bridgetown, Me., and has gone to Seaside beach to continue his vacation. Miss Hattie Reid is visiting in New Jersey.

—Late news from Mr. J. H. Wheelock of Chicago, states that he is gaining rapidly as could be expected, and that his symptoms are all favorable.

—Mr. Henry Bugbee of Worcester, formerly of this place, is at Camp Buena Vista, Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H. Mr. Benjamin Johnson of Pearl street is with him.

—Mr. T. F. Glennan moved his harness shop one door to the east of his old location, this week, and Mr. Murray will use the vacated building for the storage of carriages.

—Mr. M. I. Cox, who was for so many years the agent of the Adams express company, has started a Newton and Boston express business, and has his teams ready for business.

—Messrs. Wiley E. and F. Edmonds have rented Mr. Edward F. Barnes' house on Centre street, which has recently been improved by Mr. Wm. N. Goodnow of R. L. Day & Co., who has taken a three years' lease.

—Mr. and Mrs. George W. Bush and Miss Bertha M. Bush of Elmwood street left Tuesday for Niagara Falls, where they will be joined by Miss Maude Bush. The latter has been enjoying an extended visit in Michigan.

—The union service last Sunday evening of the Christian Endeavor societies of the Baptist and Episcop churches, and the Epworth League of the Methodist church, held in the Eliot church chapel, was in charge of Mr. R. R. Sanborn of Jefferson street.

—Fred C. Howard was in court Tuesday, charged with non-support. Besides her claim that he had contributed nothing to her support for some time, Mrs. Howard said that the defendant had been in the habit of furnishing her with money. Howard was found guilty and fined \$20.

—Mr. W. E. Harding of Jewett street had the misfortune last week to suffer loss by sneak thieves, who entered his office during temporary absence of Mr. Harding, and forcing open his safe, stole a watch and a hundred and fifty dollars. Mr. Harding feels his loss very keenly, especially as both watch and chain were gifts and prized accordingly. Mr. Harding's family are at Allerton.

—As a result of a number of complaints Patrolman Richard J. Goode was on the alert last Saturday night for thieves who have been raiding fruit stands. About 8:30 he arrested Chester A. Adams, a Washington street youth, who had been hanging around Howe's market on Centre street. In court, Monday, Adams and two companions named Arthur Alfred and Patrick Ford were all complained of for the larceny of a quantity of bananas. Adams was fined \$5, Alfred \$7 and Ford \$5.

—Residents of Hollis street are wondering where that concrete sidewalk is that was ordered by the board of aldermen many weeks ago. Has the order been lost, or is it held up because of the spasm of economy now prevailing at City Hall? Leaving necessary work undone may explain the present administration to make a good financial showing at the end of the year, but tax-payers do not think there is much economy in such a policy.

—In Medford, Wednesday of last week, Mr. Alfred Harold Handley of Newton was married to Miss Isabelle Estelle Priscilla Ashcroft of Medford, daughter of Frederick W. Ashcroft, Rev. Dr. William R. Webster officiating. On account of the recent death of the bride's mother the wedding was very quiet. The bridesmaid was Miss Gertrude M. Handley, sister of the groom, and the best man was Mr. William Merritt, superintendent of the Boston & Maine railroad. Mr. and Mrs. Handley after a short trip will reside on Morse street, Newton.

—Jeremiah J. Horan, night watchman for the construction department of the telephone company, appeared in court twice this week on the charge of drunkenness. About 10:30 last Sunday evening Patrolman Goode found Jeremiah lying on the sidewalk at the corner of Charlesbank road and Washington street, his back against a yard. He had been in charge of the speech when taken to station 1, and was taken in hand by Sgt. Purcell. After the interview Horan wished to obtain the sergeant's number and threatened to exert his political influence. In court Monday Horan told a long story to Judge Kennedy and the case was placed on file. In less than ten hours afterwards Horan was taken out of the station and placed in a cell in such a condition that it required three officers to carry him to the station. Horan appeared in court Tuesday morning and attempted to say he was not drunk at the time of his second arrest. This time he

failed to impose on the court and was fined \$15.

—Shirt repairing, see Blackwell's adv. 11

—Miss E. F. Bugbee of Emerson street is the guest of friends in Beachmont.

—Mr. Charles Pierce of Emerson street is suffering from an attack of malaria.

—Mr. Clarence V. Moore of Hunnewell avenue is away on his annual vacation.

—William E. Pike, electrician and licensed gas-fitter, Telephone 215, Newton.

—Miss Alice Mandell is visiting Miss Loveland at her summer home in Chatham.

—Mr. Porter E. Brown of Hollis street has returned from a stay at York Beach, Me.

—Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Mandell are spending the month of August at Point Allerton.

—Mr. Frank E. Judkins attended the Veteran Firemen's muster at Fall River yesterday.

—Miss Elsie Elliott of Maple street has returned from a visit with friends in Orleans, Mass.

—Mr. Albert F. Whittemore of Washington street will spend Sunday with friends in Gloucester.

—Miss Carrie Childs of Richardson street left Tuesday for a several weeks' stay at Harwichport.

—Capt. and Mrs. Crookford of Centre street returned Wednesday from a trip along the coast.

—Mr. William C. Briggs of Washington street has been visiting relatives in Haverhill this week.

—Mr. John B. May of Galen street returns next week from a vacation spent near Gloucester.

—Mr. Fred Williams of Attleboro was in town last Friday, visiting relatives on Jefferson street.

—Mr. Frank Briggs of Washington street has returned from a stay of several weeks at West Dennis.

—Miss Vera Howard of Vernon street has returned from a three weeks' stay at Five Islands, Me.

—Mr. Harry Sparks Johnson of Brighton Hill is expected home soon from a stay at Boothbay, Me.

—Mrs. Charles Howard of Vernon street has returned from a visit of several weeks at Five Islands, Maine.

—Miss Rose Davidson of Bridgeport, Conn., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. M. I. Cox of Boyd street this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Wheeler of Centre street were at the Deer Park Hotel, North Woodstock, N. H., last week.

—Mrs. Robert Curry of Jefferson street returned the first of the week from a two weeks' stay at Ashland, N. H.

—Miss Lois English of Jamaica Plain, who has been visiting friends on Park street, has returned to her home.

—Mr. Fred Marshman of Park street left Tuesday on a vacation, which he will spend at Shelburne Falls, Mass.

—Mr. William G. Bass of Winchester, who has been visiting friends on Park street, has returned to his home.

—Mr. Chauncey B. Allen of Charlesbank road returned the first of the week from a stay of two weeks at Ashland, N. H.

—Mr. R. V. C. Emerson and family of Richardson street returned Tuesday from a stay of six weeks at Choate Island, Essex.

—Miss Katherine Whittemore of Washington street spent several days the first of the week with friends in Providence, R. I.

—Mrs. E. A. Barrows and family of Jefferson street have returned from a several weeks' absence at Peaks Island, Me.

—Mr. Harry Spencer of Hunnewell avenue is in the employ of the Adams Express Company at the local office this month.

—Miss Jennie Louise Mason of Nonantum place left this week for Falmouth, where she will spend the remainder of the season at the hotel.

—Miss Helen Webster, book-keeper at Barber Bros., has accepted a position with a Boston firm and enters upon her duties next Monday.

—Dr. and Mrs. J. F. Frisbie of Centre street have returned from a stay of several weeks at Shady Nook Farm, East Wakefield Depot, N. H.

—Rev. C. E. Holmes, pastor of the Methodist church, preaches Sunday at the summer services at the Martha's Vineyard camp meeting grounds.

—The clerks of the assessors department are hard at work on the tax bills and it is their intention to send out the poll tax bills as near September 1st as possible, the property bills to follow later.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Galland of Tremont street left this week for an extensive vacation trip of two weeks. They will visit Amherst, N. Y., Watbury, Conn. Beach, Conn., and later register at Hotel Imperial, N. Y.

—Mr. A. B. Fifield, the new superintendent of schools, has leased the house of Mr. J. G. Granger, street, through Mr. E. F. Barnes' agency. Mr. Barnes has also leased 20 Granger street to Mr. W. E. Furber; 84 Richardson street to Joseph E. Loneragan, and Mr. Farquhar's house at 7 Franklin street to Mrs. Appleton of Faneuil.

—Four Newton young men are receiving congratulations this week on having successfully passed the recent Massachusetts bar examinations. It is said the examinations this year were the hardest for a number of years past. Out of the 210 taking the examination only 125 were passed. Those from Newton were Mr. Thomas Weston, Jr., of Franklin street, Mr. Grosvenor Calkins of Bellevue street, Mr. Franklin E. Smith of Fairmont avenue and Mr. Henry B. Patrick of Newtonville.

—Mr. Benjamin L. Rowe, assistant superintendent of the Newton branch of the Prudential Life Insurance Company, died Monday afternoon at the Newton Hospital. His death was due to internal troubles, with which he had been ill about a week. Mr. Rowe was 43 years of age, and was born at Peru, Me. He had resided in this city about a year, during which time he had been in charge of the Newton office of the insurance company. Previous to his coming to Newton he had been in charge of the company's business at Cambridge. He was also at one time connected with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company of New York. He leaves two sons. The interment was at Peru, Me.

—Mr. J. Herbert Park and Miss Ella Park, assisted by Miss Edith Castle, contralto, of Boston, furnished vocal solos and duos to help accompaniments, on the steam yacht "Skylark," containing the private house of Dr. T. M. Rotch and Commodore Tucker of the Manchester Harbor Yacht Club, at the Manchester Harbor Carnival last Friday evening. Among the guests of Dr. Rotch was the Spanish minister, Due D'Arco, Hon. A. L. Lindsey, son of the Earl of Lindsey, whose engagement to Commodore Tucker's daughter is just announced, and the Alena and Draper from Kentucky. After the carnival the party returned to the Manchester Yacht Club house, where the musical program was continued, after which supper was served at the residence of Dr. Rotch.

AUBURNDALE.

—Mr. B. F. Dean passed last week at Nantasket.

—Mr. William Robertson is at Gloucester for a week's stay.

—Officer Quilly has been confined to the house with malaria.

—Mr. William Lomax is enjoying his vacation at Newport.

—Mr. Fred Jones is building a new residence on Winona street.

—Mr. John Burr of Auburn street is at Newport for a month's stay.

—Mr. Thomas Lyons of Pine street has returned after a short vacation.

—Mr. Charles A. Miner is at Christmas Cove, Me., on a brief vacation.

—Mr. Frank Davis of Winona street has returned from his summer outing.

—Mr. W. F. Atkins, Sandwich, Mass.

—Mr. William Ames left last week for a bicycle trip to New Hampshire.

—Mr. Charles W. Higgins of Woodbine street is enjoying a short vacation.

—Miss Alice Gregory of Grove street is the guest of relatives at Brookfield.

—Mrs. C. L. Wilcomb of Melrose street is convalescing after her recent illness.

—Mr. and Mrs. James Ford of Melrose street returned from a trip to Halifax.

—Mrs. George Richardson was a guest last week at Hotel Pilgrim, Plymouth.

—Miss Mabel Pinks of Rowe street is enjoying a few weeks at the Veirs, N. H.

—Mr. C. E. Kettle and family of Grove street are enjoying their summer outing.

—Mr. Gus Nenenfeldt has returned from the hospital after his recent illness.

—Miss Alice Wyeth of Rowe street is passing a few weeks in New Hampshire.

—Mr. Oscar Reed of Ware road was among the guests at Gloucester last week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Drake of Auburn street have enjoyed a stay at Cottage City.

—Miss Torrey of Woodbine street has returned from her sojourn at Blue Hill, Me.

—Mr. Alliston Goodrich of Central street has returned after a month's stay at Nova Scotia.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Snelling of Philadelphia are guests of friends here for a few weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Burr of Hancock street have returned after their summer outing.

—Mr. Albert Higgins of Woodbine street is enjoying several weeks' stay in Philadelphia.

—Miss Blanche Noyes of Hancock street has returned from her sojourn at Princeton, Mass.

—Miss Kate M. Plummer of Woodbine street is at South Harpswell, Me., for a few weeks.

—Mr. William C. Cook of Auburn street has returned after a few weeks' stay at Nantasket.

—Mrs. George W. Page of Commonwealth avenue burnt her hand severely with hot fat.

—Miss Bessie Martin of Dorchester is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. G. B. H. Griffin, Vinton avenue.

—Mr. Albert Norton is entertaining friends from Fall River, at his home on Auburn street.

—Mrs. J. B. Chapin of Vista avenue has returned from South Harpswell, Me., after a few weeks' stay.

—Mrs. Pluta is the guest of Mrs. Frederick Burgess, at her home on Sandwich street, Plymouth.

—Mr. Underwood and family of Auburn street have returned after a month's stay in Connecticut.

—Mr. Eliot W. Keyes of Charles street has returned after a short stay at Horse Island Harbor, Me.

—Among the summer visitors at Rye Beach last week was Mr. Benjamin White of Islington street.

—Mrs. Burnap and family have returned from New Hampshire, where they passed the summer months.

—Mrs. L. A. Lane of Auburn street is at Hampton Beach, N. H. She stops at the Portsmouth House.

—The Amateur Athletic Union will hold its annual championship meeting at the Recreation grounds, Saturday.

—Rev. J. Beveridge Lee of Bloomfield, N. J., occupied the pulpit at the Congregational church, Sunday morning.

—Miss H. M. Childs of Auburn street has returned from her vacation, which she passed at Natick and Wellesley.

—Mr. F. W. Preston and family, who were guests of Mr. H. A. Preston, have returned to their home at Stafford Springs, Conn.

SUNSET.

Looking at those red clouds
Filled up in glorious banks of light,
How small seems earth! How puny our desires!
Eternity—how bright!

From out that ruddy glow
The future shines resplendent, though afar;
Faith's piercing eye can look beyond and greet
The rising of life's star.

Strange yearnings fill my heart—
A sudden deep unrest;
Even as the fledgling feels his instincts stir
Within him in the nest.

So, pinioned to earth too long,
The soul awakes and, fluttering ere it flies,
Brushes its spirit wing against my cheek
In rare surprise.

That it had slumbered thus awhile,
Told by the voices and the earthly din
That made the body all unconscious of
The visitor within.

And so a glory steals abroad,
A deep content that wraps me long;
For me the heavens have borne a message rare,
The firmament a song.

—Francis A. Walker in Washington Star.

A LIVELY LITTLE HOTEL.

Some of the Extraordinary Things That Happened There.

"The greatest man for anecdotes that I ever heard of," said the traveling salesman, "was a hotel keeper in Julian, Neb. He kept a small place, but there certainly had been a number of strange incidents within its walls, if you were to believe the proprietor. I don't say the man lied, but he certainly did some remarkable tricks with the truth. The first night I met him he nearly knocked my eye out, his talks being somewhat as follows:

"Hotel keeping is a strange life, and we have to put up with a great many things to please our guests. I remember one night an old fellow with a bronzed complexion came into the hotel and asked for a room. He was accommodated, but staid up stairs only a few minutes, after which he came down and said that he was a sea captain and could not sleep in such a quiet room. 'Don't you know that I had to put him into a room next to the bathroom and keep the water turned on full at night so that he could sleep?'"

"But that's nothing to the trouble I had one day when an Indian medicine show struck this town. They had a troupe of Eskimo. That fellow was a bird. They said he was from Greenland, but he was not so green. I can tell you. He was wrapped up in furs, although the weather was warm. I put him into a nice comfortable room, and he kept the bell ringing continually, ordering absinth frappe every few minutes. Finally the manager of the show, who went up to see why the Eskimo was drinking so much, came down and told me that the little fellow was trying to get cold and couldn't sleep in that hot room. 'Don't you know that before we could get that fellow comfortable we had to put him to bed in the refrigerator?'"

"That was a fearful night, and I'll never forget it. They had a trained bear with the show, and that animal was trained, let me tell you. About an hour after supper the bear ate in the dining room just like the other folks, sitting in a chair the bear ate up and walks into the kitchen. The man who trained it told us to give the bear some bottled beer. Well, the bartender made a mistake and put up ginger ale and lost an ear by his foolishness. You wouldn't believe it, but that bear drank 27 bottles of beer without turning a hair. It didn't even make him talkative."

"As I said before, that was a fearful night. The other things were bad enough, but when one of the small snakes got loose and crawled up the speaking tube we were nearly out of our senses. The bells kept ringing and the tubes whistling, but no one had the nerve to answer the call. A man who put his ear to one of those tubes was liable to have the snake come out and bite him. We never did use the tubes any more, but put in electric bells next week."—Baltimore Sun.

He Dropped the Canyon Story.
Captain Hance, a famous frontiersman and yarn spinner, lives on the verge of the grand canyon of the Colorado. Captain Hance used to claim that he built the canyon, that he dug it out all alone by himself when he was a boy; that he loved to work so much that the eastern states did not furnish an adequate field for his energy, so he came to Arizona and tried his hand in making a canyon. But he does not tell this story any more. A year or two ago a little girl came to the canyon and listened with eyes and mouth and ears open to the remarkable experiences related by Captain Hance, and when he had finished telling the members of the party to which she belonged how he dug the canyon all by himself the child exclaimed indignantly: "I don't believe a word of it."

"My dear," responded Captain Hance reproachfully, "don't you believe that I dug the canyon?"

"If you dug it," replied this infant terrible, "what did you do with the dirt?"

For once in his life Captain Hance was silent and says he has never told that story since.—Chicago Record.

When a Man Is a Dear at Home.
"How much do you want?" he asked his wife at the breakfast table last Monday. "Make it a light one, for I couldn't get a hand last night and dropped \$12 in anteing."

"Gambler!" she hissed. "To think that I should be mated to a gambler!"

"I got into those fellows for \$75 last night," he remarked at the breakfast table yesterday. "Pack up a few things today, and we'll take a little pleasure trip over Sunday."

"When are you going to keep your promise and teach me poker, dear?" she asked him sweetly, coming down to his side of the table.—Washington Post.

A Boy's Definition.
It was a Deering (Me.) schoolboy who defined "anodyne" as "something to a sausage pan" and then brought Webster's Unabridged to his skeptical teacher with his finger pointing triumphantly to the words "serving to assuage pain."—Lewiston Journal.

A Business Axiom.
The firms that in a few years have risen from small beginnings to affluence have generally done so by the aid of judicious advertising from the very commencement of their enterprise.—Clothes and Haberdashers' Weekly.

Do not waste any time over the notion that you are sadly misunderstood. It may be better for you if you are.—Galveston News.

If some people were like other people, there would be no people like some people.—Boston Courier.

RODE ON AN AVALANCHE.

A Perilous Journey Made in Safety on a Log.

George D. Williamson tells a thrilling story of his experience in a snowslide in the mountains of Hinsdale county.

Mr. Williamson and a companion had been to look at a mining claim in which they were interested and were returning along the trail when they came to a point at which there were evidences of a movement of the heavy mass of snow lying on the mountain side.

"I saw that it was liable to move again at any time," said Mr. Williamson, "and started back with the remark that it was as much as a man's life was worth to attempt to cross the snow that had poured across the trail. From where we stood to the bottom of the gulch was about 1,000 feet, and we could see that the movement of the snow had stopped about 60 feet below the trail in which we were standing. I thought that by going around the snow carefully we could escape and save ourselves a long trip."

The first volume of a new series of memoirs of eminent Americans, called the Beacon Biographies. Each little volume will contain a calendar of important dates and a brief bibliography.

"The moment I touched the log I knew I was gone. Whether the slide started of its own weight or whether my weight started it I will never know, but in an instant I was flying down the mountain. As the log began to move I dropped and fell astride it, grasping a limb in front of me with both hands. I heard the scream of my friend as I began to move and then heard nothing more except the terrible roar of the avalanche behind me. There were no trees in the way, and the log went as straight as a die down the mountain side, fortunately for me keeping on top of the snow."

"I don't know what I thought. There was no time to do much thinking, and all my energies were devoted to the maintenance of my position. We passed some dead bushes, the broken twigs from which were dashed into my face, cutting the skin, and the wind almost stopped my breath. At the bottom of the narrow gulch the tree stopped for an instant, but before I could get off the pressure of the snow behind it started it again, and it shot up the side of the opposite hill with scarcely any diminution of force."

"Gradually the avalanche spent its energy, and when the log came to a standstill I was sitting on it holding the limb tightly more than 200 feet up the mountain side, while behind me the snow, timbers and rocks filled the gulch to the level of my position, forming a ridge fully 15 feet high."

"The whole thing was over in half a minute, and, except for the scratches on my face, I was unharmed. As I shook the snow off and looked around I saw my friend tearing down the mountain on the other side of the gulch with the expectation that he would find my mangled body under the debris. Needless to say, he was astonished when he heard of my remarkable ride on the back of death."—Denver Republican.

Gilmore's Generosity.
It was at the time when Gilmore was at the height of his Paris engagement that his agent ran off with his funds and left the old bandmaster almost stranded. Despite his sincere trouble he retained his imperturbable good nature and came out of it successfully. He came to me one morning, smiling good naturedly, as usual. After greeting me and inquiring after my health, he said, "My dear child, you have saved some little money on this tour." I told him yes.

"Now, I would like to borrow that little from you."

I was very much surprised at the request, for he said nothing whatever of his loss. Still he had been so uniformly kind and generous and had won our confidence and regard so wholly that I could not hesitate. I turned over nearly all I had, and he gathered it up and went away, simply thanking me. Of course, I heard of the defalcation later. It was all around. Our salaries went right on, however, and in a few months the whole thing had been quite forgotten, when he came to me one morning with money ready in his hand.

"To pay you what I owe you, my dear," naming the amount.

"Here it is," he said, and handing me over a roll of bills, went away. Of course, I did not count it until a little later, but when I did I found just double the amount I had named, and no persuasion would ever induce him to accept a penny of it back.—Lillian Nordica in Ainslee's.

Origin of Surnames.
Surnames were introduced into England by the Normans and were adopted by the nobility about 1100.

The old Normans used Fitz, which signifies son. Fitzherbert. The Irish used O for grandson.—O'Neil, O'Donnell.

The Scottish Highlander used Mac, as MacDonald, son of Donald. The Welsh used Ap, as Ap Rhys, the son of Rhys, Ap Richard. The prefix Ap eventually was combined with the name of the father; hence Prys, Pritchard, etc.

The northern names added the word son to the father's name, as Williamson. Many of the most common surnames, such as Johnson, Wilson, Dyson, Nicholson, etc., were taken by Brabanters and others, Flemings, who were naturalized in the reign of Henry VI, 1435.—Christian Advocate.

Heroism.
The most truly heroic thing may be the refusal to appear as a hero. To resist a temptation to make a display of courage, courage or whatever is likely to show itself conspicuously in that which is visible to the world, sometimes calls for the invisible employment of those very forces. It takes courage to be silent and "strength to sit still." Restraint and self control are in reality forms of high energy, physical and moral. At their best they constitute a heroism as noble as it is secret and invisible.

Make Themselves Hideous.
The natives both of Ruk and the neighboring group of the Mortlocks, in the Caroline islands, have the curious custom, remarked in the Visayas of the Philippines, the Peruvians, Indians and the Taringa-Rorua aborigines of Easter island, of piercing the lower lobe of the ear and forcing it to grow downward in a huge, unsightly flap.

NEWTON FREE LIBRARY.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Austin, Oscar Phelps. Uncle Sam's Soldiers: a Story of the War with Spain. 71.506
- "Desired to give young readers information about modern military methods, including the organization and handling of armies, the methods of their training, arms, ammunition, coast defenses, etc."
- Badenoch, L. N. True Tales of the Insects. 105.575
- Essays on the devil's riding-horse, walking sticks, locusts, grass hoppers, moths, etc.
- Blackman, William Fremont. The Making of Hawaii: a Study in Social Evolution. 86.229
- A study of the social, political and moral development of the Hawaiian people.
- Carruth, Hayden. Mr. Milo Bush and other Worthies, their Recollections. 61.1255
- Twenty short stories and character sketches.
- Dreyfus, Alfred. Letters d'un innocent: the Letters of Captain Dreyfus to his Wife. 91.993
- The letters cover the period from December, 1894, to February, 1898.
- Greater Boston Business Directory and Register: Continuation of Boston Register and Business Directory. 211.112
- Contains list of business houses, city, state, and United States officials, societies, etc., comprising also seventeen suburban cities and towns.
- Hasluek, Paul N., ed. Wood finishing: comprising Staining, Varnishing and Polishing. (Work Handbooks.) 101.961
- Howe, Mark Anthony de Wolfe. Phillips Brooks. 91.980
- The first volume of a new series of memoirs of eminent Americans, called the Beacon Biographies. Each little volume will contain a calendar of important dates and a brief bibliography.
- James, Henry. The Awkward Age. 65.1041
- A satire of English social life of today.
- Kenyon, Frederic G. The Palaeography of Greek Papyri. 105.569
- An attempt to formalize and classify the results of a number of discoveries, most of which have occurred quite recently." Preface.
- Leonard, John William, ed. Who's who in America: a Biographical Dictionary of Living men and Women of the United States. 211.130
- Eighty-third and condensed biographies of the living men and women who have done important work in literature, science, politics, education, etc., in America.
- Morris, William. Art and the Beauty of the Earth: a Lecture. 55.622
- Record of Art in 1898. 57.469
- "A summary of what is best in the production of artists of the British and French schools during the past twelve months."
- Stannard, Henrietta Eliza Vaughan. (John Strange Winter.) Heart and Sword. 65.1087
- Stillman, William James. Francis Crispi: Insurgent, Exile, Revolutionist and Statesman. 94.676
- "Crispi is shown to have, after Cavour, the greatest intellectual ability among the makers of Italy."
- Todd, Margaret G. (Graham Travers.) Windyhaugh. 65.1039
- Windyhaugh is the name of a castle situated in an outlying rural district of Edinburgh.
- Watson, David K. History of American Coinage. 84.477
- Gives information concerning the origin and growth of our coinage system and the cause of its instability.
- E. P. THURSTON, Librarian.

WHAT A VERMONT VACATION DID.

RESTED, INVIGORATED AND MADE A "BETTER MAN" OF ONE VISITOR.

"I know of no better place in which to pass a quiet, restful vacation or summer than in one of the pretty villages of Vermont," wrote a prominent New York man last fall to Gov. Smith of Vermont. "For ten years now I have taken a two weeks' vacation in your beautiful Green Mountain State, and I am a better man because of it. Sometimes my family go with me, and sometimes I go alone, but in either case I come home rested and invigorated."

Persons who have never passed a vacation among the Green Mountains of Vermont should know that there are hundreds of "pretty villages" among the hills and along the shores of Lake Champlain, where one can find every home comfort and every opportunity for quiet rest and recreation. An attractive book describing this region, "Summer Home Among the Green Hills," is obtainable for 4 cents stamp on application to T. H. Hanley, C. V. Ry., 194 Washington street, Boston. It is rich in illustration and picturesque text, and will aid one in promptly settling the vacation question.

The soothing and healing properties of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, its pleasant taste and prompt and permanent cures, have made it a great favorite with the people everywhere. For sale by A. Hudson, Newton; E. F. Partridge, Newtonville; B. Billings, Newton Upper Falls; J. H. Green, Newton Highlands.

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To see the happy vacationists take their departure for the Provinces over the Plant Line from North Side of Lewis Wharf, and the number who are going every trip seems not to diminish a particle. Tourists from all over the country have availed themselves of this delightful sail, while there seems to have been a regular exodus from New England. Those who catch the fever should not hesitate because it's late, for Autumn is the most delightful season in the Provinces. Complete information of J. A. Flanders, New England Agent, Plant Line, 290 Washington St., Boston, or E. H. Downing, Agent, 20 Atlantic Ave., Boston.

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R-I-P-A-N-S. 10 for 5 cents at druggists. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. No matter what's the matter one will do you good.

NEWTONVILLE.

—Mrs. Gertrude Parrie is at Cottage Park, Winthrop.

—Mr. A. H. Clifford is stopping at Hotel Preston, Swampscott.

—Miss Gannett of Milton is a guest of Mrs. Edward Palmer Hatch.

—Mrs. Dexter of Washington street is enjoying a short stay at Seaside.

—Mrs. Charles Johnson of Washington street is at Seaside for a short stay.

—The Misses Stella and Edith Hamilton are the guests of friends at Duxbury.

—Mr. and Mrs. Herbert R. Gibbs are guests at Charles Lincoln's, Ocean Bluff.

—Mrs. C. S. Keene is among the guests at Mooslaunke House, Breezy Point, N. H.

—Miss E. V. Pinkham was among the guests last week at the Linwood, Rockport.

—Messrs. Burton and Hamilton of London were the guests of friends here Sunday.

—Mrs. J. Merrill Brown and Miss Geraldine Brown enjoyed last week at Nantasket.

—Miss Nellie Bishop of Walnut street has returned after a month's stay at Nantasket.

—Rev. George S. Butters preached to a large audience in the chapel at Buzzards Bay, Sunday.

—Mr. E. Nash of Edinboro street has returned from a delightful season at Boothbay Harbor.

—Miss Lillian Snelling is at Swampscott for a few weeks' stay. She registers at the Lincoln House.

—Mrs. Henry Tole of Washington terrace has returned after several weeks' stay at Plymouth.

—Mrs. J. B. Sullivan of Washington terrace has returned after her sojourn at Bradford, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Wheeler are among the summer visitors at Deer Pond, North Woodstock, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. George P. Thresher have enjoyed several weeks' stay at Hotel Preston, Beach Bluff.

—Among the guests at the Lincoln House, Swampscott, is Mrs. W. R. Batcher of Otis street.

—Mr. H. E. Sisson and family of Providence, R. I., are the guests of their parents on Edinboro street.

—Mr. Arthur H. Gilbert, formerly of this place, is expected to return from Italy about September 1st.

—Mr. William Hollings and family of Washington Park returned last week from their sojourn in Maine.

—Miss Wetherell won the second prize at a whist party, Wednesday evening, at Gray's Inn, Jackson, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Kingsbury of Otis street are enjoying a few weeks' stay at the Lincoln House, Swampscott.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Lathrop are at the Franconia Inn, N. H., and will remain until the middle of September.

—Mrs. E. E. Sands, Bowers street, returned this week from New Hampshire, where she passed several weeks.

—Hon. William Quimby of the Detroit Free Press was the guest this week of Mrs. Wentworth of Foster street.

—Mrs. William Hollings of Washington Park left this week for Laconia, N. H., where she will make a short stay.

—Mrs. Nias of Wellesley is a guest of her daughter, Mrs. Robert Foster West, at her new residence on Austin street.

—Mr. A. W. Moore and family were among the passengers who returned from Europe last week in the Cephelonia.

—Miss Fletcher and Miss Buft are being entertained by Mrs. M. L. Chandler at her summer home, Cove street, Duxbury.

—Messrs. Noel T. Wellman and Donald Macomber joined friends at the Russell cottages, Kearsarge, N. H., last week.

—Mr. Edgar S. Dufour and family of Salem are occupying the new house recently built by Mr. Claflin on Walnut street.

—Mr. O. F. Clark of Central avenue returned on the Cephelonia after an enjoyable stay of six weeks on the continent.

—Mr. J. W. Dickinson and family of Birch Hill road sailed from Liverpool, Aug. 17. They will reach home next week.

—Mr. E. J. Shayler of Weston won the silver medal for Gladioli at the Horticultural exhibit, Saturday, Aug. 19th.

—Mr. and Mrs. Albert Sisson of Edinboro street have returned from Providence, R. I., where they were the guests of their son.

—Mr. A. Sidney Bryant and family of Washington terrace have returned from Bradford, N. H., where they passed several weeks.

—Mrs. A. W. Carter and child of Walker street have returned from Brookline, where they were the guests of Mrs. Carter's mother.

—Miss Ella Butler will pass the remainder of the month of August at Orrs Island, Maine, and the month of September with relatives at Portland, Maine.

—Mr. and Mrs. Chandler Holmes of Highland avenue have returned from the Moskopauk House, Rutland, Mass., where they have been for two weeks past.

—Dr. G. H. Talbot and family of Walnut street expect to arrive home next week after several months' stay in Europe. Mrs. Gertrude C. Wadleigh also sails on the same steamer.

—There are letters remaining in the post office for Mrs. French, care of Miss Mary J. Langley of Walnut street, the Newton Ladies' Mandolin and Guitar Co., and Miss Eunice Townsend, box 202.

—Mr. F. A. Wetherell, L. H. Wetherell, Miss Elsie Wetherell and Miss Marjorie Wetherell were members of a party from Gray's Inn, Bethlehem, N. H., who drove up Mt. Washington last Tuesday.

—Mr. J. B. Turner of Court street returned last Friday after a six weeks' trip abroad. He returned in the Cephelonia and stated that the weather was delightful during the passage, which was made in nine days from Queenstown.

—Mr. George W. Almy and son, George W. Almy Jr., of Austin street are at Little Compton, R. I., for a few weeks' stay. They are the guests of Mr. Almy's twin brother. The brothers have lived to the ripe age of 81 years and are remarkably well preserved men.

—There will be a trolley party leaving Newtonville square at 7.30 this evening providing weather permits. Trips will be made over the tracks of the Newton & Boston street railway, and later there will be a banquet at the Woodland Park Hotel. The affair is under the auspices of the Gethsemane commandery, K. T.

—Mr. George I. Aldrich is one of the instructors at the Teachers' Institute at Plymouth, N. H. He has given valuable assistance to the teachers in arithmetic in his morning hour, and English in the afternoon. This is the sixth annual session of the New Hampshire summer institute and about 100 teachers are receiving instruction.

—Letters have been received from Mr. Philip Hooper Moore mailed at Vernal, Utah, announcing his safe arrival at the Utah Copper Mines, near Carter, Utah, after a ride of ninety miles on horseback which consumed three days. He has gone on a prospecting tour and if business looks

promising he may be absent two or three years.

—Mr. H. B. Parker, Beaumont avenue, has returned from Camp.

—Miss Dyer of Randolph is the guest of the Misses Bailey, Cabot street.

—Mr. Louis Ross returned this week from a business trip to New York.

—Mr. J. T. Coleman is enjoying a short vacation at his home on Court street.

—Mr. A. J. Dodge and family have moved from Austin street to Lowell avenue.

—Mr. Walter Cunningham and family of Beach street are enjoying a few weeks' stay in Maine.

—Mr. Arthur F. Felton is having a stable erected at the rear of his house on Highland avenue.

—Mr. F. A. Russell and family of Malden have moved into the Howard house on Clyde street.

—Miss Edith McMann of Cabot street has returned after a three weeks' stay at Provincetown.

—Miss Esther Soule of Easton, Mass., is the guest of her uncle, Mr. W. P. Soule, Walker street.

—Mrs. George Strout and daughter have returned from a five weeks' trip through the state of Maine.

—Mr. George Bishop and family of Walnut street have returned after several weeks' stay at the seashore.

—Mr. E. N. Thayer and Mr. Baldwin Thayer of Walnut street will sail for Europe, Wednesday, Aug. 30th.

—Mr. John McKay of Washington street has returned from a three weeks' yachting trip along the New England coast.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Walker of Birch Hill Road will spend the remainder of the season at their cottage at Falmouth.

—Mr. Daniel Wasserbach and family of Albany, N. Y., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Soule of Walker street.

—Mrs. Ball and family of Washington street have returned from Mouse Island, Me., where they passed several weeks.

—Mr. George Ross and the Misses Ross of Hull street are enjoying a few weeks' carriage trip through the western part of the state.

—Miss Florence Hobbs, the chief operator at the Newton telephone exchange, is spending her vacation at the Robin's West Inn, Onset, Mass.

WEST NEWTON.

—Miss E. E. Simman is enjoying her vacation at Newport.

—Miss Anna Claflin of Elm street is at Seaside for a short stay.

—Mr. Robert E. Ellis registered at the Hillside Inn at Bethlehem, N. H.

—Mr. W. E. Marsh registered last week at Vineyard Sound House, Falmouth.

—Rev. F. L. J. O'Toole returned last week from his recent European trip.

—Mr. Fred Furbush of Watertown street is in New Hampshire for a short stay.

—Mr. Alfred Claflin of Elm street has returned from his sojourn at Rindge, N. H.

—Mrs. A. E. Gill enjoyed several weeks' stay at the Cocochett House, Osterville, N. H.

—Miss Maud E. Parsons is passing the month of August at Gray's Inn, Bethlehem, N. H.

—Mrs. Warren and daughter of Otis street have returned from Bridgewater, N. H.

—Mrs. Thurston and daughters of Fountain street are enjoying a season at Jaffrey, N. H.

—Mrs. Wyman and daughter of Davis avenue have returned after their summer outing.

—Dr. F. L. Thayer passed Sunday with Mrs. Thayer at the Pigeon Cove House, Pigeon Cove.

—Mr. S. E. Thompson is enjoying a stay at Linwood Hotel, Roland Park, Centre Ossipee, N. H.

—Mr. J. B. Chase of Mt. Vernon street is reported as seriously ill at his summer home at Hull.

—Gen. Marcus P. Miller, U. S. A., retired, is the guest of Mrs. Fyfe at her home on Perkins street.

—Miss Anna G. Swain is one of the guests at the Holiday Inn, Nantucket, during the month of August.

—Miss E. L. Anthony and Miss Fanny Garrison of Chestnut street are at Kennebunkport, Me., for a season.

—Mr. Fisher Ames, Jr., has passed several weeks at Chatham, where he has enjoyed good shooting on the beach.

—Mr. and Mrs. James P. Tolman have joined the Newton colony at Jefferson Highlands, and are stopping at Dartmouth cottage.

—Mrs. and Miss Pray were among the handsomely dressed ladies at the full dress hop at the Kearsarge House, North Conway, N. H., Saturday evening.

—Mr. F. W. Lewis won the first gentleman's prize at a Friday party, Friday, at Bethlehem, N. H. It was a book of poems handsomely bound in burnt leather.

—Mr. A. G. Robbins of Cherry street accompanied by Mr. H. W. Zylar of Newton Centre made a bicycle trip through the mountains. They made their headquarters at French's.

—Mr. Nathaniel T. Berry, supervisor of drawing in the schools, gave a comprehensive course in his subject at the sixth annual session of the New Hampshire Summer Institute at Plymouth, N. H., last week.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Ayer were among the prominent people at the subscription german at the Ocean Side Casino, Magnolia, Monday evening. Mrs. Ayer led the cotillion with Mr. Palmer B. Morrison of New York.

—Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pray and Miss Helen Wadham were members of a large party from the Kearsarge House, North Conway, who enjoyed a picnic at Walker's pond, Friday. A straw ride to Jackson was enjoyed in the evening.

—There was an incipient blaze in the kitchen of J. T. Cushman's house on Watertown street about 7 o'clock last Monday evening. The explosion of a defective stove caused an explosion which resulted in considerable damage to the woodwork. An alarm was rung in from box 31 but before the department arrived the blaze had been extinguished.

—The Feast of St. Bernard, patron saint of the church, was celebrated at St. Bernard's church Sunday morning with solemn high mass. The celebrant was Rev. J. O'Toole, rector of the church, assisted by Rev. P. R. Brady as deacon and Rev. Fr. Galligan sub-deacon. The Panegyric of the saint was preached by Rev. Fr. Brady O. M. I. of Inchicore, Dublin. In the evening vespers was followed by the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

—The police have been notified of two thefts which they are at present investigating. The club house on the Brae Burn Golf Club on Fuller street was entered some time Wednesday night and 26 lockers broken open. Several small articles were stolen including three bottles of ginger ale. The fruit stand of H. K. Reid, located at the corner of the Commonwealth avenue boulevard and Washington street, was also

entered on the same night, and \$10 worth of small stuff, including tonics and tobacco, taken.

—Mr. Burnham of Webster street has returned from New Hampshire.

—Miss Florence Plimpton of Chestnut street has returned from Onset.

—Mr. H. C. Nickerson of Highland street has returned from his vacation.

—Mr. Joshua Blake of Cherry street has returned from his summer outing.

—Mr. H. E. Woodberry and family are passing a few weeks at Beverly.

—Mr. M. F. Lucas of Webster place is at Limerick, Me., for a few weeks' stay.

—Mr. W. H. French of Henshaw terrace is enjoying a few days' stay at Fall River.

—Miss May Best of Dorchester is the guest of Miss Hazel Robbin, Cherry street.

—Miss Myra Metcalf of Webster park is enjoying her vacation at Kennebunkport, Me.

—Mr. George Hatch is confined to his home on Watertown street with rheumatism.

—Mr. Harry Dalton and family of Chestnut street are in New Hampshire for a few weeks.

—Mr. C. E. Adams and family of Lenox street have returned from their summer outing.

—Mrs. Langley and family of Cherry street have returned after several weeks' absence.

—Mr. George Rice and family of Warren avenue have returned after a month's stay at Egypt.

—Mr. George T. Lincoln and family of Lenox street have returned from Sugar Hill, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. George P. Whitmore of Winthrop street are at Exeter, N. H., for a short season.

—Miss Edith Marsh of Alpine street has returned from her summer home at Bridgewater, N. H.

—Mr. H. A. Inman and family of Perkins street have returned after a few weeks' stay at Oxford.

—Major Lawrence of Otis street left this week for Europe, where he will remain several months.

—Mrs. Fred Baker of Cherry street has returned from Old Orchard, where she enjoyed the season.

—Mrs. S. N. Waters, who is passing the summer months at Sutton, was here for a few days this week.

—Mr. J. P. Gray and family of Putnam street have returned after a month's stay at Squirrel Island, Me.

—Miss Alexander and Mrs. Thompson of Otis street leave tomorrow for several weeks' stay in Maine.

—Mr. James T. Bailey and family of Webster street have returned after a month's stay at Egmont.

—The Boyle O'Reilly band of Natick accompanied the Newton Firemen's Association to Fall River Thursday.

—John Elliot Lodge, A. O. U. W., held its regular meeting Wednesday evening. Only routine business was transacted.

—Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Pratt of Highland street have returned from Jefferson, N. H., where they passed the summer season.

—Mrs. B. F. Houghton and Mrs. Frank Fuller of Washington street have returned after several weeks' stay at Cottage City.

—An interesting prayer meeting was held by the ladies Thursday afternoon in the Baptist vestry. Mrs. Leland was the leader.

—Mrs. H. L. Putnam and daughter have returned from their sojourn in Maine. They leave next week for their new home in St. Louis.

—Mrs. L. F. Seaver and daughter, Miss Hattie F. Seaver, returned from their trip to North Woodstock, N. H. They will return in September.

—Miss Ida Stacey of Henshaw street is enjoying her vacation at Littleton, Nova Scotia. She is the guest of Miss Lottie Chichey of that place.

—The Newton Veteran Firemen Association will continue its special meeting and drills twice a week until Labor Day, when they will attend the muster at Hudson.

—Mrs. J. C. Javnes of Prince street has the sincere sympathy of a large number of friends upon the death of her mother who died recently at her home in St. Paul, Minn.

—Among the prize winners at the river carnival at Waltham last week was Mr. H. C. Florence of Cherry street. He won the second prize awarded to single boats or canoes.

—Mrs. A. K. Tolman and Miss Tolman of Hunter street have returned from their summer resorts. July was passed at Ryan Cove and several enjoyable weeks spent at Arlington Heights.

—Mr. Robert Bennett has recently arranged to sell tickets and to check baggage through to New York City and also to points in the west via Boston. This will be a great accommodation to travelers.

—Letters remain in the postoffice for Mrs. O. C. Bennett, Mrs. Cora Pierce, Thos. Collins, John Pirkee, Thos. Dyer, W. W. Milroy, John Galvin, F. T. Simpson, Miss Sarah D. Gilbert, Jas. E. Sheehan, Valentine Holme, H. L. Sullivan, William Gratton, J. H. Tillman, J. W. Lomy, Mrs. H. Winters.

—A horse and buggy belonging to ex-Alderman H. H. Hunt was left by its owner on Kneeland street, Boston, last Tuesday afternoon, and during his absence was stolen. Chief Tarbox began an active search and sent postals to the chiefs of police in all Massachusetts towns and cities describing the rig. On Wednesday it was found in Taunton, Mass., where it had been abandoned. Yesterday Inspector Fletcher went to Taunton and recovered the property. The thief was not found.

Grain-O Brings Relief

to the coffee drinker. Coffee drinking is a habit that is universally indulged in and almost as universally injurious. Have you tried Grain-O? It is almost like coffee but the effects are just the opposite. Coffee upsets the stomach, ruins the digestion, effects the heart and disturbs the whole nervous system. Grain-O tones up the stomach, aids digestion and strengthens the nerves. There is nothing but nourishment in Grain-O. It can't be otherwise. 15 and 25c. per package.

Established 1878.

Samuel Appleton

Shoes

are SUPERIOR to all others. They are made to PROPERLY fit your wife, children, or yourself.

48 WINTER ST.

No other Office in Boston.

KNEW THE CRITTERS

SHE WAS THOROUGHLY POSTED ON THE TRIBE OF HUSBANDS.

Her Experience Was as Wonderful as Her Inquisitiveness, and Both Were Turned Loose on the Pretty Girl Who Said She Was Engaged.

The conversation began in the Erie ferryboat, going over. The young woman was pretty. Her hair was violently auburn. There were many vacant seats in the boat, but the elderly stout woman in black and a whiskered mole on her chin sat down in the seat next the young woman. She was one of that sort of elderly stout women, not too uncommon, who seem to have been with the world since it began to talk with you on the cars or on the boat or in the stage the moment they settle down you will think they don't want to be agreeable. She glanced at the positive hair of the pretty young woman and at once had her doubts as to whether it was so by nature or by art. Vigorously agitating the atmosphere of the moment with her fan, she turned to the pretty young woman and said in a robust voice:

"Nasty weather!"

The young woman replied, with a little start at the suddenness and roundness of the remark, that it was, and then the stout, elderly woman snapped out:

"You look to me just as if you was going to get married somebody."

The pretty young girl blushed to the color of her hair and then smiled and said yes, she was. The stout woman did not pause long.

"Be you engaged to him?" she asked.

There was no doubt from the expression on the pretty young woman's face that the stout old woman was a mind reader.

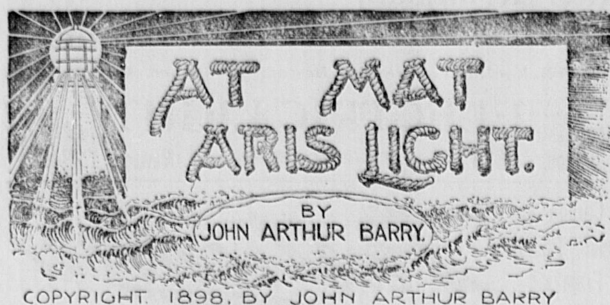
"Thought so," said she, "but I hope he ain't a railroad man. Don't never marry a railroad man. Laws! They're liable to be smashed up any time, and then they have set all pervadin chances for flirtin'."

I hope he ain't a railroad man."

The young woman smiled and said she wasn't a railroad man. The stout, elderly woman glanced suspiciously at the young woman's red hair again. She had strong doubts of it, that was plain.

"I hope you ain't got to tell me he's a hotel keeper," she resumed. "Massy on us, don't you do it! My first husband was a hotel keeper, and he fell down the elevator and had forgot to have his life insured. It riles me 'till I think of the forgetfulness of that man. Please don't tell me yours is going to be a hotel keeper."

The young woman relieved the stout woman's mind. He wasn't a hotel keeper.



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My friend Harding was head keeper of one of the finest lighthouses in the world, and I was free of it at all hours, but it was of nights that I loved best to join the old man on his watch and sit on the balcony and gaze out at the great ocean illumined at minute intervals by the flood of white radiance that seemed to pour forth a greeting to the silent ships as they passed and repassed or came straight for the harbor mouth.

Harding was a square built, gray haired man, with a strong, determined face, all brown and wrinkled by sun and storm, and eyes that burned like live coals under shaggy white brows.

At odd times at night the concentrated beams that seemed to hit the far horizon would sail ships, glorified momentarily as they passed through, with every spar and sail and rope sharply outlined by the sudden brilliance, but more often they slid along between light and water, ill defined phantasmal blobs of smudge, out of which, when the fancy took them to make their numbers, would spout forth many colored fires, all incomprehensible to the untutored eye as the dim fabrics they proceeded from.

But Harding and his assistant signalmen read off ships and numbers as easily apparently as if it was broad daylight, and the telegraph would repeat at intervals: "Large square rigged ship, with painted ports, steering E. by N. Made her number 23,745." Or it might be, "Steamer, black funnel with white band, brig rigged, deep, bound south, showed no number."

This, you will see, was no isolated light stuck forlornly hundreds of miles from anywhere. It was an establishment over which Harding presided—quite a little settlement of government offices connected with the important department of harbors, rivers and trade. His salary was high. So was the efficiency of the service he headed. And he was not averse to a little judicious praise now and again.

It was a wild night, with a "southerly" blowing great gusts, keeping the sea flattened into a vast milky white expanse of foam that kept up a long drawn, continuous roar at the foot of the cliffs in fitting accompaniment to the shrieking blasts that wrestled and tore around the great tower as if striving to shake it from its foundations deep down in the solid rock.

"Come along to my room," said Harding at last after a good look around, "and we'll have a pipe and a glass of grog while I tell you about another lighthouse I ran and another man-o'-war that I watched some 25 years ago now."

Descending into his private snugery beside a bright fire, I took one of the big armchairs while Harding operated with hot water, case bottle, lemons and sugar and after fixing matters to his satisfaction filled his pipe and said:

"Aye, it must be about five and twenty years now since the day I sat on the steps of the sailors' home in Singapore stone broke. I'd been first mate of a ship called the Star of Africa, that the skipper managed to run slap on to a rock in the strait of Sunda. It wasn't my fault, nor did I lose my ticket, like the captain. All the same, I found it precious hard to get another ship."

"Owners as well as masters have fads and prejudices in this respect—not perhaps as regards a first time. But this happened to be my second wreck running. So my luck, you see, was dead out. Actually, only for bananas I might have starved. Bananas and water fill up and satisfy right enough, only it takes you all your time to keep the supply going. Presently, as I sat there, digesting my second or third breakfast, out came the master intendant and said he: 'Harding, if you stay here till the moon turns blue, you'll never get a ship. But a billet's turned up that perhaps is better than nothing. The Dutch,' he went on, 'have built a lighthouse somewhere down yonder on the Bornean coast and a second keeper is wanted, wages 80 guilders a month and rations. It's the merest fluke that I happened to hear of it. Will you take it?'

"Would a duck swim?" "All right, then, come along to Van Veldt & Co's office. They'll take you on my recommendation. The Dutch agents did so without question. More, they paid me a month's wages in advance, and sent me in one of their steamers round to Batavia, where I was to get fresh orders. Arrived there, I was kept waiting a month. But as I had good quarters and plenty to eat and drink I didn't mind a bit spending my 'dead horse' in this way. One day, however, I was told to get my belongings on board a little row and aft schooner which had been loading stores for the newly built lighthouse."

"We were ten days on the passage, and when we brought up at our destination and I saw what I'd come to I'd have taken ten days on bananas and water to get away again. "From a thickly wooded point a reef ran nearly three-quarters of a mile out into the Macassar strait. At the extreme end of Mat Aris—as the point was called—stood the lighthouse. You'd have laughed! Imagine a sort of shed, shaped like one of those oval topped meat safes, built on a platform resting on piles 40 feet high. That was all. From the shed there ran a corduroy bridge with a hand rail, some 20 feet back shoreward, to another and a larger

platform, where in a large hut we were to live. The only way to get down to terra firma was by ladders. At low water all you could see were mud and dozens of alligators, which used to come down a river close to for salt water bathing. Everywhere, almost down to the sea, stood great trees 150 feet high, growing close together, elbowing each other, so to speak, and as if that wasn't enough, creepers, ferns and undergrowth of all descriptions filled up every vacant chink between them. On this impenetrable face of woodland the efforts of the workmen and builders had merely left a slight scratch—even by this time rapidly greening over. Nature heals her scars in that country almost as soon as received. The light itself was merely a big lantern carrying eight wicks, kerosene fed, and hung to the roof of the meat safe. That it had been badly wanted, primitive as it was, the remains of several vessels emphatically witnessed.

"My boss was there already, a cross bred, surly looking customer—father Dutch, mother Malay. She kept house for us—a skinny old hag, with a nose like an eagle's and a bigger mustache than I could boast of in those days. Her son's name was Peter—Peter Klopp. "Presently the schooner went away and left us, and what a life it was! Nothing to do after trimming the lights of a morning and sweeping bucketfuls of moths out of the roundhouse, except sit and smoke and look out across the strait to Celebes—just a blue line of high mountains in the distance—sleep, eat, watch the ships coming and going, or pull faces at the monkeys up among the tall trees that waved their heads 70 feet above ours."

"At times the traffic was pretty thick; it was always peculiar. Junks from Swatow, bound for Amboyna and Ceram for sandalwood, swallows' nests and beche de mer; country wallahs from Penang and Singapore, going round to Benjarmassin for coffee and rice; steam tramps from Australian ports loaded up to their gunwales with coal for Manila, and smart little topsail schooners flying any flag that took their fancy and ready to pick up anything that wasn't too hot or too heavy for them, from a bushel of nutmegs to a holdful of 'blackbirds.' But, with the exception of a Dutch gunboat, the Blitzen, acting as a sort of sea patrol, who called on us at long intervals, we had no visitors at that Aris point."

"Peter and his old hag of a mother I soon discovered were confirmed opium smokers, and when they went in for a regular spree and began to suffer a recovery they made things hum in 'Monkey island,' as I called it. Once I was fool enough to interfere and stop Peter from choking the life out of her. For thanks, the pair turned on me, but I managed to dress them down, although Peter nearly got his knife into me. And I can tell you," laughed Harding, pausing in his story and rising to conjure again with the kettle and other adjuncts, "that two to one, with precious little room and a breakneck fall if you're not careful, isn't as funny as it might be."

Having replenished the glasses and refilled and lit his pipe, Harding proceeded:

"Well, after this I could see that the two had taken a down upon me, and as I on my part was heartily sick of the whole contract I told the officer who commanded the Blitzen next time she called that I wanted to leave, and that the sooner he found a substitute the better I should be pleased. For answer he called me an English 'schelm,' which means rascal, and told me that I had agreed for two years, which was a lie, and that there I should stay. Also that he'd make it his business to see that I didn't get away."

"Seeing that escape, for that's what it really came to, by water was not to be thought of, except by swimming, and the sharks pretty well put that out of the question, I determined to see what the land side was like. A muddy banked river emptied itself just below the lighthouse, and this one day I started to follow up. But I didn't follow long. I don't believe I got a mile before I was mother naked and nearly bitten and stung to death. Every bush and shrub, nay, every flower, seemed to carry a thorn. And, what with fire ants, mosquitoes, leeches, centipedes, stinging flies, and worse than all, a clammy caterpillar that drops on to you off the leaves and sticks hairs into you that break off in your flesh and fester, I can assure you it was the roughest picnic I ever had. Why, I almost thought I could hear the alligators chuckling as I made home again. Certainly Peter laughed for the first time since we'd been mates on Monkey island when he saw the plight I was in."

"A day or so after this the gunboat sent her gig ashore again, and from the hammock I had slung in my portion of the big hut, I could hear much laughter among the Dutchmen as Peter detailed my adventure. I heard also allusions to some other verdamme Engländer and a long talk about the light and bearings, the gist of which for want of a more intimate knowledge of the language escaped me. Next morning I saw Peter marching off along the narrow strip of bank that separated bush from sea with a tailblock over his shoulder, and, though wondering mightily what he could be up to, I wasn't going to show

my curiosity. A tailblock, by the way, I ought to tell you, is the common block that you reeve a rope through, only to one end of it is attached a long tail of plaited stuff, usually, by which it can be made fast to a spar or bolt, aloft or aloft. Very little gave me food for thought in those days, and I puzzled over this till Peter came back, and, rummaging among the stores, walked off once more with a coil of new ratline line and in the same direction."

"He did not appear at dinner, and, as I finished my mess of rice, salt fish and pickled mangoes, I said to the hag, 'What has become of Peter?' 'He's gone to set a trap for an orang outang whose tracks he saw at the foot of the ladders yesterday,' she replied, grinning and leering. 'And,' added she sarcastically, 'if you don't believe me go and look, only leave your clothes behind, most misbegotten of English fools.'

"Peter came home that evening, and in the interest created by a new visitor in those waters and whose acquaintance I at once sought some means of making the incident of the tailblock was completely forgotten."

"Dutch soundings, it appeared, had been found so unreliable as to bring a few good British vessels to grief, and that government, characteristically enough, had dispatched a vessel to correct them without giving the Dutch notice or saying by your leave or anything else."

"And, although we, or rather I, was unaware of it, H. M. S. Badger had for some time been thus engaged at the upper portion of the strait. Now she appeared off Mat Aris bluff, in sporting parlance, wiping the Blitzen's eye, very much to the disgust of the latter's officers, whose specialty, if they possessed one, was supposed to be surviving."

"The Badger was a paddle wheeler, brig rigged old tub, sure enough. But



"Peter laughed for the first time since we'd been mates."

she was British, and as I stared and stared through the glasses at the white ensign and the good red cross flying from her peak I was tempted often to swim off to her as she puffed and churned away, fussing around after her boats like an old hen after her chicks."

"But when I looked at the black, three sided fins sticking up at high water right alongside our piles I felt my toes tingle, and thought better of it, trusting that some day she'd send a boat to give us a call, when I determined that I would if all the Dutch in the East Indies were to try to stop me."

"That Peter guessed my thoughts and notions I could see from the mean, yellow brown, grinning face of him. And I'd try to get his dander up sometimes. 'Look at that, Peter,' I'd say. 'That's my country's flag. There's no slaves underneath its folds, sweating and toiling, half starved and taxed to death's doors, as there are under yours. Hip! hip! hooray! Rule Britannia and God save the queen, and to hades with all half breeds!' He didn't understand all of it, of course, but he used to shake his fist at the Badger and look as nasty as a handful of snakes."

"Twice while I was on watch, as we used to call the intermittent, sleepy lookout we kept at Mat Aris, the Blitzen's boat came ashore, and I could hear the officer and Peter each time having a long confab together. During the night the old hag always used to have coffee ground and hot water on the fire, so that we could make our own if we wished for a drink."

"One night shortly after the Dutch officer's last visit, coming and rousing Peter to take his watch, I brewed myself a cup before turning in. It tasted very bitter, and I didn't finish it, but almost before I'd time to undress I was dead to the world. I woke in a fright, dripping with sweat and shaking all over. Now, in the lighthouse was a bottle of blue juice I'd brewed myself. My throat was as dry as the lubricators of a collier's engine, and the thought of that drink tantalized me till I made shift to crawl out of my hammock and stagger along the bridge to the little house where also was a 'chatty' of cold water."

"To my utter astonishment, looking up, I saw that the light was out. Opening the door, I entered, and, half choking, felt for the water bottle. It was empty. Striking a match, I saw that the floor was soaking wet. Putting my hand to the wicks, they only frizzed and spluttered at contact with the flame; also the spare lantern that we always kept ready trimmed had disappeared."

"Stepping outside to the platform I stared around, headachy and very shaky. The night was black as pitch—one of those nights you often get out there, that feel almost like black velvet and as thick, and there wasn't a star to be seen, as sometimes happens at the change of the monsoons. The jungle, too, was still as death—there was no sound on land or on the sea. The whole world seemed fast bound in sleep and darkness. Presently my eye, roving along shore, came to the gleam of a light some half mile away, about on a level with where ours should have been,

only much farther inland—a big light I saw it was, as my eyes got the sleep out of them—and burning steadily."

"As I stared, puzzled beyond expression, I all at once heard the sound of muffled snorting and churning faint in the distance—a noise as if a shoal of grampus were coming down the strait."

"Listening and staring, there suddenly rose to mind fragments of the first talk I'd heard between Peter and the Dutchman about lights and bearings. Then somehow came a connection between that and the tailblock and the coil of ratline stuff. Then, I don't know how it happened, but in a second—perhaps you've experienced something of the kind—my brain seemed cleared of cobwebs, as if a broom inside had swept across it sharply, and the whole plan lay before me plain as mud in a wineglass. The puff puff and wheezy putting was sounding nearer, and, looking steadily and hard into the distance, I could see a long way up the strait a shower of sparks like a swarm of fireflies, but which I knew marked the whereabouts of the Badger, burning Nagasaki coal."

"She was approaching obliquely, over from the Celebes side, heading about west-southwest to pick up Mat Aris light; then, according to the sailing directions, she would straighten up west by south, keeping the light four points on her starboard bow to clear the reef. Now, with the light in its present position, she would, if unobscured—and it was the merest chance that anybody on board observed the change—crash right on to the outermost edge of the reef and go down in deep water, as others had done before her. It was a trap conceived with perfectly diabolical cunning and ingenuity, the site of the false light having evidently been determined most carefully and scientifically, not too far to excite the lookout's distrust and yet near enough by half a point to prove effectual. Puff, puff, churn, churn, puff, puff. Another 30 minutes, and it would be all up with H. M. S. Badger. But, knowing exactly what to do—holding two honors and the ace, so to speak—I was as cool as a cucumber, and, except for that trembling about the logs, my own man again. That I had been drugged or poisoned by an insufficient dose I more than suspected. Just then, however, I didn't bother my head about that. I wanted to renew the light on Mat Aris. Round the caboose in which the lantern used to hang, as I've told you, for all the world like a log of nut-ton in a meat safe, ran lockers filled with tins of kerosene, waste, rope, oakum and such matters. Knocking the heads of a couple of the tins in, I poured the oil over all liberally, saturating everything. After this, a match was all that was needed, and before I was half way along the bridge the flames were six feet high. Just looking in her den to see that the hag wasn't there, I went down the ladders like a lamplighter and ran along the bank toward where I knew the false beacon must be swung high aloft in some tree."

"Over logs and stumps I stumbled, looking back now and again at the big, tall glare till, rounding a point, the dense forest shut it from sight. Getting along somehow, I stopped at last and listened. But I could hear nothing of the Badger. Inland, however, high overhead hung the light. Pulling out my sheath knife, I made for it, hell for leather, through bush and briar. As I guessed, it was hung to a tree, and feeling all around, I soon found the rope belayed to a root, and before you could say 'Jack Robinson' I'd slashed it through and was watching the lantern coming down by the run, when a fellow jumped out of the dark and muzzled me round the throat. 'Hello, Peter!' I said as I returned the compliment. 'You see, the coffee wasn't strong enough.' I hadn't time to say much, being very busy, for the brute, in spite of the opium, was stronger than I thought, and I weaker. Down we went, rolling over and over, while, to make things warmer, the lantern capsize, and, setting fire to the coarse grass, it blazed up all about us. Also the hag, with a big club in her fist, was dancing around screeching blue murder, but too frightened to hit, so closely entangled were we. I still grasped my knife. I could see Peter's also gleam as we turned and writhed. Presently I felt a sharp pain in my shoulder and knew I was stabbed. That made me real mad, and as we rolled away a bit from the fire the hag made a snack at me; but, missing, caught Peter on the point of the shoulder, causing him to drop the knife. He stretched out to recover it, and I got home on him till I felt the wooden haft jar against his ribs."

"He went limp all in a minute, exactly like one of those bladders the children play with if you shove a pin into it. Well, we'd rolled down a bank into a bit of a swamp, and when the hag saw what had happened she gave one yell and jumped fairly on top of me and got her stick to work in great style. As you may imagine, I was by this time pretty well knocked out, and I don't know how matters would have gone only that a boat's crew of the Badger just then came on the scene and dragged the hag off me, swearing, kicking and striking right and left until one of the men gave her a poke with a bayonet, when she suddenly calmed down and started to raise the Malay death wail."

"And she had cause to, for Peter pegged out before we got him on board. Mine turned out to be nothing much worse than a flesh wound, although I'd lost a lot of blood from it. "As you may guess, the skipper of the Badger was in a peler when he'd heard my story. Certainly I had no wit, and the hag kept her mouth as close as a rattrap. But we got over that. There was a Malay interpreter on board, and he gave the captain a hint. So when the hag heard that she was to be taken back to Perak, her native place, and there handed over to the tender mercies of the sultan—at that time our very good friend—she made a clean breast of everything, including the attempt to poison me with the juice of

the klang-klang berries. Four hundred guilders was the price of Peter's convenience and promotion to one of the Java lights if the plan succeeded."

"This confession of the hag's was a bit of luck for me, and Captain Cardigan complimented me in presence of the ship's company on the way I'd behaved, having undoubtedly saved the Badger, whose officer of the watch was steering by the false light when it suddenly disappeared. The captain also said that he would represent my conduct to the admiralty. And that he kept his word," said Harding as he rose to "go on deck" for a minute, "my presence here proves. If you'll refill the kettle, I'll be back again in a very short time."

"Aye," replied Harding as he resented himself in reply to a remark of mine. "I was lucky, but you mustn't think that I came here straightaway. This—the prize of the service among the lights—is my sixth. So, you see, to some extent I've worked my way up, helped, of course, by the little matter I've been telling you and together with what in my young days was called a very fair education. Well, the captain of the Badger—he's a rear admiral now—was not the man to sit quietly down and let the Dutchman go scot free, but not a stick of the Blitzen was to be seen throughout the strait of Macassar. Still we kept on searching till at last the skipper of a country wallah told us he'd seen her off Breton, an island round in the Banda sea. Sure enough, one morning there we found her at anchor off a native town. Now, she was both faster, carried more men, and was more heavily armed than we were, but Captain Cardigan had made up his mind that there was to be no international row over the matter. It had to be settled as privately as possible and strictly between the two ships."

"So, with the men at their quarters, guns run out and the old Badger stripped for fight, we ranged up to the Dutchman in great style, with the hag in full view on the quarter deck, and ordered—aye, ordered—the Blitzen's captain to come on board, and whether it was the sight of the hag or that they were unprepared I don't know, but, by gad, sir, he came, he and his first lieutenant, and they were received at the gangway as if they'd been princes of the blood."

"Then our skipper and the first lieutenant and the Dutchman all went below. What passed there I don't know. But presently they came up again—the Dutchman looking very sour. Then our gig was piped away, and the whole party got into her. I managed to slip in, too, and off we went to a little lump of an island 'pigeon shooting,' as I heard the first luff whisper to the doctor."

"Well, the two skippers and their lieutenants put their hands in their pockets and strolled away into the bush. Presently our second luff and the doctor, each carrying a hand bag, strolled after them. Nobody else left the boat. In about ten minutes we heard a couple of shots, then two more. 'Sport's good!' said one of the middies. But the master, who was in charge of the boat, never winked."

"After awhile the party came strolling back again. But Von Helms the Dutch captain, walked lame and had his arm in a sling. And there was blood on the doctor's hands as he washed them in the sea; also as we pulled on board again I noticed from where I sat that our skipper had a neat round hole through his cocked hat, and that the gold lace on his right shoulder epaulet was badly damaged. As they were getting aboard their own boat I looked at the Dutch lieutenant—he was the same fellow who'd called me an English rascal at Mat Aris—and I said in the best of his lingo that I could manage. 'At least that's one Dutch rascal who'll think twice before he sets traps for a British man-o'-war.'"

"His hand went to his sword like a flash, but our second luff, who understood, tapped him on the shoulder and pointed to the boat, and with a scowl he got in."

"Also the hag was politely escorted down the gangway and transhipped



"Before you could say 'Jack Robinson' I'd slashed it through."

We had those Dutchmen fairly cowed, bluffed by our audacity and their own bad conscience."

"No, I never heard a word about the affair afterward. I staid with Captain Cardigan until he was promoted to the Polyphemus corvet, and I dare say I might have struck to the service only my shoulder was always a bit stiff and got rather worse if anything as time went on. So I left and, through the captain's influence, got a light, and then others, and so on here. Now, it's a wild night, and you'd better turn in here till morning. No use trying to get back to town. I'm going to the telephone to talk to the pilot station."

"So I went to bed and dreamed of Mat Aris and the hag, for whom I took Harding when he woke me for morning coffee."

THE BAD NEWS BREAKER.

A Railroad Official Whose Duties Require Plenty of Nerve.

"We formerly left it to some of the employees to inform wives that their husbands had been killed," said a railroad boss, "but now regular men do it—men who know how to break the sad news to widows and orphans at home. I did it myself for 13 years. The company chose me because I was fatherly looking, and I stuck to the job as long as I could, but it's wearing work. To go into a home and hear the wife singing about her work and be compelled to tell her that her Jack's just been killed down in the freight yard takes nerve."

"Of course I had different ways of breaking the news. Sometimes I asked what time Jim would be home or where he was going that night—anything to get started, especially if I never knew the woman. Strange to say, whenever I came near to the fact, saying I'd heard that Jim was hurt, the women would scream out they were sure he was killed. Then I let them cry awhile, until they'd get ready to ask further about it. It was not so hard after that. I often thought that the women saw so much sorrow in my face from my long serving in the business that they knew what I came for. I tried to look cheerful, but there was a weight in my heart that I couldn't throw off."

"I once called at the home of a young wife. Her husband, an engineer, was killed at a bridge that morning. When she opened the door and looked at me, she dropped in a dead faint without saying a word. Afterward she told me that she had taken a nap after breakfast that morning and had seen me in her dream standing in front of her, telling her that Harry was killed. Once the wife I came to warn was making bread. She was up to her elbows in dough. I asked where Mr. Jones lived, walked off and waited for half an hour until she got her bread in the pans, and then I went back and told her the sad story of her husband's death by a cave in at a culvert. At another house the mother and two children, neatly dressed, were ready to go to a Sunday school picnic. It took nerve to stop them and break the news. I began by saying that there might be rain. It was cloudy. Then I said to the wife she had better not go, as Tom might be back from work pretty soon. Then she knew."

"I asked the company to be relieved of my job three times before they found some one to take my place."—New York Sun.

THE FIRST DOLLS.

They Were Used to Amuse the Imbecile Charles VI of France.

A diligent search through ancient records reveals the fact that the first mention of a doll was made during the reign of King Charles VI of France. The story goes that an Italian named Pussello Grivaldi gave an exhibition at Paris of 60 wax figures, among which were facsimiles of several Roman empresses. To this theater of marionettes all Paris thronged, and the fame of the show became so great that Queen Isabella and the other members of the court resolved to entertain the king with it. The monarch, as students of history know, was mentally unbalanced, and this seemed just the sort of amusement to please him."

Accordingly Grivaldi brought his wax figures to court, and, aided by a trained monkey, gave a very funny entertainment. The king was especially pleased with a wax figure which was supposed to represent Poppaea, the beautiful wife of Nero, for whose sake he put his first wife to death and who also in her turn came to an untimely end at his hands. King Charles was much moved when he heard her touching story, and he insisted on keeping the beautiful wax Poppaea. Signor Grivaldi availed himself of the opportunity to make a little money easily and finally consented to part with his treasure for 400 goldpieces. The king was delighted, and hardly a week passed that he did not buy another wax figure from the ingenious Italian. Wishing to please him, the entire court followed his example, so that for awhile wax figures were exceedingly popular in Paris."

When Charles VI died, however, a change came. The numerous Poppaeas and other wax figures were taken from the children, and with them they have even since continued to be popular. A striking proof of the truth of this story is the fact that the German word for doll is "puppe," and the French word is "poupée," both of which are clearly forms of the word "Poppaea."—Omaha World-Herald.

Staid the Uplifted Hand.

The old man was about to bring the shingle down where it would do the most good when the boy interrupted to make one last plea.

"You've always said, father," he urged, "that your school days were the happiest memories of your life."

"Quite true," admitted the man. "And when I've heard you recalling those memories with some of your old cronies," persisted the boy, "you've always dwelt especially upon scrapes you were in and the tricks you played upon your teachers."

"Um, yes; maybe so. What of it?" "Well, I haven't been doing a thing but store up pleasant memories for my old age."

And the shingle's fall was staid.—Chicago Post.

A Two Legged Dog's Usefulness.

From South Tottenham a natural history tale reaches me about a dog which lost both its right legs and yet managed to get along all right on the other two which were left and which were in more than one sense its left legs. My correspondent says that he takes the "facts" from The Christian Globe and that paper quotes them from Nature:

"In starting to run the dog quickly gets up, balances itself on its two legs and very rapidly hops off in the style of a large, agile bird. With this strange mode of rapid progression it now attains to sleep exactly in the way of an ordinary uninjured dog."—London Leader.

Loving Letters.

Never burn kindly written letters; it is so pleasant to read them over when the ink is brown, the paper yellow with age and the hands that traced the friendly words are folded over the hearts that prompted them. Keep all loving letters. Burn only the harsh ones, and in burning forgive and forget them."

The only way we can stand our troubles is to know of somebody who has worse.—Washington Democrat.

No woman is brave; every woman is daring.—Little Falls Transcript.

HE BOUGHT A FOREST

A YANKEE DEAL WITH A STRONG GOLD BRICK FLAVOR.

The Westerner Was Game, Though, and Had No Kink to Make Over the Transaction—A New England Village Election Trick.

There are fewer people in the farming districts of New England than there are in the west. This is one reason why fewer "gold bricks" are bought in the east. But if the "gold brick" dealer is in no hurry New England moves slowly not because it is great, but because it lacks confidence in itself, but when it comes down on a proposition nothing can loosen its grip.

A New England man will look at the old shell game for two or three summers and while he says nothing. Then when he thinks he is not watched he will put up all his possessions on the seductive chance and lost of course. But this characteristic of pause in the New England mind is not always to be taken as an evidence of credulity. There is, in spite of seeming paradox, no more cunning individual than this same New England farmer, who worships methodically and who, on the surface, "keeps all the laws."

A western man went to Massachusetts last winter on a speculation. The statement, unattended by explanation, would warrant an expression of doubt. Western men do not go into New England to speculate as a cold proposition. In this case the western man had a whim to satisfy. His daughter, who had read "The Courtship of Miles Standish" until it was gospel truth to her mind, persuaded him to buy a farm in Massachusetts.

It was stipulated that the farm should have trees. They were to be pine and cedar and similar hardy growth, which the snows of winter would not affect. It is curious that a man accustomed to the practical life of the west should have a fancy of this sort, but there are streaks in the human mind which no philosophy can explain.

One old man in the Bay State who represents the third generation on the place heard that a western man was "looking about to buy." No one will ever know when this New Englander incubated the idea of selling the homestead. It might have been lurking for a quarter of a century. During one of the big snowfalls the western man visited, by arrangement, the farm. The owner had waited to make the appointment. Another evidence of the poky characteristic of the New Englander. But wait until you see the method in his fingering.

The western man arrived late in the day and after a hearty New England supper retired. On the following day he was piloted through the snow over the farm. Pines and cedars and everlasting growth were everywhere. Even in the acreage, where three generations had plowed and harvested, there were trees and shrubs. The westerner had never seen a farm like this. The old New Englander explained that the soil was so productive of evergreens that he had to postpone planting often in order to grub the underbrush.

There is nothing like backing up your bluff. The westerner, although accustomed to stiff games, was taken in by the salubrious New Englander. That night the purchase money was paid by the westerner. He left quite early the following morning for New York, closed up the deal and started west. He was to have possession of the New England farm in May.

He came back in May with his wife and daughter and reached the "old homestead" in the evening. Only a keeper was on the premises. The former owner had moved out so that the new one might have possession of all at once. The following day the western household was out early to look over the place. There was no snow on the ground. The evergreens, the pines and cedars were everywhere, just as the westerner had told his wife and daughter. But the wife, a practical sort of woman, who didn't make use for Longfellow, asked "pa" why the trees were in tubs and buckets.

Was the New England mind slow? The man who represented the third generation on this farm, having learned that your western farmer was on a sentimental purchase, bought up all the trees in boxes and tubs, such as you see in summer gardens and in barren places, and had them stacked away until a big snow dropped all over New England. Then they were planted about the old place, and the snow was packed about the boxes to hide them.

Your western man, who salted mines and sold them to eastern capitalists, thought "he was smart. I am told by him that the westerner was a man who related this transaction, and he is rated high, that when the western man saw that he had bought a "gold brick" he never squealed. He was too thoroughly western for that. He just said to his wife: "Well, the old New Englander didn't lie about it. He never said the trees were in the ground." And now "an old New England farm" is on the books of a real estate agent. In case of sale "immediate possession" is guaranteed.

The villagers of a New England town not far from the farm sold to the westerner held an election. One of those local issues came up that often distract a whole country.

A few miles out of town about 200 laborers were engaged. They had been in the country just long enough to entitle them to the franchise so dear to the newcomer. Two hundred votes will change the result of a village election.

The laborers went to their work before the polls opened. They started on their return by train an hour before the polls closed. When half way back, the engine came to a standstill. The engineer dropped sand and opened the valves, but the wheels of the engine went round like a windmill. The engine wouldn't budge.

The villagers, who had not enough votes to carry their ticket on account of the new vote that had been dumped, had greased the rails. The new vote did not reach the village until the polls were closed. The villagers of a sleepy New England town had beaten a corporation.—Chicago Tribune.

A Pipe Dream.

"Smoking in Holland," said a traveler, "is so common that it is impossible to tell one person from another in a room of smokers."

"How is any one who happens to be wanted picked out, then?" asked a listener.

"Oh, a waiter goes around with a pair of bellows and blows the smoke from the face of each face till he recognizes the person called for. Fact, gentlemen."—Swin-don Advertiser.

WHERE IT REALLY RAINS.

Truthful Tales of the Heavy Spring-Rainings That Soak Kansas.

A reader in the east writes that there has been a western Kansas man back there telling them about the heavy rains in western Kansas. The reader says he is suspicious of the man and thinks that his story is a lie. He says he has always understood that little or no rain falls in the western part of the state, but that this western Kansas man is telling a story about ten inches of rain falling in half an hour and wants to know if there is any truth in the statement. We have not kept track of all the rains that have fallen in western Kansas and of course cannot say as to the particular fall of moisture to which the man from Kansas refers.

We might say, however, that if the impression prevails in the east that it never rains in western Kansas it is a serious error. It is true that there are spells of drought when for several months there will not be sufficient moisture fall to wet a 2 cent postage stamp, but when it gets ready to rain out there the bottom seems to fall out of the sky.

The story is told of a man who was driving over the divide north of Dodge City when one of the showers came up. He was riding a buckboard, which has a bottom made by fastening the cleats between the axles with spaces of half an inch between the cleats. The water fell so fast that it could not run through the bottom of the buckboard as fast as it fell. Rushing down the side of the divide, the water struck a barb wire fence and dammed up until the water ran over the wire of the fence. This was because the rain came so fast that it couldn't get through between the wires of the fence.

On the same trip the traveler says he saw a jack rabbit drown while it was jumping through the air. The same traveler declares that within half an hour the water was three feet deep on the ridge and falling faster than it could run on both sides of the hill. We have supposed that possibly the traveler in his excitement might have exaggerated, but there are residents in Dodge City who stand ready to prove the truth of the story by showing the ridge where the buckboard stood during the rain and the place in the air where the jack rabbit was when it drowned.—Topeka Mail.

FOOLED KIT CARSON.

How a Clever Indian Outwitted the Great Scout.

Kit Carson's rifle, which was carried by him for more than 40 years and which never failed him, is now a precious relic in the possession of the Montezuma lodge of Masons at Santa Fe, of which he was a member.

As an Indian fighter Carson was matchless, and no one understood better than he the habits and the nature of the savage. He told Colonel Inman of Kansas that he was deceived but once by Indian tactics. He said that he was hunting with six others after buffalo in the summer of 1835; that they had been successful and came into their little bivouac one night very tired, intending to start for the rendezvous at Bent's fort the next morning. They had a number of dogs, among them some excellent animals. These barked a good deal and seemed restless, and the men heard wolves.

"I saw," said Kit, "two big wolves sneaking about, one of them quite close to us. Gordon, one of my men, wanted to fire his rifle at it, but I did not let him, for fear he would hit a dog. I admit that I had a sort of idea that those wolves might be Indians, but when I noticed one of them turn short around and heard the clashing of his teeth as he rushed at one of the dogs I felt easy then and was certain that they were wolves sure enough. But the red devil fooled me after all, for he had two dried buffalo bones in his hands under the wolfskin, and he rattled them together every time he turned to make a dash at the dogs. Well, by and by we all dozed off, and it wasn't long before I was suddenly aroused by a noise and a big blaze. I rushed out the first thing for my mules and held them. If the savages had been at all smart, they could have killed us in a trice, but they ran as soon as they fired at us. They killed one of my men, putting five bullets in his body and eight in his buffalo robe. The Indians were a band of Sioux on the war trail after a band of Snakes and found us by sheer accident. They endeavored to ambush us the next morning, but we got wind of their little game and killed three of them, including the chief."—Chicago Record.

Some Prophecies Fulfilled.

Long before his name was known outside his native country Oliver Cromwell was making one of his rambling speeches in the house of commons. Lord Digby asked Hampton who he was, and Hampton replied, "If ever we should come to a breach with the king, that sloven will be the greatest man in England." Never was any prophecy more completely fulfilled than this.

Almost equally remarkable in its way was Disraeli's prophecy. "But a time will come when you will hear me," made when nothing seemed more unlikely than the brilliant series of triumphs which fulfilled it.

Another instance of a quickly fulfilled prophecy was furnished by Pope Pius VII when he was told of Napoleon's escape from Elba. "Don't worry about it," he said; "it is a storm that will be over in three months." The story of the Hundred Days proved his holiness to be right to a few hours.

A Little Late For an Inquest.

London coroners are sticklers for their rights. A box held at a railroad station recently, owing to the railroad officials having lost the way bill, was opened, though it was consigned to a Hamburg museum, and the body of a young woman was found.

The young woman is a mummified Peruvian and the skulls are prehistoric, yet the coroner of the district insists on holding inquests on both mummy and skulls unless the museum people have them removed.

Awful Effort.

Mother—How did your face get that strained, agonized look in your photograph? Did the light hurt your eyes?

Small Son—No, mamma. The man told me to try to keep still, an I did.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

One method of cooling oneself in China is to press a warmed towel on the face. After removing it the air seems cool and pleasant.

As soon as a man saves up a few dollars he begins to lie about his ancestors.—Atchison Globe.

READY FOR A LONG SWIM.

A Bet of \$1,000 Which Paul Boyton Forfeited.

"We've got the creek swimmable of the world out our way," said a gentlemanly liar from Gloucester, Mass., who was in Washington last week. "His name is Joe Endicott, and he's a sailor. Last year Joe was an A. B. on a bark down in the south Atlantic. He got into a row with the skipper of the ship when it was right in the middle of the ocean, 23.2 miles from nowhere, and the skipper, careless man, lost Joe—that is, he pushed Joe overboard. Joe got back to Gloucester 29 days later—swam, he said. There are no live-lives, suspicious folks up in Gloucester who claimed that Joe must have been picked up by some fast steamer, but that couldn't be so, for Joe told me himself that he swam."

"Well, the skipper who had pushed Joe overboard from the bark pulled into Gloucester harbor with his ship a couple of months later, and when he found Joe Endicott there ahead of him his admiration for Joe's swimming ability knew no bounds. He offered to match Joe against any man in the world when it came to long distance swimming. Paul Boyton, the famous long distance swimmer, heard of the skipper's challenge, and he turned up in Gloucester to see about it. The skipper offered to bet Boyton \$1,000 to \$500 that Joe Endicott had beat him out in a long distance swim, and Boyton took the bet. The match was arranged. On the day when they were looked to start Boyton turned up on the dock with his fancy swimming trunks, but Joe Endicott appeared loaded down with a lot of waterproof bags tied all over him. There must have been about 100 pounds' weight tied to Joe, the way he looked."

"What are those things?" asked Boyton, the famous swimmer, pointing to Joe's water tight bags.

"Provisions," said Joe.

"Provisions?" asked Boyton. "For whom?"

"For myself," replied Joe. "Got only a month's provisions along with me. Not taking more than that, for I can get all I want when I make the south coast of Africa."

"Boyton's eyes stuck out until you could have knocked 'em off with sticks," concluded the gentlemanly liar from Gloucester, "and he declared the match off. He knew that he was up against too hard a proposition in Joe Endicott."—Washington Post.

"OLD HUTCH" AND THE EGGS.

He Kept Close Watch of the Fluctuations in Price.

Here's a story about the late Benjamin P. Hutchinson. He opened a big meat market in Chicago once, mainly in exploitation of his many views as to how meat ought to be kept and what sort of meat ought to be sold. He was as proud of it as was possible for a man to be proud of anything and often waited upon customers himself. Four women came in one day and bought ten pounds of steak which he sold to them at 12 cents a pound. As they went out one of his assistants said, "Five minutes ago, Mr. Hutchinson, you told me to mark that steak up to 15 cents." He stared at his subordinate a moment. Then the fact that he had lost 30 cents dawned upon him. He jumped at his subordinate and in a passion, rushed out and did not come near the shop for three days.

Some years ago he rented rooms in the Hialto building and formed an organization which he called the Century club. It was a place wherein his friends could meet him without restraint and wherein he could practice cooking to his heart's content. He hired a French chef, who in a little while became puffed with the idea that he was indispensable. "Old Hutch" promptly discharged him and presided at the kitchen range himself until he could get another man. One of the brokers entered during this interval and found him with a white apron hanging to his heels, a white paper cap on his head and his sleeves rolled up. The broker sat at a table and called harshly for the bill of fare. The great speculator responded promptly and politely:

"What will you have, sir?" he asked. "Ham and eggs," was the response, "and get a move on you."

"The dish was prepared deftly and served in a little time. When it had been eaten the customer yelled:

"Here, cookie, more eggs!"

"Mr. Hutchinson appeared in the doorway with a frying pan in his hand. He glared at the broker fiercely. Then he hung the pan on a nail and wiped his hands on his apron.

"George," he said, "you get no more eggs, blank your eyes! There's a strike on the Panhandle."—Chicago Chronicle.

Good Eaters In Norway.

An American in Norway writes: "I recently went to a by no means unusual sort of dinner party given by a wealthy political man, where 23 courses composed the menu. Refraining from a statement of the number of wines accompanying this feast, let me offer for contemplation the fact that services 13 and 15, each of heavy meat, were divorced by course 14) a rich plum pudding with sweet sauce."

"Dinner began at 5 o'clock. The women left the table a little before 8. At 9 the men rejoined them for talk, music and cards, and at 11 the dining room doors again opened to reveal a supper table laden with every cold delicacy, from a bird to a caviare sandwich, calculated to tempt and restore fainting humanity."

A Good Word For Him.

An old Scotch woman was famous for speaking kindly. No sheep was so dark but she could discover some white spot to point out to those who could see only its blackness. One day a gossiping neighbor lost patience with her and said angrily, "Wumman, ye'll have a guid word to say for the devil himself!"

Instantly came the reply, "Weel, he's a vera industrious body!"—Chicago News.

Elephant Bones For Salt.

The fact that skeleton remains of elephants are so rarely found in any part of Africa is explained by an explorer, who states that as soon as the bones have become brittle from climatic influences they are eaten in place of salt by various ruminant animals.

Kissing.

"Some say kissing is a sin. But if it was a lawful, lawyers would not allow it; if it was a holy, ministers would not do it; if it was a modest, maidens would not take it; if it was a plenty, pair folk would not get it."—Bobby Burns.

A woman says her husband is so fond of an argument that he won't eat anything that will agree with him.—Springfield News.

He Learned His Lesson.

"You don't catch me doing anything for any girl again as long as I live," said the reflective young man. "No, sir, I was an easy mark once, but I've got wise. Miss Peach was returning from Cape May, where I was staying, and when I heard she was going I asked her if I might carry her bag to the train. She said I might, and you could not have held me. I was up at her house before the doors were open, and there she was with a bag the size of a trunk, all knobby and lumpy on the outside from the things she had jammed into it. You know how a woman packs."

"Well, that's the way Miss Peach's bag was packed, and it weighed a ton. I picked it up gayly—it had a crate of umbrellas and parasols, and a box of chocolates and a basket of fruit, and a rug, and jacket and a handbag, and a bundle of magazines, and a few other trifles, and we set off. When we got to the station I lugged the things into the waiting room, and sat down with my bag on my knees. Pretty soon I looked down and there was a stream of something black running out of it and soaking into my new grey trousers. Did that girl say she was sorry? Did she say she was a born fool for packing things like that in a bag? Did she tell me I was an angel of light? No, she didn't. She just looked at me haughtily. 'Oh, Mr. Skaggs,' says she, 'you've spilt all my shoe blacking. How awfully careless of you.'"

"Never again. No more helping girls for me. They're all selfish, girls are; and I am a wise jay to learn it so early."—Philadelphia Times.

Miscellaneous.

"What is silent influence?" "Cutting down a man's salary instead of asking him to resign."—Chicago Record.

Old lady: "Goodness! How dangerous it is to go up in a balloon." Balloonist: "Not if it is dangerous as to come down, ma'am."—Chicago News.

"I have discovered another 'clew,' said the detective. "What a good thing it would be," returned the man who had employed him, "if clues were criminals."—Tit-Bits.

"Catherine, you get your own way more than any other woman on earth." "I'll write you a prescription, which you must have made up at once, and after you have taken the first dose you will be warm in no time." "You don't mean to say, doctor, that it will be as fatal as that?" cried the frightened patient.—Pick Me Up.

"Papa, what is untold wealth?" "That's what a good many people have when the tax assessor is present."—Chicago Times-Herald.

He was suffering from a bad attack of fever and ague. The doctor was at his bedside watching his shivering fit, and to calm his nerves a little remarked: "I will write you a prescription, which you must have made up at once, and after you have taken the first dose you will be warm in no time." "You don't mean to say, doctor, that it will be as fatal as that?" cried the frightened patient.—Pick Me Up.

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An old lady called at a store and asked for a bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment; the clerk said they were out, but could supply her with another just as good."

The engaging smile that accompanied this information was frozen stiff when she replied:

"Young Man, there is only one Liniment, and that is Johnson's."

Originated in 1859 by an Old Family Physician. There is not a remedy in use which has the confidence of the public to a greater extent. Could a remedy have existed for nearly a century, except it possess extraordinary merit? It is Cough, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Asthma, Hay Fever, and all other ailments, such as, lung, sure. Our book on Inflammation sent free. At druggists. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

Legal Notices

Sheriff's Sale.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX ss. June 6th, 1899.

Seized and taken on execution and will be sold at public auction, on Saturday, August 26, 1899, at ten o'clock A. M., at the Deputy Sheriff's Office, in the County Court House, on Third Street in Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, all the right title and interest that Joseph Lapina, otherwise called Giuseppe La Spina, had on said 6th day of June, 1899, (that being the time when the same was seized and taken on this execution) in and to the following described real estate, situated in Cambridge in said County of Middlesex to wit:—Beginning on the Southern side of Charles Street at the northeasterly corner of land now or late of Hiram Greer, thence running Easterly, bounded northerly by Charles Street, forty-three 62-100 feet; thence Southerly bounded easterly by land now or late of J. P. Burke and land now or late of Solomon A. Woods one hundred feet; thence Westerly bounded southerly by land now or late of American Net and Twine Company one hundred thirty-two 1-100 feet; thence Northeasterly bounded westerly by a passageway five feet wide, fifty-five 90-100 feet; thence Easterly bounded northerly by land now or late of Hiram Greer sixty-nine 20 100 feet; thence Northerly bounded westerly by said land of Greer, forty-seven 50-100 feet to said Charles Street, containing according to plan made by W. A. Mason and Son, dated May 25, 1892, recorded in Middlesex Registry of Deeds, (So. Dist.) at the end of Book 278, eight thousand four hundred ninety-nine square feet.

SAMUEL W. TUCKER, Deputy Sheriff.

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NEWTON CENTRE.

—Mr. E. Ernest Smith of Elmore street is at Sag Harbor, Me.
—Mr. C. L. Bird and family are summering in Freedom, N. H.
—Mr. Ernest C. Noyes left this morning for Indianapolis, Indiana.
—Mr. Herbert A. Nutter is enjoying a vacation at Alfred, Maine.
—Mr. H. S. Morley and family of Cedar street are at Baldwinville.
—Mr. W. M. Flanders and family of Lake avenue have returned.
—Miss Ruth R. Lippincott of Centre street is in Eggenoggin, Me.
—Mr. Stanley Barton returned Monday from an outing at Nantasket.
—Miss Agnes B. Thrasher is staying with Miss Stuart of Knowles street.
—Mr. H. M. Small of Cedar street is enjoying a vacation in Baldwinville.
—Mr. H. G. Chase and family of Parker street returned yesterday from Maine.
—Mr. R. Casson and family of Grey Cliff road have returned to Newton Centre.
—Mr. D. B. Claffin and family of Langley road have returned from St. Andrews, N. B.
—Mrs. Ellen Raynor of Langley road is in North Reading enjoying a two weeks' visit.
—Mr. T. A. Plimpton and family of Summer street are at home after their summer's outing.
—Mrs. M. L. Oliver, formerly of Parker street, has removed to Columbus square, Boston.
—Miss Agnes MacMahon of Willow street is spending her vacation in Quebec, Canada.
—Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Young and Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Norris of Glenwood avenue are at Onset.
—Mr. E. E. Wilder of Centre street left Tuesday for his home in Moulton, New Brunswick.
—Prof. Rush Rhees is at present a guest at the Stanley house, Maunet, Mt. Desert Island, Me.
—Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Donovan of Ripley terrace are at South Lyndeboro, N. H., for two weeks.
—Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Farnham and Mr. F. R. Farnham are at the Royal Hotel, Wolfville, N. S.
—Mr. C. A. Locke and family of Hammond street have returned from a trip through Canada.
—Mrs. C. E. McWain and daughter of Pelham street returned on Tuesday from Camden, Maine.
—Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Tonny of Glenwood avenue are at the Glen Cove house, Onset, for two weeks.
—Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Sawin have returned to Newton Centre and reopened their residence on Oxford road.
—Miss Lottie Maloney of Knapp's grocery will resume her duties next week after an enjoyable outing.
—Mr. C. S. Davis and family of Beacon street have returned and reopened their Newton Centre residence.
—There are letters remaining in the post office for Fanny M. Adams, B. D. Barrows, L. T. Lyons, Helen A. Walker, care Mr. Stanley.
—Mr. Louis Vachon has received letters from his three brothers in the Klondike. They report excellent health and declare business to be booming.
—Chief Walter B. Randlett of the fire department left Monday to attend the convention of fire chiefs at Syracuse, N. Y. He will return tomorrow.
—Rev. Edward T. Sullivan has returned from a visit in Detroit. He has removed from his apartments in the Pelham, and is staying at H. H. Dodge's, Ashton park.
—Walter Porter was in the police court last Monday for the larceny of \$60 from James Cahill of this place. The alleged offense was committed last January. Porter was sentenced to serve 3 months in the house of correction.
—Among those from this place who participated in the firemen's muster in Fall River yesterday were several well known "vets," including Reuben Stone, George B. Sherman, Charles J. Kelly, Sam Chabourne and Driver Ed Hennrikus of hose.
—Mr. Paul Foster, Mr. Joseph Ryan and Mr. "Lew" Ayers, well known cyclists, rode a double century on Sunday. Leaving Newton Centre early they rode to Nantasket, N. H., and returned to Boston took a spin to Newburyport. The party arrived in this place about 7 Sunday night.
—Sergeant Clay and Patrolmen C. R. Young and James Mills were unusually active last Sunday and gathered in seven people for trespassing on the S. B. Hay estate at Chestnut Hill. About 4 they arrested a woman named Jennie Cohen, a boy named Maurice Cohen and a lad named Elias Kramer. Shortly afterwards they looked up four young men named James De Angelis, Philip Paskarello, Abraham Gibbs and Charles De Angelis. In court Monday morning the Cohen woman was fined \$5 as was Kramer. Maurice Cohen's case was placed on file. The quartet of young men contributed \$40 to the county or \$10 each.
—The Misses Julia and Anna Tierney accompanied by Mr. Stephen Tierney, Mr. William H. Donnelly and Mr. James Farrell, have returned to their Newton Centre home after a delightful outing in Moultonboro, N. H. They were guests at the Farmhouse on the Hill and during their stay the Misses Tierney gave several musicals which were cordially received. Mr. Farrell secured a number of excellent snapshots with his camera, and Miss Julia Tierney succeeded in landing one of the largest bass that has been caught in Lake Winnepesaukee this season. Miss Anna Tierney was prominent at several dances given in Moultonboro and proved quite a social favorite.
—An attractive social event in this place Tuesday evening was the wedding of Miss Ethel Josephine Garey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Garey of Gibbs street, to William Julian Henderson of Winterport, Me. Mr. Henderson is a son of Mr. Charles A. Henderson, a former British consul at Boston. Nearly 400 guests were gathered in the Methodist Episcopal church, which was elaborately decorated with palms, ferns, pinks and sweet peas. The ceremony took place shortly after 8, Rev. G. H. Spencer, pastor of the church officiating. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Etta M. Garey, who acted as maid of honor, and the following bridesmaids: Miss Florence Spear, Miss Florence Brown, Miss Marjorie B. Heninway and Miss Alice E. Whitney. Mr. Walter P. Henderson, brother of the groom, was best man. The ushers were Mr. Fred G. Henderson, Mr. Edward V. Henderson, Mr. Alexander Henderson of Newton Centre and Mr. Horace C. Fisher of Brookline. The bride's gown was of pearl duchess satin, trimmed with point lace. She carried a shower bouquet of sweet peas. Her attendants were gowned in pink muslin and carried pink sweet peas. From 8:30 to 9:30 Mr. and Mrs. Henderson received at the house of the bride's

parents. After a wedding tour they will make their home in Winterport, Me.
—Rev. Luther Freeman of Portland was in town this week.
—Mr. A. H. Leonard and family of Paul street returned yesterday from their camp on Long Island, Lake Winnepesaukee, New Hampshire.
—The estate owned by Frank H. Wheelock and wife, situated on Pleasant street, has passed into the ownership of George E. Mackintire, who will occupy it.
—The barber shops of this village now close at six o'clock on Thursday evenings, and on other evenings at eight o'clock, except Wednesdays and Saturdays.

NEWTON HIGHLANDS.

—Mr. T. P. Curtis and family have gone to Beverly.
—Mr. John Ball has gone to Westport for a short stay.
—The family of Mr. P. T. Davis have returned from Vermont.
—Mr. C. S. Luitwiler and family have returned from their stay at the beach.
—Mr. J. L. Baily and family of Lake-wood road have gone to the mountains.
—The L. K. Brigham family have returned from their stay at Bethlehem, N. H.
—Mrs. F. W. Barney is spending several weeks at her former home at Robinson, Me.
—The Beck family of Duncklee street have returned from their visit in Pennsylvania.
—Mr. S. D. Whittemore and family have returned from their stay in New Hampshire.
—Mrs. McCallum and children, who have been visiting in Nova Scotia, have now returned.
—Mr. H. T. Wells and family of Norman road, who have been away for the summer, are now at home.
—Mr. E. W. Warren and family will return this week from Grand Rock, where they have spent the summer.
—Rev. A. E. Dunning will conduct the services at the Congregational church next Sunday morning and evening.
—Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Greenwood are visiting with Dr. W. B. Lancaster on Prince street, West Newton Hill.
—Mr. A. H. Geyer and family have moved from Blood's block, and taken an apartment in the Patterson building.
—Miss Laura Galacac, who has been the guest of Miss Margaretta Logan, has returned to her home in Springfield.
—Mr. W. B. McMullen, the builder, scored a success in getting the roof of the house of the Misses Crafts shingled before the great rain fall.
—Mr. E. Moulton has gone to Peaks Island, Portland Harbor, and will attend the reunion of the 27th Maine regiment, which was in active duty in the Civil War, and will visit also other places in his native state.
—Mr. C. H. McCann and family have returned from their summer visit away. The Lane sisters of Boston, who formerly occupied a suite of rooms in the Patterson building, have occupied the McCann house while they were absent.
—A recent letter from Supt. Edwin Crane of Newton describes an exciting fishing voyage off Nantucket Sound. Ed was out with three others to harpoon sword fish, when a fierce squall struck the little schooner and sent her on her beam ends. For eight hours the seas washed over the vessel and all but drowned the plucky crew. It was only good seamanship that kept the vessel off the ledges of Gay Head and No Man's Land.

NEWTON LOWER FALLS.

—Officer Seaver is taking his two weeks' vacation.
—Dr. Freeman is taking a few weeks vacation at Rutland, Vt.
—Mr. Fred Curtis and sister have returned from a two weeks' vacation on the cape.
—Mr. L. A. Gammons has the work of building his new block now well under way.
—It is probable that Washington street will receive some attention this fall. At present it is in the worst possible condition for a main thoroughfare.
—The removal of the buildings along River street, makes a very noticeable change in that section. The grading when done will make a very pretty improvement.
—The severe storm Tuesday evening, caused many washouts in different places. The electric wires were downed by tracks being covered with gravel that had to be shoveled off to allow them to run.
—Fr. Callanan of St. John's church has work well along for the annual parish picnic to be held on the church grounds, Labor Day. The affair gives promise of being one of the successes that has attended the ones of previous years.
—A couple of strangers entered the Italian fruit store as intending purchasers last week, and while one made a small purchase from the woman in charge, the other, who had stepped behind the counter under pretence of removing an unaccountable shoe, took a \$2 bill from the money drawer. The pair left for the station to take a train and while waiting, the woman put in an appeal demanding the return of the stolen money, which was given up.

NONANTUM.

—Mr. Albert Deacks, clerk at Kendal's, spent a few days at Cottage City.
—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Titus are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.
—Last Tuesday morning a derick at the Bemis bridge broke and several laborers narrowly escaped being struck.
—The Nonantum Worsteds Mills has an increase of business this week, causing them to open up three new rooms.
—At the 3 o'clock services of the Benish Baptist Mission Sunday, Rev. C. O. Buckle of Elizabeth, N. J., formerly of Bristol, Eng., will preach.
—The dedication of the new chapel of the Benish Baptist Mission is expected to take place Sept. 17th. The program will be announced later.
—Officer Davis of station 2 returned Monday from his annual two weeks vacation. Officer Dolan is taking Officer Talley's route at Newton Centre.
—Last Saturday, a small boy named Kybert, living on Crescent street, fell off the Bemis bridge into the water while watching the workmen, sustaining a fracture of an arm.

WABAN.

—For greater convenience to my patrons I desire to announce that all calls for my services may be transmitted to me by public telephone from Waban drug store at my expense. Respectfully, Henry F. Cate, Jr.
Master: "Mary, I wish you would be more careful. I am very sorry to hear my wife has to scold you so often." Mary: "Oh, don't mind me, sir. I don't take any notice of it."—Till-Bits.

THE MONSTER OCTOPUS.

Its Methods of Catching and Disposing of Its Food.

Never before has it fallen to my lot to see the terrible monster we encountered on the passage from San Francisco toward Nantano in the bark Willcott of Honolulu.

We knew that the octopus grew to an immense size, as Banks and Solander, who accompanied Captain Cook in his first voyage around the world, found the dead carcass of one floating on the water to the westward of Cape Horn. It was supposed to be 20 by 30 feet, the body only. The tentacles were hanging under water. It was surrounded by myriads of birds, which were feeding greedily on its remains. Pliny also mentions a similar monster having eight arms 30 feet long and a corresponding girth, and many other writers too numerous to mention have testified to its actual existence. But I did not believe that anything similar to the terrible "devilfish" described by Victor Hugo was really in existence until I had our own demonstration of the fact on this passage.

Its eyes were large, of a greenish tint and somewhat protruding. Its mouth, however, was not so very large, and it appeared to be shaped like a parrot's bill. Its tentacles were tapering and, like its body, of a grayish color, covered with spots. It appeared to possess the chameleon-like power of changing the color of these spots in a most extraordinary manner as fast as the eye could detect the changes. They varied from a very rich crimson to a dark, dull brown, these changes no doubt indicating the high state of excitement under which the creature was at the time.

Suddenly the octopus discharged a huge jet of a dark colored fluid full into the eyes of the sunfish, and then, rushing forward with the rapidity of an arrow, it encircled its prey with the long tentacles, and in another moment the victor and the vanquished had disappeared below the surface of the water.

In a few moments more we had sailed right over the scene and found the water colored almost black for a space of fully 200 feet in diameter, and we noticed an odor slightly resembling iodine rising from the water. Our patent log line of snow white cotton, which was towing astern, was colored almost black, and it has not yet assumed its white freshness, although it has towed in the water fully 800 miles since the above episode.

About 20 minutes after we had passed over this spot we saw the huge creature again on the surface enjoying its meal in a very leisurely manner, rolling the body of the unfortunate sunfish over and over and biting off large mouthfuls with its cruel looking beak.

I know before that these huge octopuses and their relatives, the decapods, were not altogether mythical, as they have at the National museum in Washington a paper mache cast of one of the latter, which was found stranded on the north shore of Trinity bay, Newfoundland, on the 22d day of September, 1877. The total length of this specimen, including tentacles, was only 60 feet, so it is quite safe to infer that it had not become a foe when it was wrecked.—San Francisco Call.

Two Queer Drugs.

Of the two queerest drugs in the world the one called "eccal" is the one most to be avoided. It is a South American product and made by the tropical Indians there.

A grain of it will make you feel the need of violent exertion, and once you begin there is no stopping. You walk till you die. Moreover, you do not walk straight ahead, but in a little circle of two or three yards diameter. You tramp wildly and steadily on, seeing nothing and not suffering actual pain, but with all your nerves on fire and your brain spinning. You do not stop walking till you drop dead in your tracks. The extreme vitality is kept up till the last moment. Some of the Indians have a way of dosing their captives with this drug, sitting around the victim while he walks.

The other drug is a European product called "viand" and also acts on the brain. A common result of this drug when taken in any quantity is to cause an insane desire—in an educated man, at any rate—to do sums. It develops the arithmetical power to a wonderful extent, though only for a short time. The victim's chief desire is to get hold of pencil and paper, and once this is done he scribbles figures, sometimes making attempts at adding them up, but never getting them right. Presently the figures become mere scrawls, and the usual result is death or insanity. It is well known to men of science and is used in some instances by homeopaths.—St. Louis Republic.

Irish Snariness.

"Bad luck to them Atraydees," said a Dublin carman the other day when an officer handed him a shilling after driving from Richmond barracks to the Killdeer Street club. "Why?" asked the officer. "Sure they've killed all the gentlemen that was in the army." The officer was pleased with the veiled insult that he doubled the fare.

"Why are Irishmen always laying bare the wrongs of their country?" asked some one in the house. "Because they want them redressed," thundered Major O'Gorman.

An Irish navy on the Holyhead boat was complaining of his foreman. "He'd not stir a finger himself to lift a red herring off the gridiron, but he'd ask you to shift the rock of Gibraltar."—"Macdonough's Irish Life and Character."

Courtsnip in Beerland.

The other evening I witnessed among the natives the carrying off of a girl from a location. This carrying off is called by them ukutwala, and the girl, though not indisposed to accept the man, causes obstacles to be placed in his way. He eventually watches his opportunity, after first placing so many head of cattle in the kraal of the girl's father, and carries her off by main force. The heartrending cries of the bride as she is carried away are something pitiful, a cry that pierces the heart of a Christian, but is a cry of her own, which, being interpreted, means, "Don't take me, but I want to go, for I like it."—Johannesburg Standard.

Expert Recommendations.

Two burglars, after working on a safe all night, acknowledged themselves completely baffled by the new combination and were gathering up their tools in disgust.

"Say, Bill, I'll tell you how we kin make something out o' this job." "What yer mean?" "Let's hunt up the manufacturer of this safe and sell him our testimonials."—Ohio State Journal.

Norumbega Park.

No place seems quite so popular with the general public these days, as Norumbega Park, that delightful resort on the Charles River, which is entertaining so many thousands of people daily. Not only did the first of the present season show a tendency to attract a large increase in daily average crowds over last season's record, but there has been a steady increase of patronage all the summer until at the present time the general attendance is beyond business ever known there. The place has constantly kept faith with the public, and it has come to be a recognized fact that at every thing there is such great attractions as the Zoological Garden, the Talma Ladies' Military Band, the Electric Fountain, the Women's Cottage, the Indian Colony, the boating and canoeing on the Charles, the restaurant, etc., which are permanent features one never tires of, even on a second or third week. But there is always a change each week in the Rustic Theatre where the performances are given every afternoon and evening. The attractions there for the coming week, commencing Monday, August 28, is none other than the famous Gorman's Original Alabama Troubadours, who have been seen here once before this season. This attraction is one of the very few that ever appears at the Park twice in the same season. These merry colored entertainers come direct from New York, where they have amused crowded attendances of the very elite of this fashionable resort's summer population.

Building Permits.

Newland street, Ward 4, 2 story house, 20x27, furnace, bath. Cost \$2500. George Ward, owner. W. B. Saunders, builder.
Commonwealth avenue, Ward 6, 1 story block, 5 stores, 100x80, steam. Cost \$12,000. Estes, owner. W. H. Benjamin, builder. A. T. Howditch, architect.
Centre street, Ward 6, 1 story addition, 12x17, furnace. Cost \$500. H. W. Mason, owner. E. W. Stevens, builder.
Chevrolet boulevard, Ward 3, 2 story house, 33x78, hot water, bath. Cost \$20,000. L. B. Schofield, owner. Smith & Bisco, architects and builders.
Westbourne road, Ward 6, 1 story stable, 31x45, stove, cost \$1500. J. R. O'Connor, owner and builder.
Lexington street, Ward 4, alterations, furnace, bath. Cost \$1500. Jacob Childs, owner. Robertson & Simpson, builders.

Two Days Trolley Trip.

On Wednesday next, Aug. 30th, Robert H. Derrah, 113 Devonshire street, Boston, will personally conduct a very select party for a two days trolley trip from Boston to Newport and return. Parlor cars will leave Post Office Square, Boston, at nine o'clock a. m., taking the party on at various points over the route. Dinner will be served at Dighton Rock Park in Dighton, At Fall River the handsome parlor car "Lawrence" of the Newport & Fall River Street Railway Company will be taken for Newport where the party will remain overnight. On Thursday morning the observation steamer "Mount Hope" will be taken for a sail through Narragansett Bay, with its many beautiful islands, to Providence, where dinner will be served, and then by a special electric car back to Boston. A porter will accompany the party.

NEWTON UPPER FALLS.

—For greater convenience to my patrons, I desire to announce that all calls for my services may be left with Mr. John W. Howe, High street, where they will be forwarded to me with the greatest possible dispatch. Respectfully, HENRY F. CATE, 1611

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage deed given by Harry T. Knight and Clara G. Knight his wife in right, to the Trustees of Dartmouth College, a corporation duly established under the laws of the State of New Hampshire, dated July 1, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, book 229, page 41, and for breach of the condition of said mortgage will be sold at public auction on Friday, the 24th day of September, 1899, at 3 o'clock P. M. all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein substantially described as follows: "A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situate on Orris street, leading from the southerly side of Lexington street, in the part of Newton in Middlesex County, Massachusetts, called Auburndale, and being shown as the Lot No. 16 on a Plan of said city of Newton, and containing 14,000 feet of land, more or less, and described as follows: beginning on the westerly side of said Orris street at a corner of Lot No. 14, one hundred and forty feet to land of owners unknown; thence turning and running southerly on said land, sixty (60) feet to Lot No. 18, on said plan; thence turning and running north easterly on said Lot No. 18, one hundred and fifty (150) feet to said Orris street; and thence turning and running north westerly on said Orris street, sixty (60) feet to the point of beginning; containing nine thousand (9000) square feet of land."
Being the same premises conveyed to said Clara G. Knight by George A. M. Ever, by deed dated December 21st, 1893, and recorded with said deeds in Book 229, page 56.
The supposed present owner of the equity of redemption of said premises is Otto L. F. Martin and Hannah Rich, his wife, who are interested in the same under a second mortgage.
The premises will be sold subject to a sale for taxes for 1897 to Harlow H. Rogers, and also subject to taxes for 1898 and 1899. Two hundred dollars will be required to be paid by the purchaser at the time and place of sale, when further terms will be made known.
TRUSTEES OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE,
By Charles P. Chase, Treasurer,
GEORGE A. DARY, Solicitor,
607 Exchange Building, Boston.

Sheriff's Sale.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX SS. July 22nd, 1899.
Taken on execution and will be sold at public auction, Saturday, August 26th, 1899, at nine o'clock A. M., at my office in my dwelling house, No. 233 Church street, in Newton, in said County of Middlesex, all the right, title and interest that Mary E. Webb had on July 29, 1898, at three o'clock and forty minutes P. M. (that being the time when the same was attached and levied upon) in and to the following described real estate, to wit: A lot of land in the County of Middlesex, and in the City of Waltham, situated at the north easterly corner of the premises at land now or formerly of W. C. Maynard on the westerly side of High street 60 feet to land now or formerly of H. M. Albertson; thence westerly on the last mentioned land 160 feet to land now or formerly of W. F. Barker; thence easterly on the last mentioned land 60 feet to land now or formerly of W. C. Maynard; thence easterly on last mentioned land 160 feet to High street, at the point of beginning. Excepting however from the above strip of land conveyed away by deed of Mary E. Webb and husband, to Wm. C. Maynard by deed dated October 17, 1892, and recorded with Middlesex South Dist. Deeds, Lib. 2318, Page 192.
Beginning on High street and at land of said Maynard, thence running Southerly 6 feet to other land of the grantor (Mary E. Webb); thence running Southerly 6 feet to land of the North line of said Maynard's land and parallel to said line till it intersects with the present line between grantor's and grantee's land; thence easterly on land of said Maynard to the street aforesaid and the place of beginning."
SAMUEL W. TUCKER,
Deputy Sheriff.

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Hooks and Eyes, with humps 3 cents a card
Woolen Ball Yarn, 4 colors 6 cents a ball
Black Germantown Yarn 10 cents a skein
Black Saxony Yarn 10 cents a skein
Remnants of Sc. Percalines, 2 to 10 yard pieces 5 cents a yard
1000 Sheets Best Quality 5x7 Toilet Paper 5 cents a package
Society Note Writing Paper 10 cents a box
Extra Large Paper Blocks for Lead Pencil use 5 cents each
Fine grade of both Plain and Ruled Paper 10 cents a pound
Better at 15, 20 and 25c a pound
Envelopes to match.

Slightly Mussed Ladies Ties, assorted styles, 25c. grade 10 cents each, 3 for 25c
Jelly Tumblers, heavy plain glass, metal tops 25 cents a dozen
10 cent size Blue Black Ink 5 cents a bottle
Cosmo Buttermilk Soap 6 cents a cake
Genuine Old Fashioned Butter-milk Soap 3 cakes for 10 cents
Armour's Transparent Glycerine Soap 8 cents a cake
Spanish Root Cleaner, 10c. size 5 cents each
A full Pint of Ammonia 5 cents a bottle
Sink Brushes, 5c. size 3 cents each
Tooth Brushes, Japanese make Wood Handles 5 cents each
White Clover Cream 25c. size 18c. 10c. size 8c.
Red Seal Almon Cream 25c. size, 18 cents
Children's Hats, Straw Crown, Muslin Trimmed 19 cents each
Colgate Tooth powder 15 cents a bottle (limited)

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By JAMES H. SHEPHERD, Auctioneer, 4 Waverly Block, Charlestown.

Mortgagee's Sale.

Pursuant to the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Michael J. McHugh, of Newton in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Sarah Francis Castor, of Boston County of Suffolk and said Commonwealth, dated June 29th 1898, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book 206, Page 195, will be sold at public auction, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same on Tuesday the twenty fourth day of September 1899, at four o'clock in the afternoon of that day on the premises all the premises together with all the improvements thereon, as described in said mortgage as follows to wit: A certain parcel of land situated in that part of Newton (in said County of Middlesex) called, West Newton, being lot numbered four (4) as shown on a plan of land on Cherry Street in West Newton belonging to Etta G. Manis, dated Aug 10th 1890, by D. Jefferson Surveyor, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds of record book 242, said lot being bounded as follows: On the easterly by lot numbered five (5) on said plan one hundred (100) feet; Southeasterly by land of Harris fifty (50) feet; Southwesterly by lot numbered three (3) on said plan, one hundred (100) feet; and Northwesterly by Cherry Street fifty (50) feet. Containing fifty (50) square feet of land. Being the same premises conveyed to said (Michael McHugh) by Carl Brockhoff, Middlesex So. Dist. Book 287, and recorded with said premises are to be sold subject to all unpaid Taxes and other Municipal Indebtedness, if any. Terms: \$200 in cash will be required as a deposit at the time and place of sale and the balance in ten days.
Other particulars at time and place of sale.
SARAH FRANCIS CASTOR,
Mortgagee.
Boston, August 16th, 1899.

By ELLIOTT J. HYDE, Auctioneer.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Daniel W. Spooner and Caroline A. Spooner, his wife, in her own right, to William E. Lincoln, dated August 1st, 1894, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book 227, Page 236, which mortgage was duly assigned to Julia A. W. Masury, for breach of the conditions thereof contained and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises on Saturday, the ninth day of September, 1899, at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely: A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in that part of Newton in the County of Middlesex called Newton Highlands, and being Lot No. Thirty-eight on a plan of building lots in Newton Highlands, near Elliot Station, belonging to Thomas Weston, drawn by E. S. Smille, dated June 1890, and duly recorded, said lot according to said plan being bounded as follows, viz: Southeasterly by Bradford Road, sixty (60) feet; Northwesterly by lot numbered thirty-nine on said plan, one hundred and forty (140) feet; Northwesterly by lot numbered forty (40) feet; and Southwesterly by lot numbered thirty-four and thirty-five on said plan, one hundred and forty (140) feet, containing 8400 square feet.
Said premises will be sold subject to any existing restrictions and to any unpaid taxes and assessments.
\$500 at time and place of sale.
JULIA A. W. MASURY, Assignee and Present holder.
Boston, August 18th, 1899.
H. W. MASURY, Atty.
31 Milk Street.

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